The Christian Union

Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } EDITORS.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE great strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad affords a new illustration of and gives new emphasis to the position which The Christian Union finds it necessary to repeat with an almost tiresome reiteration: that the relations between our great railroad corporations and their employees ought not to be left to be settled by contract or war, as the case may be, as are the relations between private individuals, but should be brought under government control. Into the merits of this strike we do not enter. We do not believe that even the all-knowing editor can wisely assume to sit in judgment in such a case, in which the facts are only partially known, and the arguments on either side are imperfectly heard and apprehended. The strike is inaugurated by the Locomotive Brotherhood of Engineers, and has the indorsement of Chief Arthur; and his conservatism and that of the Brotherhood have given both to him and the Order the confidence of the public in a large degree. On the other hand, if we are not mistaken, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad has enjoyed the reputation of being exceptionally well managed, both in its regard for the interests of its stockholders and of the traveling public, and in its equitable treatment of its employees. As we understand the facts, the controversy does not turn upon amount of wages, but upon terms of employment. The men insist that a certain rate shall be fixed for firemen and engineers per mile; and that the determined mileage shall be given alike on all sections of the road and to all employees who are rendering equivalent service. The company insists on gradating its payments by trips, not by mileage, and on paying less for service on branch lines than on the main line, and less to younger than to more experienced men, though they may be running the same kind of train. The argument of the company is that such variations are essentially fair; the argument of the men is that they lead to favoritism, and in some instances to the discharge of experienced men and the substitution of younger and lower-priced men in their places. We believe that a number of the larger roads have adopted the principle for which the Locomotive Brotherhood are contending; among others, if we are not mistaken, the Pennsylvania has recently done so, involving a considerable annual increase in wages. Between the two contestants in this strike we express no opinion. If they only were concerned we should perhaps be content to leave them to fight the battle out. But all traffic is suspended over 6,000 miles of railroad and in three States; suburban traffic, on which the business interests of thousands of men are absolutely dependent, has ceased; coal supplies, on which thousands depend for comfort, if not absolutely for life, are stopped; inconvenience, distress, in some instances actual peril, are inflicted on tens of thousands of citizens who have nothing to do with the strike, and who neither inaugurated nor, under existing laws, can stop it. It is an absurd anomaly that in a free State it should be in the power of either a chartered corporation on the one hand, or an unchartered body of employees on the other, to stop all traffic on one of the great highways of the nation, until a controversy between the employer and the employees is settled by the antiquated method of "wager of battle." We shall not be sorry for this great strike in the Northwest, following so closely after the great strike in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, if it leads the American people to the conclusion that coal mining, gas supply, water supply, and transportation are not to be managed as matters of private contract, but are to be so placed under government control that the public can protect itself against such public calamities as are involved in labor wars that may at any time involve a coal, gas, or water famine, or a stoppage of blood in one of the Nation's great arteries.

The New York "Sun," which, our readers will remember, was a vehement opponent of the Inter State Commerce law, has found in the workings of that law a corrective of its fears. It says: "We are free to admit that the trial that we have had of the Inter-State Commerce law inclines us strongly to the belief that in most respects it is an excellent measure, and that the general interests of the country require that it be maintained and enforced." We welcome this testimony as the best kind of evidence in support of a principle for which The Christian Union has contended for years. The "Sun" in the same connection calls attention to the necessity of protecting our American railroads from unjust competition threatened by the Canadian railroads. It seems that a railroad in Maine has been purchased by the Canadian Pacific Company for the purpose of making a continuous line between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The "Sun" insists that Maine has exceeded her rights in authorizing one of her railroad corporations to sell her property and franchise to a foreign corporation, the Federal Government having exclusive control over all foreign commerce. It is certainly true that, unless the Canadian Pacific Railroad is willing to conform voluntarily to the regulations imposed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission upon our own railroads, then we are bound, in justice to ourselves and to our own railroads, to protect the latter from the competition of their Canadian rivals. This we can easily do, by prohibiting the carriage of goods across American territory in bond, and, if necessary, by such modifications of our own Inter-State regulations as will enable our roads to compete, if need be, on equal terms with the roads of our neighbors.

One of our Pennsylvania contemporaries gathers from Consular Report No. 64 a comparison of the wages of coal miners in Pennsylvania with those of coal miners in England or Germany, the Pennsylvania statistics having been furnished by the coal operators. According to this report the miner in our own mines gets less *per ton* than does his German and English competitor. We report, without, however, going to the original consular document, the figures as we find them in our contemporary:

	Labor cost per gross ton.	*Yearly output per employee.*
Bituminous miners of Pennsylvania (average)	75c.	410
Great Britain	79c.	329
Prussia (Saarbruck collieries)	95c.	256
Dortmund collieries	81c.	281

These are certainly significant figures if they are trustworthy. It must be borne in mind, however, that these figures give the payment per ton, not per day, and that, assuming the figures to be correct, the disparity may be due to a larger use of machinery in the United States than abroad.

Our readers were probably some of them surprised, and some of them perhaps incredulous, at Mr. Ely's statement in The Christian Union of February 9 that the labor leaders were always opposed to strikes, reluctantly submitting to them when they could no longer restrain the masses of working people. The events in the Schuykill region, however, afford an illustrative confirmation of his statement. Mr. Lewis, the leader, evidently hazarded his own popularity in ordering the strike off and directing the miners to return to their work. It was only after a heated debate, and by at first a close vote, that his order was confirmed in committee; and, so far as we can judge through newspaper reports, the miners were more reluctant to return to their work than they were in the first instance to leave it. They are evidently suspicious, and the discharge of some men and the failure to furnish some others with work have led to angry charges that the company is not fulfilling its share of its agreement, and is discriminating against some of the strikers. We hope this feeling is without good ground, and that the company will exert every endeavor, now that the men have gone back to their work, to allay suspicion and promote good-will. We are glad to note, as one indication that this is their policy, that the company has made a substantial concession to the miners in reducing the price of supplies furnished them, which is, of course, equivalent to a certain raise in wages, though how much of a raise it amounts to we do not know. It is also reported that amicable negotiations are pending relative to wages between representatives of the company and a committee of the men. The situation on the railroad remains unchanged, the miners having wisely refused to identify their own cause with that of the railroad men,

whose strike cannot, if we understand the facts, be justified, even by the principles of their own order.

The fisheries treaty with Canada has been published, and is now before the country as well as before the Senate for debate. Unfortunately, it is likely to be made matter of partisan action, the Republican members generally agreeing to criticise and condemn, the Democratic members to defend, if not to eulogize. As in the United States, so in Canada; it is, indeed, a little curious to read the comments of the press on both sides of the line, certain Canadian papers insisting that Canada has given away everything and received nothing, and certain American papers equally and vigorously denouncing the American Commissioners for giving away everything and receiving nothing. The treaty fixes the three-mile limit within which American vessels may not fish, and so removes one cause of ceaseless irritation. It also provides specifically what shall be the privileges of American fishing vessels in entering Canadian ports for the purpose of purchasing, refitting, transshipping, and the like; and it provides for certain additional privileges to American vessels on condition that in return therefor American vessels shall admit Canadian fish duty free. This is a subsidiary clause, however, and is to go in operation only in case the American Congress shall elect to make the necessary changes in our tariff laws. So far as we can judge, the treaty is, as all such treaties must be, the result of mutual concessions, and while it gives to neither party all that party asks, it is infinitely better than the policy of retaliation which has been proposed and is even still contended for as an alternative. The Philadelphia "Ledger" expresses what we think will be the judgment of most fair-minded, disinterested, and non partisan critics: "If there is to be a treaty at all, this looks to be as free from objection on this side of the line as any we are likely to get. It is worth something, too, to have some approach to good neighborship and good will." Our Senators will do well to remember, we think, in weighing this treaty, that New England is not the whole of the United States, nor the fishing interest its largest interest, and that appeals to anti English prejudice will be more politically dangerous in their reaction than politically profitable in their immediate effect.

It is evident that, while the prospects for some form of international copyright were never better, no influence must be left unused to arouse Congress to the necessity of action; and the principal influence now needed is the expression of the feeling of the community at large. Congress knows precisely what the authors want, but its opinion of authors, as of artists, has always been a low one, and it is very indifferent to their desires. A leading Congressman said the other day that the opinion of the foreman of a printing establishment would have more weight with him than the opinion of all the authors in America. This does not kindle our pride in the intelligence of the average Congressman; but things must be taken as they are, and Congress must be approached in the ways in which it is accessible to proper influence. Every expression, therefore, which makes Congress understand that the country at large believes in doing justice both to foreign and American authors should be developed. There are a large number of intelligent men in Congress who are actively interested in such questions as that of international copyright; but they are a minority, and they need a good deal of outside assistance to aid them in breaking up the inertia of their fellow-members. At this stage of the agitation a popular organization which should embrace leading men of all professions and of every business and trade would be of great importance in securing the desired result. If a half-dozen leading merchants, bankers, lawyers, and printers, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities, were to organize in co-operation with the Authors and Publishers' League, their influence at Washington would be felt at once. Why should not some such step be taken? Two authors' readings are announced to be given in Washington, March 17 and 19 respectively, for the benefit of the Copyright League.

Bismarck's speech made it very clear that when trouble comes in Europe it will come in connection with affairs in Bulgaria, and he made it also very clear that the rights of Bulgaria under the Treaty of Berlin will be looked after sharply by Germany and Austria. He has no sentimental regard for Bulgarian independence, and probably cares very little for the Bulgarians, but he does not mean that Russia shall score a point. Russia has added to the documents in the case, which are fast multiplying, a semi-official communication which is said to be the forerunner of certain proposals which have been submitted to Germany. In this communication Russia appears as an aggrieved and philanthropic power, with no other interest in Bulgaria than that inspired by the spectacle of a generous people endeavoring to secure their liberties; nothing is desired but the welfare of Bulgaria, and the sole cause of Russian discontent at present is the fact that Bulgaria is now in the hands of a usurper; it is to Russia that Bulgaria owes her very existence; Russian sacrifices have made Bulgarian independence possible; Russia sympathizes with Bulgaria and grieves at her trials; she is equally aloof from prejudice and partiality; she does not mean to interfere in the internal disputes of Bulgaria, nor to hold any one responsible for the past; she desires nothing but the removal of the usurper in order that the will of the Bulgarian people may be made known through their proper representatives; in short, Russia is and will continue to be the disinterested benefactor of the Bulgarians. Precisely what policy this extraordinary communication foreshadows no one seems able to tell. Meanwhile it is worth noting that the existence of a definite understanding between England and the Great Powers which form the Central European alliance is no longer questioned.

Fuller reports of the speech of Herr Tisza, of which telegraphic summaries have been widely published, confirm the impression of its importance. The Hungarian Premier spoke with a deliberation and a restraint which make his utterances all the more significant. He was careful to refer, in conventional phrases of the most respectful sort, to the "peaceful declarations of the Tsar;" but he also declared "that Russia is carrying out a marked displacement and transference of her troops toward the west, that the execution of this plan has been in existence a long time, and has been proceeded with of late to a somewhat considerable extent in the direction of the frontiers of this monarchy." Russia, in other words, is moving her great army, the largest numerically in the world, to its western frontier, and has already concentrated there troops enough to inundate neighboring Prussia. Now, it is quite possible that Russia does not mean war; but no Government in the world moves half a million of men without some very definite intention, and that intention, in view of the immense cost of such a change, must be based upon some very serious and carefully considered plan. It is very natural that the Hungarians and Germans who live along the eastern frontiers of the two Empires should feel decidedly nervous about the situation. They know perfectly well that there is already poised, ready to descend upon them, an avalanche of semi-barbarous troops who would have small respect for the accepted traditions of war and who would leave nothing in their track that had any value. There are strong parties in Berlin and in Vienna who oppose the policy of waiting upon Russian action, and who urge that the great military Empire should be attacked before it has time to open war upon its own terms. The measures recently taken by both Germany and Austria, which will equip all men under the age of forty-five for active service, would seem to indicate that some definite action cannot be long delayed.

Mr. William W. Corcoran, whose long illness was terminated by death at Washington on Saturday morning of last week, had achieved the most enviable reputation for his intelligent and sagacious philanthropy. Born in the neighboring town of Georgetown in 1798, Mr. Corcoran was all his life identified with the section of country about the Capital. From 1828 he was actively associated with various business interests in Washington, and his great services to the Government in securing loans when it was seriously embarrassed in 1842 not only launched him on a very successful business career, but brought him a wide reputation. Mr. Corcoran retired from business thirty-four years ago, and these years have been devoted mainly to personal advancement of education, science, and art in many directions. The Washington and Lee University, William and Mary College, the University of Virginia, and other institutions of learning received in several instances the most generous and effective aid from his hand. The greatest of his gifts, however, was the art gallery which bears his name, and which represents, in its total endowment of more than $1,200,000, perhaps the most magnificent private contribution to art in the history of the world. Mr. Corcoran's private character was in harmony with the purity and dignity of his public life, and his example will remain one of the best legacies of his time to his countrymen.

A correspondent sends us a letter on railroad rate wars, too long for our columns, in which, however, he makes a suggestion which we are glad to repeat to our readers. This is, in effect, that these railroad wars do serious injury to the public at large, to the *bona fide* investors in the railroads, and to the employees, whose salaries are always liable to be reduced in consequence of the financial injury inflicted upon the corporation, and he suggests that if an inter-State law is necessary to protect the public against exorbitant freight and passenger tariffs it is equally necessary to shield corporate property against wanton mismanagement, and therefore proposes a law forbidding a railroad from carrying freight below a minimum price, as a protection to both stockholders and employees. An incidental advantage of such a law would be a more careful examination into the products and population of a section before new railroads were projected into it, thus checking the unwisdom of excessive railroad building and schemes of sometimes spiteful rivalry.

Two curious instances of the persistence of popular superstition have just been brought into prominence in England. At Birmingham one day last month the poor of the city were greatly disturbed by an astrological prediction that great calamities of various kinds would happen on that day. The general state of fear was such as to attract even official attention. The police reported that the alarm had sent the older women to their Bibles and the younger women to their beds, the latter place being chosen on the supposition that if an earthquake came no place would be safer or more comfortable. Perhaps the most singular course pursued was that of three women who, in the belief that the end of the world was at hand, went to ask protection from a policeman, and, failing in that, clubbed their pennies together to buy a Bible. One notion which became very widespread among the children was that two stars were about to come in collision and the world be set on fire, and many were afraid to venture into the streets. The other instance of superstition comes from Wales. A coroner's jury, summoned in the case of a man who had accidently been shot dead by a gun, ascertained that the gun which shot him had previously shot another human being. They therefore, in bringing in a verdict of death by misadventure, condemned the gun and ordered it to be destroyed. The London "Spectator" makes this incident the subject of an extended editorial on the popular belief in luck attaching to inanimate things. It says that in the Orient this superstition is well-nigh universal, and that in the West it is far from being confined to the uncultivated classes. The writer of the editorial confesses that he himself attaches an absurd value to a particular ring from an unsuppressible sense that in some way it was connected with his good fortune. He ventures the assertion that half the population of Great Britain attach some notion of good luck to misshapen coins, and that even cultivated men who have carried such coins as pocket pieces for years are made profoundly wretched by their loss.

The controversy growing out of Mr. Spurgeon's attack on his Baptist brethren and his withdrawal from the Baptist Council has not yet reached its final result. As we understand the matter, the Baptist Union of England, which answers somewhat to an Association in the United States, and which we suppose represents the churches of England, if not of Great Britain, meets in April, and the question at issue between Mr. Spurgeon and those whom he has attacked as unworthy of Christian fellowship on account of their liberal opinions is likely then to come up for discussion, if not for settlement. It is claimed that the Union will in April reverse what the Council has already said—that is, will practically exclude from fellowship those who do not agree with Mr. Spurgeon in his theological views. What the probabilities of such an issue are we cannot judge, except from the intimations in the "Christian World." "Should the issue be brought up for discussion," says that journal, "as is likely, at the April assembly of the Union, it is barely possible that Mr. Spurgeon's following may snatch a fictitious victory. They are disproportionately strong in London, and by unscrupulous canvassing can command some three hundred votes in the place where the meeting will be held. Should

this, however, take place—and it need not be, if the Baptist community throughout the country is sufficiently alive to the danger—it will only be a passing incident, devoid of significance when the facts are understood. It will be a struggle in which much ignorance, blind zeal, and intemperate bigotry are on one side; culture, intelligence, venerable experience, weight of counsel, and most of the earnest piety of the denomination on the other; and where these are the contending elements the outcome may be confidently predicted."

Making full allowance for the sympathies of the "Christian World," it is evident that the immediate result of the anticipated discussion in April is involved in considerable doubt. We find in the "Nonconformist and Independent" a report of a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, on this general subject, and transfer a part of his utterance to our columns. He denies emphatically that the Congregationalists have departed from the evangelical faith, and avers that Mr. Spurgeon's charge against his Baptist brethren is greatly exaggerated. He recognizes, however, that there have been important changes in theological doctrine during the last fifty years, and says that Calvinistic theology has been generally surrendered by the Baptist and Congregational churches of England. The current view of those churches on the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures and the doctrine of everlasting punishment we will leave our readers to learn from Mr. Dale's own words elsewhere given. They involve, it will be seen, a substitution of the moral theory of inspiration for the plenary and verbal theories, and apparently a common abandonment of the doctrine of everlasting suffering, the doctrine of final restoration or that of conditional immortality largely taking the place of the older belief.

We are very glad to report that it is officially announced that Josef Hofmann's piano performances are not to be continued. Josef Hofmann has been examined by the physicians, all of whom agree that his temperature is above the normal and his pulse is slightly irregular, and also that he is not suffering from any organic disease; three of the physicians think that he might continue to perform in public, though much less than he has done in the past and under stringent regulations; the fourth recommends such complete mental rest as can only be obtained by entire abstinence from public performances. We lay no stress here upon reports of symptoms indicating nervous exhaustion, because these may be unauthenticated and exaggerated; but since there can be no question that he can abstain from public performances without injury, and since it is evident that he has already suffered somewhat from public performances, it will seem to the public very clear that all public performances ought to cease. It is not the function of children to amuse adults, and certainly to allow children to undertake this work to their own physical, mental, or moral injury would be unpardonable. But in the case of a genius like Josef Hofmann it would seem to be peculiarly unpardonable. Mr. Abbey has brought suit against the boy's father to recover damages for breach of contract. Concerning the merits of that suit we have, of course, nothing to say. It was perhaps a fault to have made the contract, and the pecuniary damage involved in withdrawing the young pianist from the stage should probably not fall wholly upon one of the parties to it. But the boy ought not, and we are glad is not, to be sacrificed.

Congressional Proceedings.—Washington's Birthday was observed in the Senate by the reading of Washington's Farewell Address. The credit of suggesting this new departure belongs to Senator Hoar. ——The Senate Judiciary Committee has reported a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy and giving Congress concurrent power with the several States to legislate on the subject.——The House Pensions Committee has unanimously agreed upon a bill granting pensions to all Union soldiers and sailors who were prisoners of war for sixty days or more, and who are now suffering from any disability which can reasonably be supposed to be the result of their imprisonment. The same bill further provides that all ex prisoners of war confined for thirty days or more shall receive the sum of $2 for each and every day of confinement. This grant is not conditioned upon the needs, merits, or injuries of the recipient.——The new Nicaragua Canal bill has been discussed in the Senate. It is much more favorable to the canal company than the measure which passed the same body last year. ——By a strict party vote, the House Committee on Territories has reported a bill enabling the people of Dakota, Montana, Washington Territory, and New Mexico to form constitutions and be admitted as States. Until the next census Dakota is accorded two Representatives to Washington, and the other new States one each. The Republicans naturally oppose this measure, and would prefer to admit Dakota alone. The population of Dakota is probably three times as great as that of any of the other proposed States.——The House Committee on Pacific railroads is struggling to find some way of compelling the Central Pacific road to pay its debt, and punish its managers for past wrong-doings, forcing them to disgorge the enormous sums which they have made through contracts with themselves, etc. Yet the Supreme Court has decided that only the company can proceed against the managers, and the company is still controlled by the men to be proceeded against. ——The Public Buildings bill now before the House involves the expenditure of $24,990,000 for the construction of post-offices and Federal courts in 150 cities. On Saturday Mr. Bland severely attacked the measure as a plan to avoid the reduction of taxation by appealing to the ambition of Congressmen to show their influence by securing large appropriations for their districts.

General News.—The President and Mrs. Cleveland made a short trip to Florida last week.——The Democratic National Convention will meet in St. Louis on June 5.——Contradictory reports continue to be sent out about the condition of the German Crown Prince. Some of the physicians now believe that the disease is cancerous.——Affairs in Peru are in a deplorable condition; the paper currency has greatly depreciated; fears are entertained of an invasion from Bolivia.——It is believed that large quantities of opium taken from under bond for shipment from this port to Havana have been in fact landed here without duty.——The village of Vetorta in the north of Italy has been partly buried by an avalanche, with a great loss of life ——The disturbances among the students of the university at St. Petersburg have been renewed.——The trial of Rollin M. Squire and Morris B. Flynn on the charge of conspiracy has begun in this city.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will assemble, according to the present plan, in the Metropolitan Opera-House in this city on May 1. The near approach of its session is now awakening great interest, not only in the denomination whose highest legislative body it is, but among evangelical Christians throughout the land. Representing a church whose two millions of communicants and twelve thousand ministers thrust it to the very front in point of numbers, and whose unique organization and evangelistic energy make it a most potent factor in determining the future of this country, this quadrennial conference enacts laws whose influence reaches from ocean to ocean. Yes, and beyond the seas. For among the four hundred and fifty delegates will sit representatives from Germany, Italy, Sweden, India, China, Japan, and Africa.

The basis of representation gives to the ministry the preponderating influence in the body. The various conferences—now over one hundred in number—elect delegates in the proportion of one to every forty-five members, such members being traveling preachers. Within the bounds of each conference a properly delegated lay electoral conference meets at the session next preceding the General Conference, to elect two lay delegates to that body. Thus the churches which lie within the limits of a given annual conference will be represented in the General Conference by not more than two laymen, while the clerical delegation—as in the case of the larger conferences—will often number six. This inequality is in some measure offset by the provision that in the deliberations—the lay and clerical delegates constituting but one house—one third of either order may demand a separate vote, in which case "the concurrent vote of both orders shall be necessary to complete an action." It is quite evident, however, that a growing sentiment in the denomination declares this arrangement inadequate. It was the best that could be secured from the Church's conservatism at the time when the principle of lay representation was accepted, and will doubtless at no distant day give place to some less partial adjustment. This seems the more likely since the lay element has thus far proven itself unexpectedly but almost invariably the *ultra conservative* force in legislation.

The approach of each General Conference arouses to vigorous action the whole Methodist body. Never hesitant about "telling their experiences," Methodists, lay and clerical, find the quadrennial agitation exceedingly conducive to general salubrity. Bad humors come to the surface and then disappear. Causes of irritation are probed for and removed. The heat of friction is conserved, and becomes a motive force. Sometimes in the keen discussions of polity it seems as if an ax were laid at the very root, but afterward the would-be Gladstones are relieved to see that they have not even lopped off a limb. The denominational eagerness to know "what we shall eat, what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed" soon diverts itself into the conclusion that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment," and with a renewed earnestness turns again to "seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness," knowing "that all these things shall be added unto" it. That these periods of agitation are sometimes feared is quite certain; that, on the whole, they have been favorable to the general welfare is equally demonstrable.

There are many important questions with which this General Conference must deal. Among others will be the legal interpretation of the word *Layman*. Women, honored by church and world alike, leaders in missionary and reform movements, capable presiding officers, and strong in public address as they are gentle in private life, have been asked by the local conferences to represent them as lay delegates in the general body. Conspicuous among these is Miss Frances E. Willard, whom Whittier has recently pronounced "the noblest woman of her times." What will the Conference do with Miss Willard, and the demand she impersonates, that woman shall have a voice in the legislation of the Church? The West will insist upon the consideration of this question. Of a similar character, in its mere legal aspects, is the problem of the status of Bishop C. H. Fowler, who is elected, strangely enough, a lay delegate from one of the Western conferences. The law excludes the Bishops from vote and from voice save as presiding officers. But, by action in 1872, "the General Conference holds that, in all matters connected with the election of Lay Delegates, the word 'Laymen' must be understood to include all the members of the Church *who are not members of the Annual Conferences*." Neither bishops nor women are members of an annual conference. Are they, then, "laymen," and can they, under existing law, be excluded from seats in the General Conference? Such a question may seem technical, and important to the Methodist Church alone. It may hint at possible complications in such other denominations as are democratic in their legislative forms.

Another class of subjects will come up for consideration. The tendency exhibited in Congregationalism toward some kind of centralization which may not be inconsistent with the autonomy of the individual church is met by the drift in Methodism toward a distribution of authority which shall not be inconsistent with a centralized power. There is evidence of an honest restlessness under the strong fidelity of the ministry and churches to the general plan of itineracy. Neither clergy nor laity would consent to consider a proposition to abolish it. It is the central pillar of the structure of the Church, and the Church believes in it. But the group who expect some modification of the plan grows larger. Some would associate with the bishops a local element in fixing the appointments; some would extend the term of the pastorate to five years, or leave it indefinite under certain conditions; some would make the presiding eldership elective, so that a check might be placed upon arbitrary power; some would except the larger cities from the operation of the general law. These various suggestions will be received, discussed, and probably no change will be made, unless in some minor detail of the present rule. Important modifications will come, however, sooner or later.

There will be an effort to consolidate, in some way, the great missionary operations of the Church, now administered through eight different organiza-

tions. Of these, two are the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. The aggregate of money raised for all such connectional purposes during the past year amounts to more than a million and a half of dollars. It is held by many that the number of collections and the number of officials are alike a burden to the churches. A plan for readjustment will be reported by a commission which has held sittings during the quadrennium, and some practical relief is expected.

The proper status of Bishop William Taylor and the character of his African missions will be carefully scrutinized. Four years ago he was consecrated a Missionary Bishop to Africa, and has, with a magnificent devotion and energy, prosecuted his plan of self-supporting missions in the region of the Congo. But it is not agreed, apparently, whether he is first a bishop and then a missionary, or first a missionary and then a bishop. Historically he is the latter; he claims to be legally the former. Many regard the point as insignificant. To him it is so important that for the four years he has refused to draw his salary because it is appropriated to him by the Missionary Society as to a *missionary*, instead of being paid out of the Episcopal Fund as to a *bishop*. The recent strictures upon the Bishop's administration by Mr. J. C. Waller, who seems to have been on duty long enough to acquire the name without the disposition of a missionary—which were noticed in The Christian Union of a late date—have brought the whole matter, with such collateral questions as the true nature of the "Transit Fund," into strong light.

This General Conference will doubtless increase the number of bishops by not fewer than four. It is charged with the responsibility of determining the number as well as with that of the election. The choice is one of great delicacy. Many interests must be consulted—local and general. Sometimes there is danger that personal considerations may subordinate both. The appeal which a life office of such power brings must, in the nature of the case, be very strong. It is already reported that a number of men well known in the Church are carefully learning by heart 1 Tim. iii., 1 (R V): "If a man seeketh the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work;" and that the Church is urging the next clause: "The bishop therefore must be *without reproach*." For it has passed into current statement that there is a strong disrelish for any candidate who "has claims" or who shows any industry in advancing them. This may be easily believed when once it is understood how absolutely selfishness must disqualify any man from exercising the delicate functions of so high an office.

Such are some of the points of interest in the assembling of this important Conference. It will be a pleasure to note the progress of opinion and events, and to make record of the final results.

MR. EVARTS ON THE SALOON.

WE desire to call the special attention of our readers to Mr Evarts's ringing denunciation of the saloon, which will be found in our report in another column of the meeting of the Law and Order League last week in Philadelphia. Mr. Evarts is not only a cautious man, but he has superadded to a personal also a professional caution—the caution of a lawyer who is rightly careful what he says that may commit his client. A man trained to the bar and afterward entering political life almost inevitably and not altogether unjustly comes to consider his party as his client. He recognizes, and in our judgment a man in Mr. Evarts's position ought to recognize, the fact that whatever he says will inevitably be regarded as representing not merely his own opinions but also those of a large constituency, or rather those of an organized party, and that the expression may have a material influence upon its prospects and tend to its failure or its success. Caution in such a case is not inconsistent with courage; it is very different from timidity, and is none the less a virtue that it may easily degenerate into a vice. When, therefore, such a man as Mr. Evarts makes so vigorous and ringing an indictment of the dram shop—a man who always weighs his words with care, and who would weigh them with double caution in his position and on the eve of a Presidential election—his words count for much. We are persuaded that they represent none too strongly the growing conviction of that great body of conservative Republicans whose judgment will most determine the future policy and purpose of the party. We count this utterance, therefore, as one of the most healthful indications of the growing strength of the anti saloon movement within Republican ranks.

We believe that Mr. Evarts's courage is fully justified, and that, even on the low ground of political expediency, the time is fully come for the Republican party as a party to take the ground which in this speech Mr. Evarts has taken, we cannot but hope and believe for others as well as for himself. He must be dull eyed indeed who does not see that, both in numbers and in strength of conviction, the party is growing in these United States which is determined to restrict the saloons in number and to diminish their power for evil, if not to close them altogether. He is, if not absolutely blind, at least unable to see afar off, who cannot see that the party of the future in America will be an anti-saloon party. This may not be its only principle, but this principle it will certainly both possess and embody in its purposes. In the South the temperance question has already divided both the negro and the white vote. If the Republican party were distinctly and courageously an anti-saloon party, it could put itself at the head of this temperance movement in the South. Whatever divides the negro vote and the white vote will insure the casting of the whole negro vote, and will give the Republican party a hope of a political majority in some of the Southern States. In the North a conservative and practically anti-saloon movement would call back from the Prohibitory party many who have been driven over to it, not because of their faith in prohibition, but because of their disgust at a time-serving and evasive policy in Republican leaders. It would also win from the Democratic party, at least in local and State elections, not a few who regard the temperance issue as the most important issue in State and local elections. The Roman Catholic Church has already given evidence of a growing purpose on the part of the hierarchy to use its power against the saloon. The Knights of Labor are, by their constitution and the pledges of their leaders, committed to an anti-saloon policy. The Christian churches everywhere need only to be awakened in order to swell the ranks of an anti-saloon party. If the Republican leaders will accept the cue which Mr. Evarts has given them, and will pledge the party to a policy having for its immediate object the restriction, if not for its ulterior object the abolition, of the open saloon, they could, as soon as their earnestness and sincerity were demonstrated, have for their support all these varied elements of political power, and no combination of the liquor interest would be able to resist them.

We are arguing this case on the low ground of political expediency, but we do so reluctantly. Parties are instruments, not ends; the Republican party has a magnificent opportunity, if it will follow the leadership indicated to it by Mr. Evarts's vigorous words, to make itself the instrument of redemption from a national evil which is hardly second in its barbaric influence to that of slavery itself. If it does not seize this opportunity some other organization will, and with its neglected opportunity will pass away its life and its organization.

CONCERNING PREACHING.

WE shall not attempt any answer to the Unitarian criticism on orthodox preaching which we print in another column, and which comes from an eminent Unitarian divine. Nor shall we reply, as perhaps we might, that if orthodox preaching concerns itself too exclusively with eternity and too little with time, Unitarian preaching falls into the reverse error and concerns itself too exclusively with time and too little with eternity. If the one is all wings, the other too often lacks wings altogether. But we take the occasion to say that all preaching, whether it be orthodox or Unitarian, ought to deal with the affairs of time, but always in the light of eternity. Religion is not morality imbued with emotion; but it is morality sanctioned by God and enforced by eternal and infinite law. The business of the preacher is not merely to prepare men for heaven, nor merely to tell them how to live on earth; but to tell them how so to live on earth as to prepare for heaven, or how to prepare for heaven by lives of righteouness on earth. Law is God's law; and it is only as the law is preached as God's law that it is truly preached at all. The power to do and to be is the product of that which Arnold has finely defined as a "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness;" and it is only as this Power is brought home to the consciousness of men that grace is really given them, or righteousness in any high and noble sense is made possible. Without this it scarcely is formed into a purpose or even becomes an aspiration. Not until the ethical finds its clearness in the light of an eternal world and its authority in the voice of God, is it either plain to the intellect or potent with the conscience. Not until all duty is done, as an eminent Unitarian divine has beautifully told us, "in His name," is it truly done at all.

"Stunted natures," says James Martineau, "may stop short of this stage, and be complacent with their good habits; else, the mystery once felt, must not rest idly upon the heart; for while it merely broods with its dead weight, it becomes either a helpless sense of sin or a hopeless reverie of aspiration: how can the lonely human will lift 'this mountain' and 'cast it into the sea'? But, as soon as the other side of the relation is apprehended, the loneliness ceases: 'Lo! God is here, and I knew it not;' the vision of Perfection is no dream. It has an infinite ally. The self-strain is exchanged for self-surrender; and the hovering cloud of possibilities which covered the soul with gloom bursts into heavenly light."

This is the office of the preacher; to effect by the Gospel this transformation. He is not merely to be a father confessor laying down laws of right and wrong dogmatically; nor a philosopher discovering them empirically. Neither is he to be a poet now startling and now alluring us with visions of another world, whether Hell, Purgatory, or Paradise. He is to be a prophet, discovering the eternal laws of right and wrong, which have for their source and sanction the Being of God, and for the kingdom over which they reign the universe. But, so discovering them, he must also apply them to the temporal relations and the common concerns of our daily life. It is neither true, as the agnostic would have us believe, that we can know nothing but what transpires within the horizon of time and earth, and must measure virtue and vice only by their apparent consequences; nor, as the orthodox divine sometimes tells us, that we are hastening to eternity and therefore may be oblivious of time and its relations. We are in eternity; for what we call time flows through eternity, as the Gulf Stream through the Atlantic Ocean; and the waves through which we sail and the wind currents that waft us are those of the eternal ocean and the eternal atmosphere. To make us realize this, and to teach and constrain us to shape our voyage accordingly, is the function of the preacher.

A CATEGORICAL REPLY.

I have in my congregation a number of young people who read your editorial in a recent number of The Christian Union on the subject of a possible probation after death, one of whom has asked me if I would write to you and ask you for the *Scriptural* proof of your position; and I take the liberty of doing so. It will relieve me of a great deal of responsibility which I feel in connection with this subject, as your views are so utterly at variance with my own that I am not able to help her any, and the subject is troubling a good many.

OUR position on this subject is simply this: That whenever Christ is presented to any soul there is then and there presented both a sufficient opportunity and an adequate motive for repentance and faith, and so for the beginning of a new and divine life. If any one says that this opportunity will continue to be offered until death, he makes an affirmative statement which it devolves upon him to prove. It is for him to show Scriptural evidence for that declaration. We do not find any such evidence in Scripture. If, on the other hand, any one says this opportunity never will be presented to any one after death, whether he has heard of Christ in this life or no, he also makes a statement which it devolves upon him to prove. If he bases this statement on Scripture, he must furnish the Scriptural evidence that warrants any such statement. We make, ourselves, no statement on the subject, except the statement that whoever has heard the message of the Gospel has had both opportunity and motive for a new life, and if he rejects it he has no right to expect such opportunity in the future, either in this life or in the next. We do not suppose that our correspondent desires any Scriptural evidence for this statement; if he does, we shall be glad to furnish it to him.

If, however, our correspondent, or any member of his flock, desires to know what are the intimations of Scripture upon this subject, so far as it makes any intimations, we recommend him to take his Bible and collate all the passages which refer to

the final judgment beyond which there is no hope of redemption; then let him examine every one of these passages which gives any hint as to the time of such final judgment. We think he will find that they all connect it with the end of the world; that not one of them connects it with death. He, therefore, who asserts that death is practically the final judgment, or is coterminous with the final judgment of any soul, in so far makes a statement which, if not anti-Scriptural, is at least unwarranted by Scripture. As we believe that all our knowledge respecting the world beyond death is derived from Scripture, we neither propose ourselves to make any statement which Scripture does not explicitly warrant, nor to allow, in so far as our effort can prevent it, any such statement unwarranted by Scripture to be imposed on the faith of the Christian Church.

This is our categorical reply to our correspondent, and we hope it makes our position clear and intelligible to him. We may hereafter point out more fully the relations which this subject bears to the transition in theology through which in our judgment the Christian Church is passing.

PUT YOUR HEART IN IT.

ONE of the obstacles to success is the lack of that eager interest and unwearied zest in one's work which are necessary to the greatest usefulness. Most men content themselves with a simple discharge of the work laid before them; they do not endeavor to devise new and better methods of doing it; they do not charge it with individuality; they do not develop an overflow of energy which carries it on strongly and intelligently. The men who achieve these things are the men who make themselves indispensable; they are rarely thrown out of employment, and when accident or the chances of business temporarily throw them out they are not long in finding a new opportunity. Such men are always in demand, and to such men come the larger opportunities which belong to every business. It has been said that fortunate accidents come only to men of genius; but this is a partial statement; they come also to men of great industry and earnestness. A perfunctory doing of one's work is the great bane of life; it is that which keeps men in respectable positions who might fill eminent ones; it is that which keeps a host of men out of employment who might have their hands full. The maxim of the French writer, "Put your heart into your business," is the secret of success. A man's work is not something to which he looks simply for bread and butter; it is the door which he must continually expect to see opening into something better; it is opportunity into which he ought to put his whole strength. It has a moral and a spiritual as well as a mere business aspect to the earnest man; he is not satisfied with simply doing his work and leaving his desk clear; he aspires to individualize it, to put his whole personality into it; in business as in everything else, personality is the prime factor. Machinery will do much, but it will never do more than a machine can do; there must be a man behind it. If you wish success, do not stint yourself; do not give half your force; put your whole self into your opportunity; go to your task every day as if that day were the critical day of your life; put your heart into your business.

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE case of Professor E. C. Smyth in the Court is concluded so far as the record is concerned. How many of his thirteen points to have the record of the Visitors changed or enlarged he has carried is not announced by the Court; and from a remark dropped by Judge Allen it is probable he will report to the Court above his decision. Appellant's counsel are hopeful that they will get what is essential to present their case fully to the court in bank. The prosecutors, Messrs. Dexter, Wellman, and Lamphear, have no longer any connection with the trial, the Visitors appearing to defend their judgment against the appeal. The hearing has been attended by a large array of legal counsel, who have contested every point. Professor Dwight, of New York, sharply arraigned the Visitors for partiality in condemning one and acquitting others, characterizing their judgment as "grotesque" and a "travesty of justice." An exciting scene in the Court was occasioned by the counsel for the Visitors offering to put in a sworn affidavit of the Visitors to their "amended record." During the hearing, and without notice to the other side, they met, amended their record, and swore to it as true, allowing no opportunity to cross-examine, while Professor Smyth and his associates who had been upon the stand were sharply cross-examined. The Court, with manifest displeasure, refused to receive the document, even before argument by counsel, observing that he thought the Visitors, if they had been present at the hearing, would not have sworn to the document as a true record. Counsel for the Visitors urged that it be received, not as a record, but for reference, but the Court refused; later, by agreement of counsel, after striking out the affidavit and another portion, the paper was put in merely for information. If Visitors, professors, prosecutors, and counsel [all live to see the legal settlement of the questions involved, it will be a singular dispensation of Divine Providence.

The new church movement in Dorchester, known as the "Harvard Congregational Church," called a council last week, which formally organized a church of forty-one members, three on confession of faith, others by letters, taking as a symbol of faith the creed of the Creed Commission, slightly changing the Covenant. Dr. S. E. Herrick preached an admirable sermon, the other parts also being full of interest. Recently the society dedicated a beautiful house of worship. The congregation is increasing under the care of Mr. Torrey, the Andover student whom the American Board refused to send to Japan, and the outlook is promising for growth in numbers and large usefulness in the community.

An occasion of much interest is the sixth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the Colleges in the Christian Association Building in Boston, thirty-two colleges in all being represented, including students from California, Nebraska, Kansas, Wisconsin, Colorado, Nova Scotia, Constantinople, and Ceylon. Muscular Christianity was present in such representatives as Mr. Stagg, pitcher of the Yale base-ball nine; Speer, of the Princeton foot ball team; Pfeiffer, captain of the Harvard University crew, and Corbin, captain of the Yale foot-ball team. Mr. S. E. Pierce, of the "Youth's Companion," made an address of welcome to "fellow-students," recognizing that Christianity includes in its developments physical culture. Formal addresses of reception were also made by Mr. Derby, President of the Boston Intercollegiate Association, and President Warren, of the Boston University, to which Mr. Stagg, of Yale, responded. Dr. J. H. Twitchell, of Hartford, addressed the Association upon the bearing of athletics upon manhood. The Scriptures recognize this distinction. The Christian Gospel is the gospel of true manhood. The call of Jesus is that we be men. There is nothing more worthy to be made the basis of an acknowledged brotherhood than this, nor is there anything which will more advantage and promote the great cause of the Gospel of the Christ, either in themselves or the college world, than seeing, and making their fellows see, that their calling is to actualize the most essential conditions of the largest, truest, and freest manhood.

Colonel J. L. Greene, of Hartford, spoke admirably on "Purity of Social Life in College." Impurity is about us as a cloud, the open doors of hell are in every city and town, and the prevention of evil knowledge is to forestall it with good knowledge. Dr. Burroughs, of Amherst, read a paper on "Bible Study in College; Why and How." Our ablest young men should lead the way by taking up Bible study simply because they recognize their need of it as scholars. The papers were discussed by members of the Association. The services Sunday afternoon were of special interest, as the speaking was by the young men who in college are engaged in athletics. Captain Stagg, of Yale, urged with earnestness a thorough study of the Bible. He had found the Christian life to be a manly thing, and the happiest life he could live. Captain Pfeiffer, of Harvard University crew, showed how simple, reasonable, sensible, and grand the Christian life is. Mr. Speer, of Princeton, said college students are coming more and more to believe that Christianity is simply friendship with Jesus Christ, and this friendship inspires true courage. Mr. Frost, of New York, presented the thought, "Christ is a necessity to young men and to success in life." Mr. Corbin, of New Haven, urged the importance of enthusiasm in Christian life, saying that if young men were half as energetic for Christ as they are in college athletics there would be a wonderful revolution. The keynote of all the meetings has been Christian manliness, some 150 young men from New England being present to catch the inspiration, besides those further away.

On Washington's Birthday the ladies of the "Mission Band" connected with Dr. A. J. Gordon's church gave a "missionary breakfast," the tables surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, two of them missionaries, Dr. Smith, President of the Theological Seminary at Rangoon, and the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Burmah, had also attracted neighbor ministers, and the president of the occasion was Mr. S. S. Blanchard, the owner of a large farm in the Red River Valley, Dakota.

The Rev. George B. Boynton resigned his pastorate at Jamaica Plain on Sunday, and will accept his appointment as Secretary of the Congregational Sunday-School Publishing Society, upon which he will enter in April.

OBSERVER.

A UNITARIAN VIEW.

To the Editor of The Christian Union:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest in your last number the thoughtful letter of Mr. Pentecost, and your admirable criticism upon it. The letter of Mr. Pentecost will interest the Unitarian church everywhere, because in it, among other things, is the simple statement of positions with which that church is in entire sympathy. Your answer to it is in the very best vein of the Union. It makes us all hope that such a journal may be long conducted on principles so generous and broad.

Will you permit me to suggest, without the slightest wish to open a controversy, that Unitarians generally share Mr. Pentecost's distrust of the work of the pulpit of what he and you call the orthodox churches. We do not distrust the sincerity of the preachers. We distrust the whole theory of their education, and the consequent outlook which they have upon the world. The common remark in Unitarian circles here, in jest or in earnest, in this matter is that the "orthodox pulpit" is not practical, and in its eagerness for theology forgets the things of this time. People in our circles say popularly that the orthodox pulpit is so much interested in the other world that it has nothing to say about the world that now is. Of course it is impossible to prove this, and the immediate reply to so general a charge would be that those who make it have been unfortunate in the preaching which they hear.

Let me, however, take what seems to me to be an apposite illustration. I have before me the "Homiletic Review" for February. The "Homiletic Review," as all clergymen know, is an admirable monthly magazine, conducted for the benefit of the evangelical ministers of this country. The most distinguished clergymen write for it, persons well trained in theology arrange the sub-departments, and any number of it is singularly suggestive. In the last number there are several sermons at length, there are several sketches of sermons, there are long lists of texts suitable for sermons, there are good illustrations of sermons, and there is the list of the pulpit topics which have been taken by a large number of preachers within a month or two. I should say that this was a fair exhibition of what is the general line of subject pursued by the orthodox pulpit. If this is not a fair illustration, it is hard to say where one could be found.

Now, if you will look over that number, you will find that there is not one passage in it from which it could be inferred that the church has any duty in meeting the social disorders of our time. Perhaps I should make an exception in one text for Hospital Sunday, which certainly implies that the church has something to do with hospitals. There is also one article of statistics on the effect which the whisky tax has produced on the intemperance of the country. If these are exceptions, let them count. But, leaving them out, there are probably 250 different suggestions for subjects of preaching in this number, and no one of them makes any allusion to what I should call, and you would call, "the coming of the kingdom of God," or makes any allusion to the crime now in the world, or to its poverty, or to its disease. There is no reference to opening the eyes of the blind or the ears of the deaf, to healing lepers, to making the lame to walk, or to proclaiming any glad tidings to the poor. Poverty, disease, and crime are utterly unknown to the pages of the "Homiletic," as they were to the Garden of Eden before the Fall.

Now, what we Unitarians say is that this follows of course from the theological trend of the orthodox churches. We say that the orthodox theological schools train men to consider the metaphysical study of theology, and do not train men to consider the practical wants of sinful society at the present time. We say that what follows is that the young men who come from the theological schools require long contact with life before they get that practical habit of handling the great subjects now pressing upon the Christian Church which is needed for the work of the ministry. This is, at bottom, what we mean when we say that the preaching of the orthodox pulpit is not practical.

I am by no means sure whether I have a right to write this letter, but you will know that my motive is a good one; and, if you think it worth while printing and answering, I think you will give pleasure to many of your Unitarian readers.

Truly yours, PEMBERTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

A COMMEMORATION IN BALTIMORE.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

A COLLEGE festival that falls upon so delightful a day as Wednesday of last week has everything in its favor; soft skies, a balmy air, subtle prophecies of spring, conspire to put the imagination in sympathy with the occasion and with those associations which are p rt of every such day. Emerson, who had the instincts and lived the life of a scholar, was never weary of pointing out the peculiar good fortune which the scholar inherits and the peculiar charm which attaches to those public ceremonials and festivities which are the feast days of the guild of scholarship. Happy is he to whom these days bring a troop of delightful memories to bear them company; to whom there come also those larger memo ries which are the common inheritance of scholars of every name and degree. The company which gathered in Hopkins Hall on the 22d to honor the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the Johns Hopkins University included many whose attainments in the various fields of learning are recognized the world over. It has been the peculiar good fortune of this youngest of the great seats of learning to attract many whose presence affords the highest evidence of its rank and its usefulness.

The Johns Hopkins has made many new departures from well-worn American college methods and customs; it has taken such advanced lines that it has been compelled to make its own traditions and usages One of the wisest of the changes which mark its departure from the old college tradition is the practical substitution of a day of commemoration for commencement day. The impress of the university spirit is distinctly seen in this wide departure from the usage which closes the academic year amid the roses of June, and opens the gates of graduate oratory when the temperature is in its most sympathetic mood. Far be it from us to cast even a shadow of criticism on that memorable day, when aspiring youth grasps with the same hand the laurel of fame and the tribute of beauty. The slim young athletes who have come victoriously out of the four years' struggle with the curriculum must always seem O'ympian figures for one brief day; he must be deficient in memory and imagination alike to whom they appeal in vain for admiration and applause. But the Johns Hopkins is a university, and its festivities belong to a more advanced stage of scholastic development It was pleasant, however, to note the appearance of some of the familiar features of college life; now that the undergraduates have become numerous, the old time noise breaks in upon the dignified silence of the place As the procession of trustees and faculty, guests, alumni, and fellows crossed Mount Vernon Place, more than one of these mature and austere persons was glad in his heart to hear the old time "Rah! rah! rah!" and to pass between the lines of fresh faces to the door of the church.

Baltimore is a charming city in localities, as everybody knows, and the most attractive of these localities is the square about the monument. The really worthy art which is seen here, the imposing shaft of the monument, the wide space soft with sunshine as if an April day had been intercalated, the quiet elegance and cheerful tones of the house, the groups of people picturesquely disposed about the square—all these made the place worthy of the occasion. There was an unusual audience within the church; not often anywhere are so many trained men found under one roof; it was an assemblage full of intelligent interest in the subjects presented by the three speakers. Here was another point of departure from old-time methods; a departure, be it said with all kindness to graduate oratory, of a very delightful order. Dr. Paul Haupt, Professor of the Shemitic Languages, who made the first address, is in the foremost rank of scholars in his department, and his paper was a fine example of a discussion thoroughly scholarly in tone and spirit but clear and deeply interesting in form. After a rapid survey of the explorations and discoveries of the last half-century Dr. Haupt's address reached a practical climax in an appeal in behalf of scholarship which ought not to fall on deaf ears:

"But since these remarkable discoveries were made, all digging on the Mesopotamian sites has practically come to a stop. There is a strong opposition now, on the part of the Turkish authorities, to archæological research by agents of European countries Hormuzd Rassam himself states that the attitude assumed by the British Government in the Egyptian difficulty has alienated the good feeling of the Porte toward the English, and, the Sultan not caring to grant them any favors, everything has gone against them. And France, as well as the other Continental powers, absorbed in the preparation for that great struggle whose outbreak seems so imminent, is not able to take up this scientific mission. Instead of ornamenting their museums with Biblical antiquities, they prefer to cram their arsenals with new repeating rifles.

"Now, I should like to ask, Is not America called upon to step in here? During the last three years Assyrian studies have made such great progress in this country that the eminent French archæologist and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rouen, M. Joachin Menant, in a recent work reviewing the development of Assyriology, declares that the most serious efforts in this line are concentrated in America. There are more specialists in this branch of Biblical philology here than in England, and I venture to assert that they are not inferior to the English. At Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other universities, in various theological seminaries in New York, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati—everywhere, we have competent representatives of this new science. A national expedition, comprising delegates from these various centers of learning, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, and enjoying the aid of the United States Government, could compete with that of any other nation. Everything that is necessary for such an undertaking is here: self-denying enthusiasm facing all dangers, thorough preparation insuring success, a fertile field for investigation promising rich results, a magnificent museum, making accessible to the general public the treasures recovered—everything is here. All we need is a fund. I trust that we shall not have to wait until it is too late. In a few years political complications in the East may render it impossible to recover any of these treasures. If a fund could be raised enabling us to begin operations on a sound basis next fall, we could bring to the National Museum a collection of Oriental antiquities not inferior to the Assyrian treasures of the British Museum and the Paris Louvre.

"Such a project appeals to every one who takes an interest in the dawn of civilization and the history of religion. The monuments in the Valley of the Euphrates and Tigris furnish the key to countless mysteries in the early history of man. They answer a multitude of questions whose solution is indispensable for a study of the development of religion and culture They add new leaves to the book of man's earliest traditions. They confirm and elucidate the sacred records of the Old Testament.

"Chaldea is the cradle of the great race of Israel, the birthplace of his ancestors. To Chaldea we can trace the roots of his nationality and his religion, and, indirectly, the roots of Christianity. If we wish to have some knowledge of the primitive period in which the chosen people developed, we must dig for it in Assyria and Babylonia. It is true we cannot recover gold and silver, as the nations fancy. A treasure of Priam will never be found in the sterile mounds of Mesopotamia. All that we can unearth are sculptures and inscriptions; nothing but stones, broken stones, but stones to which the word of Scripture applies; 'If men should hold their peace, the stones will cry out.'"

Dr. Remsen gave an admirable address on chemistry, sketching rapidly the recent advances of the science and indicating the aims which the progressive chemistry of the day has in view. In answer to a possible question as to the utility of the purely scientific work of research, Professor Remsen declared that the experience of the world had shown that where the most of this so-called impractical work is done, there the most practical results are reached. Germany is to day the center of the chemical industries of the world, and this is unquestionably largely due to the fact that Germany has for many years been the center of investigations in the pure science of chemistry. The Germans have found that their best practical chemists are those who have received the most thorough training in the pure science, and the method of training in the polytechnic schools is now the same as in the universities, and is what many are inclined to call impractical. The evidence of chemists is nearly unanimous in regard to the character of the work best fitted to train the chemist, and it may be said with confidence that the most impractical work is the most practical. Continuing, he said: "But I do not think that this last argument is needed to justify the abstract chemical work of which I have been speaking. Man can be improved in other ways than by ministering to his daily bodily needs. He has higher needs, and some of these are ministered to by enlarging the world of ideas. Every discovery is an addition to the world's stock of knowledge, and we are all gainers by these discoveries. The gain is not as tangible as the material ones, but it is none the less valuable. Is not the world better off for its books, its works of art? Take them away Imagine the results! So it is with the results of scientific work By the aid of this work we are advancing toward clearer conceptions of the universe and our position in it. Stop the work, and we should be obliged to live on our capital. The work must go on entirely independently of the question whether the results can be utilized at once or not. We need more light. Let us work for this"

President Gilman, spoke in his characteristic, tactful, and suggestive fashion, of Baltimore as a city of exceptional and increasing educational facilities. He made it clear that among the five cities on the Atlantic seaboard which are engaged in a noble rivalry Baltimore has won a leading place, and that nothing is now needed for the realization of her largest possibilities but co-operation and the spirit of faith.

The exercises lasted about two hours, and the interest of the audience was sustained to the end. At half-past one the alumni and guests lunched in the gymnasium, and in the evening a gymnastic exhibition was given in the same building. The far sighted policy of President Gilman and the intelligent co-operation of the people have already approved themselves in the splendid record and work of the Johns Hopkins University; an institution which confessedly stands at the forefront in its educational methods, which has already perceptibly advanced the standards of college training, and which is destined to perform a noble mediation between the North and the South by its devotion to those things which make for peace and wisdom and righteousness.

THE LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

THE sixth annual convention of the Law and Order League of the United States was held in Philadelphia February 21 and 22. It was the largest in the numbers attending and the most hopeful in its promise for the future of any that has been held in its history. On Tuesday evening the Academy of Music was filled with an audience which numbered not less than three thousand persons, who gave an enthusiastic greeting to the speakers of the evening—Governor Beaver, who presided, C. C. Bonney, Esq., of Chicago, the President of the National League, and Senators Evarts and Colquitt, whose addresses were frequently punctuated with applause. The programme was interspersed with music, which was well rendered by a moderately sized orchestra. Governor Beaver in a brief address welcomed the speakers of the evening and the delegates and representatives of the various Law and Order Leagues, and in a few brief but very effective and straightforward words gave to the League and its aims a hearty indorsement. He then introduced Mr. C. C. Bonney, who spoke of the general principles of the Law and Order League, and illustrated them by their application to the suppression of anarchy, the labor problem, law-violations by great corporations, temperance legislation, etc. He made the good point that under our present laws no one ought to be naturalized who does not give adequate evidence of being sincerely attached to our Constitution and laws.

The Hon. William M. Evarts was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and spoke in his best vein. The Law and Order League, he said, is a practical organization. It is organized, not to talk, but to work. The laws under which we live are the laws which are executed. Rogues have no objection to laws that are not executed, and good citizens can have no good opinion of laws that are not executed. Our future national destiny depends, not on the laws on the statute book, but on the laws which are executed. It is our boast that we live under a government of law, not under a government of men. If laws are not executed it ceases to be a government of law, and history demonstrates that when a government ceases to be a government of law it will certainly become a government of men. A more immediate peril to which unexecuted laws lead is irregular and lawless execution of justice. If we wish to have a government of law, not of men, nor of irregular and lawless combinations of men, we must see to it that our laws are executed. Good morals must be behind our laws to secure their enforcement. There must be for this purpose a moral enthusiasm for the enforcement of the laws. We cannot count on sensational influences and occasional excitements for law enforcement. Evil influences to break, escape, or evade the laws never sleep. To their activities we must interpose a sleepless vigilance. We ought, therefore, everywhere and always to applaud those who are willing to secure the enforcement of our laws. We must give praise to those that do well, while we make the law a terror to evil-doers Silent approval does not suffice. Morals that have no voice and make no assertion of themselves do not count for the side of law and justice; they count for the side of evil by their silence, which is apparent indifference.

Passing from a general consideration of the necessity of the enforcement of the laws to a more specific consideration of the necessity of special efforts for the enforcement of the temperance laws, Mr. Evarts spoke with great vigor in indictment of the dram-shop and its influences. He said: "If one should visit your great city or New York or other great cities, he would be struck with the noble institutions charity has built up—asylums, almshouses, and the like. He would find also such institutions as your Girard College and your Pennsylvania University, instructing the people in everything that can advance and ennoble society. When all this had been seen and applauded your visitor would pass down your streets and find the dram-shops at every corner and crowding the centers of every block. He would ask, 'Where do the inmates of the almshouse and madhouse and of the hospitals come from? How could all this flood of misery creep in?' And the grog-shops make answer, 'It is from us.' I cannot understand how year after year you tolerate the presence of these feeding grounds of want, misery, debasement, and crime in your midst. Why do you not stand behind the Law and Order people who have reduced the number of these grog-shops and mean to reduce them

more? They are child-stealers. One child stolen will inflict a pang upon a whole nation, and it will risk ev rything to save that one child stolen and given over to a living ruin. But I am told that in Boston, my native city, when these Law and Order men went to work, they found that rum was sold to 15 000 children in the dram-shops. These children, even if their parents are depraved, are stolen from society, which owes it to them to protect and care for them There are other vices and crimes not so poignant, general, or obvious, but there is not time left to dwell upon them as they deserve It is time that it should be understood by those who inflict these blows on society that society has some blows to give in return, and this Law and Order League has given some hard ones in return. I must let this whole matter stand on these few simple words, whose truthfulness is plain to you all. If you wish to be governed by law, you must see that law is a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well."

Senator Colquitt followed Senator Evarts. The two men are characteristically unlike in appearance, manner, method. The one is thin, almost bloodless, keen-eyed, by nature reticent, amply endowed with caution, yet, as his severe arraignment of the saloons showed, not lacking in courage when his decision to act is arrived at. He speaks slowly, and with that sort of force which comes from emphatic deliberation, in which not only every thought but every word is carefully weighed. The other is large, robust, rotund, full of fire and feeling, and speaks with an almost entire abandon, and at times with a dramatic energy and picturesqueness which remind one of John B. Gough. In speaking he not only turned to every part of the house, but repeatedly turned his back to the audience and addressed himself to the two or three hundred gentlemen who occupied the stage. His speech was unreportable. He depicted the self-satisfied man who is so busy taking care of his own interests that he can do nothing for others, and contrasted him with the gentlemen who are giving themselves to unselfish service in these Law and Order Leagues; eulogized the reserve force that is in the community outside of and above all party considerations, on which force the country must depend for power to resist the purchasable and corrupt elements in politics; pointed out the dangers to the Republic from Goths and Vandals of our own nurturing; and very effectively and dramatically portrayed the contrast between that idea of liberty which is embodied in the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, looking up to the stars and holding up her lambent torch as if to catch their flames, and liberty as the liquor-seller would have it embodied—drunken, staggering, beer besotted, its eyes on the earth and itself barely kept from falling to lie prone upon the earth.

Wednesday morning was given to a business session Mr. Dudley, the General Secretary of the National League, presented his annual report. From this report it appears that numerous leagues have been formed in different States during the year, that the attention of the public has been attracted to the importance of the work of the League, and a public sentiment more favorable to the enforcement of law developed in many States of the Union. One of the new leagues formed during the year is located at Pittsburg, Pa., and was represented by its attorney, Mr William Yost, and its agent, Captain A. Wishart. The report of this league was extremely interesting. Nearly eight hundred cases of excise violation have been prosecuted since the formation of the league less than one year ago. Through these prosecutions many liquor saloons have been closed and hundreds of violations of law prevented. Several leagues from New Jersey were represented by delegates who were jubilant over the passage of the high license law, and the feeling prevailed that the public sentiment which has brought about this law was developed by the leagues, and that the organization would increase in power and influence and seize the opportunity for more successful work offered by this new law.

Mrs. Hunt, who has taken so active a part in securing the introduction of temperance education and temperance text books in the public schools, called on the local leagues to make sure that these laws were obeyed, not evaded. It is five years since the movement was begun; now such temperance education is incorporated in the educational systems of thirty-three States and Territories. Among the obstacles encountered were first the indifference of the publishers, who did not believe that any temperance literature would be called for, and then their inclination to issue books that would be acceptable to School Boards that might have a brewer or a moderate drinker on them.

Professor Wayland, of the Yale Law School, read an interesting paper on the principles which should control temperance legislation. He animadverted upon the anomalies of prohibitory legislation in making it a penal offense to sell but not to buy liquor, when both acts are necessary to constitute the offense; and of the divisions in the temperance ranks opposed to the united liquor interests. He urged the necessity of proceeding in the campaign against the saloon step by step, so as to secure united action and immediate results; he urged that temperance legislation in each locality should conform to the temperance sentiment there existing, while means were taken to strengthen that sentiment; he emphasized the fact that putting a law on the statute book is ineffective if there is not a public sentiment to enforce it, and urged vigilant efforts to enforce such laws as we have by the cordial co-operation of all law abiding citizens. On the second evening, February 23, a second public meeting was held in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, which was addressed by Mr Edwin Dudley, the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Professor Merrill E Gates, of Rutgers College, and General Byron M Cutcheon, M C from Michigan, in general support of the principles and work of the Law and Order League.

In closing, mention should be made of a delightful reception given by Mr. Burton, President of the local Law and Order League, at his residence, to the speakers, delegates, members of the Law and Order Leagues, and others, on Tuesday afternoon from five to six. Also that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the officers of last year were re elected.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

IF an Englishman can write a book about the United States after a six weeks' tour, an American can certainly write an article about Florida after a six days' tour. To doubt this would be to acknowledge that John Bull is "smarter" than Uncle Jonathan. The truth about Florida can only be ascertained by comparing various impressions. We went by sea and returned by land, and vote without hesitation the sea route to be preferable *provided* one has the time, does not wish to visit by the way, and is not overmuch liable to seasickness. The Atlantic coast line is the direct railroad route, but passes through a very flat and uninteresting country. Water is good and land is good, but water and land mixed in varying proportions, which is what one sees a considerable part of the way between Charleston and Jacksonville, grows monotonous after an hour or two There is a route through the Shenandoah Valley, East Tennessee, Chattanooga, and Atlanta, which is said to afford a beautiful ride. In Florida itself there is little or nothing in the natural scenery to attract. Its attraction is its climate Into Western Florida we did not go; but the peninsula is almost as flat as that traditional barn floor. A bank along the river five feet high is quite a bluff, and the hill that slopes gradually up from Lake Dora to the enormous altitude of fifty or sixty feet is Mount Dora. We did not go to Indian River, and saw nothing of the seacoast except the glimpse we got at St. Augustine. The beaches are said to be very fine; but, with possibly that exception, according to all reports gathered, verified so far as very limited opportunities would allow of verification, the lake country is the most beautiful, and probably also the most healthful, part of Florida. It is in the central part of the State, and consists of a series of connecting lakes, constituting the headwaters of the Ocklawaha River, itself a tributary of the St. John's, so that one might start here in a small steamboat and make his way without change to New York City. Indeed, the trip has been made, I believe, though in the opposite direction, in a canoe, the sounds along the coast affording safe and comparatively still waters. This lake region is not lacking in beauty. The land around rises in gently undulating slopes, which nature has covered with pine forests or art with orange groves. It is in the heart of this region that the Mount Dora Chautauqua has been placed, of which more in a future letter.

In saying that the scenery of Florida is not attractive I except that aspect of it which is due to climate. Verdure of any kind is beautiful in February, and Florida is clothed with verdure when our Northern hills are naked or clothed alone with snow. We miss the elm and the maple; but the pines abound, as do the various species of palmetto, some dwarf-like trees scarcely overtopping the easy reach of a man, others rising sixty to a hundred feet straight in air (the figures are my rough guess) branchless from root to bushy top. Almost everywhere, especially along the rivers, the Southern moss hangs in long, graceful, but funereal festoons from the oaks, giving an almost cemetery appearance to the living woods. The air is delicious. In February it is the air of May. The day on which the thermometer in New York was with difficulty climbing from four degrees above zero to sixteen degrees above, Jennie in Florida was regretting that she had brought a cloak with her. We picked strawberries in the open air, and had them furnished for our dessert at our camp table. Orange blossoms were still on some orange trees, and in one grove we wandered as invited guests and picked all the fruit we wanted fresh from the trees. Young onions, young turnips, lettuce, green peas, were all growing in the open air, along with pineapples, bananas, and the guava. We were rather between seasons, but flowers both wild and cultivated were in abundance—out-of-doors, though far less abundant within than one sees in the analogous season in our Northern homes. From the hills in the lake country some beautiful though quiet views are obtainable, and one sunset scene we enjoyed from the piazza of a friend's house at Tangerine, on one of these lakes, will long linger in our memory. For one who enjoys, as I do, the keen zero air of a Northern winter, and even occasionally a battle with a Northern wind, the luxurious, not to say lazy, atmosphere of Florida would be enjoyable only as a change and rest. But I can readily understand how persons with a different constitution, to whom breathing our snowy air is itself a toil, would find not only rest but positive invigoration in what to a truly Puritan physique would be an enervating or at least a sleep and sloth compelling climate.

I bring back from Florida a better impression of its healthfulness than I had before entertained. It is true that the native Floridians, or at least many of them, had a butternut complexion that matched their garments, and suggested that their blood corpuscles were yellow instead of red. But my friend insisted that this was due to their food and habits, not to the climate. He avers of himself that he never felt so well as he has during his two years' residence in Florida, and attests the truth of this assertion by the work he has done, is doing, and is planning to do. Another friend, whose oranges we gathered with our own hands, took from the Government a homestead twelve years ago. He weighed then 120 pounds; if my eye does not wholly deceive me, it would require 200 pounds to-day to tip the scale One can live out-of-doors in all seasons in Florida The chief avocation is agriculture, or rather fruit culture. The summers are not hotter than in the North, and the winters are never cold. One instinctively adopts a fruit and vegetable diet, and fruit and vegetables are abundant In and near the towns Chicago beef is always obtainable, of good quality; one need not live on pork and hominy and bad coffee, as one must in some new sections in the West. The chief drawback is poor milk and poor butter. The cows, as one sees them from the railroad trains, are a lean and ragged lot, and the milk is generally a thin and watery fluid. Grass of good quality is a rare article; whether the sandy soil which furnishes bananas, oranges, and strawberries can be made to yield pasturage I do not know. I only know that the cows all look as though they had descended from Pharaoh's lean kine, and their ancestry had not had a good summer's pasturage since. Florida, however, abounds with good hotels, and the traditional Southern tavern is fast disappearing. We got a glimpse of what it was in a supper at the hotel at Tavares. It is said that this hotel has greatly improved under its present management. It would defy the imagination of a Dante to conceive what it was before it was "improved." But this, and a cheap lunch in an eating house at St Augustine, were the only bad meals that were served to us in the State. I say nothing of the meals in our friend's house; because your born housekeeper, if she had landed with Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, would have served him up a good meal before he could have got his clothes dry. But in the St. James at Jacksonville we found a hotel as good as the best in the North. Mr. Campbell gave us a table which would not need to fear competition with the famous United States Hotel table at Saratoga; Mr. Barron, the proprietor of the Twin Mountain House, is also proprietor of a hotel, reputed to be equally good, at Palatka; our camp table at Mount Dora was one of the best Chautauqua tables I have ever sat down to; and even Jennie, who has a true housekeeper's dread of steamboat tables, gave the steamboat on the St. John's the credit of giving us a very good supper. It is claimed for the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine that it is the most magnificent hotel in the world. The outside world estimates its cost variously at from one million to three million dollars. Its magnificence I confess rather overpowered and saddened me. I have never seen a more beautiful hall than its dining hall, the ceiling of which was frescoed by Italian artists brought over to this country for the purpose. But as I sat on the piazza and looked about on the evidences of skill which had been exhausted in providing luxury for the few, I could not but reflect with a sorrowful heart how much these millions might have done in building decent tenements for the crowded population of some of our great cities. More comfort for the many and less luxury for the few would be an indication of a better civilization. Must we learn in America by experience the lesson we might learn from the experience of Rome and France? The Ponce de Leon, it should be added, is built by the Treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, and is a testimony to the enormous profits which that monopoly has made out of the common people.

The people of Florida are practically all immigrants. The nearest approach to original Floridians we met were the Georgia "crackers" who came down here before the Northern explorers had discovered in Florida the possibilities of a great orange grove and a winter water

ing-place. The bulk of the inhabitants, as the tourist sees them—and I had some advantages not afforded by the flitter from hotel to hotel—are comparatively recent immigrants; some in search of pleasure, some in search of comfort, some in search of new and congenial forms of industry. The pleasure-seeker is the same in all climes in the United States, if not in all countries. He is hopelessly stupid, and his life is irredeemably dull. He goes to the same sort of hotel; comes down to a late breakfast; plays a game of billiards, or takes a drive, or goes a-shopping, or talks gossip in the corridors and on the piazza; eats a long dinner; talks some gossip, or takes another drive, or does some more shopping, or plays another game of billiards; dresses; eats supper; comes down into the parlor where the same typical hotel band is playing the same light musical nothing, and where he sits and looks at other people's dresses, and is looked at by other people, and talks more gossip; and at eleven goes to bed, to begin the same ritual on the morrow. His only intellectual employment is reading a daily paper. Occasionally he varies the dull routine of this monotonous existence by a hop, or charades, or some tableaux, or a little fishing, or sailing, or the sensation of a sea bath in midwinter; but this only when he is unusually enterprising. I have said "he" for convenience' sake; but fashion knows neither male nor female, and "she" differs from "he" only in finding her sole intellectual employment in the last novel instead of in the newspaper. And neither "he" nor "she" knows enough to vary the stupid monotony of this routine existence, which it would be a slander to living to call life, by even making Sunday different from every other day in the week. Florida is thronged with these pleasure-seekers, hunting pleasure, with a persistence worthy of a better cause, in Florida in the winter, as they hunt it in the mountains and by the seashore in the summer. Very different is the comfort-seeker. He is perhaps a hard worker who comes to Florida for a few weeks of repose, where life flows with a current as sluggish as that of the lazy flowing rivers. He is perhaps an invalid fleeing from the battle for life involved in the rigor of a Northern winter, or wisely seeking to reservoir health before the stock gets low, that he may have some reserve power for future work. He stops at the great hotel in transit, but flees from it speedily to smaller and more homelike quarters, of which he will find an abundant variety—on the banks of the St. John, along the coast, and in the lake country. Besides these tourists, whose sojourn in Florida varies from ten days to three or four months, are Floridians who have come here to make the State their home, attracted by its climate, or by its rare opportunities for a lighter and pleasanter form of agriculture, in orange and other fruit raising, or for Christian and educational work. It is on this permanent population Florida must depend for its permanent prosperity. It is constantly increasing, being recruited every year from the tourist population. And it is already sufficiently large to make it sure that Florida has a prosperous future before her. LAICUS.

COLUMBUS VERSUS ERIKSON.

To the Editors of the Christian Union:

IN your issue of February 9 you publish a letter in which the writer says:

"The idea that Leif Erikson was the first discoverer of America, and not Columbus (who, in fact, had been to Iceland in 1477 and collected information upon the subject), is by no means new, as many historians have testified to their belief in it; but, so far as we know, no one has placed the subject before us in so clear a light as Miss Brown. From the mass of evidence which she brought up one could not but be convinced that Columbus obtained his knowledge of the New World from Iceland, and that much of this knowledge so obtained by Icelanders has been kept secret by Rome for centuries. Columbus was a son of the Church."

And the writer goes on to say that because Iceland, in 1550, abolished Romanism, for which "Rome never forgave her," the Roman Church has persisted in ignoring the previous claims of the Icelanders in favor of those of the orthodox Columbus.

That Columbus visited Iceland is recorded by himself. Beyond this bare fact nothing is known of the visit—at least the writer of this letter has no knowledge of the existence of any record giving details of the visit. What part or parts of the island he visited, how long he remained there, what he did while he remained, whether, in fact, he even landed at all—these are points upon which I have never seen any information; and if any such information is extant it ought, in the interests of historic truth, to be published at once.

I am not sufficiently informed in regard to the history, manners, and institutions of Iceland to be able to state whether Columbus, being a native of Southern Europe and presumably not acquainted with Icelandic, could or could not have carried on any satisfactory intercourse with the people of the island. He could hardly have been able, at any rate, to consult Icelandic manuscripts. Perhaps the Latin would have afforded a medium through which he might have conversed with the learned. Or he might have been able, in some way, in spite of the difference of language, to pick up choice bits of tradition from the common people. But the grammar of history has no potential mood; it confines, or should confine, itself to the most rigid conjugation of the indicative. The whole theory that Columbus obtained his knowledge of the New World from Iceland is, to my mind, in the light upon the subject which I now possess, a theory merely, erected upon no more substantial a foundation than "it might have been." And the fame of Columbus is too sacred to the intelligent heart of the world—of whose history his deeds form so important a chapter—to be successfully assailed by "it might have beens." Perchance, had I the "mass of evidence" brought up by Miss Brown, I might break the idol Columbus in pieces and set up the worship of the only true deity, Leif Erikson.

I did not have the pleasure of listening to Miss Brown while she brought up such a "mass of evidence" that "one could not but be convinced that Columbus obtained his knowledge of the New World from Iceland." I have always believed, and am inclined to believe still, that to Columbus is due the sole honor of his own discovery. And the grounds upon which I base this belief are the following:

1. The imaginary, possible, probable, or real discovery of America by gentlemen from Iceland was not known to the nations of Western, Central, or Southern Europe—unless, as your correspondent states, the authorities of Catholic Babylondom knew of it; and even they, the wicked men, according to the same authority, conspired to suppress the truth, placing it under a key far more secure than any combination lock, so that during the almost five hundred years between the voyage of Erikson and the discovery by Columbus (all of which period preceded, if I am not mistaken, the abolition, in 1550, of Romanism by Iceland, for which "Rome never forgave her") not a single gleam of the light of this divine truth was suffered to satisfy the fast awakening curiosity of the laical multitudes. And I have never heard that the nations of continental Scandinavia had any advantage in this respect over the other nations of Europe. The discovery by Columbus was to them, I believe, the discovery of something which had not previously been discovered, or of whose former discovery they possessed no knowledge. It is not probable, therefore, that Columbus was led to Iceland by any desire to obtain the latest dispatches from America. If, when there, he did really learn something in regard to the Icelandic discoveries, then so much the better for Christopher.

2. Columbus had formed the idea of the rotundity of the earth and that India could be reached by sailing west, or at least the germs of that belief were already in his mind, before 1477. We know how he collected evidence, while in the islands off the coast of Africa, which seemed to prove that land existed in the west. We find him corresponding upon the subject with the astronomer Toscanelli, of Florence, in 1474. But perhaps he made a first voyage to Iceland before that time; for it is not the fashion now to allow him any glory of his own. He is like the moon, which shines only with reflected light, and is only of importance in the absence of any knowledge of Leif Erikson.

3. Columbus never knew before 1492 of the existence of America. At least, during all my acquaintance with him—and I have been acquainted with him in one way or another since my childhood—I have never heard it said that he possessed any previous knowledge that there was any America. Surely, had he known anything definite concerning it, he would have produced such knowledge as the strongest argument he could offer as to the practicability of his design. He was a strange mixture of the man of science and the religious fanatic; but that he was an impostor has not been believed since the fifteenth century—until the nineteenth. He was so earnestly devoted to the accomplishment of his design that he presented every piece of evidence, real or unreal, which he could imagine. He would certainly never have omitted so conclusive an argument as that land really existed across the Atlantic and had been seen and visited. During the long and dreary and heart-sickening years which preceded his final success we find him quoting ancient geographers and Arabian philosophers; citing Grecian fables and monkish superstitions and wonderful stories of Asiatic travel; reciting facts drawn from his own observation and experience or from the conversation of others; bringing forward the opinions of the great thinkers of ancient and modern times; mingling truths of God-created science with the most childish fancies of ignorant men; arguing, pleading, coaxing, almost tessing—but not one word do we find him saying about this most convincing argument of all, an argument which would probably have shortened by several years his long period of waiting—the fact that Icelanders had often and repeatedly done what he wished to be allowed to do again. What an answer such an argument would have been to the sneers of his reverend examiners! What a temptation to expose their foolish errors by the production of truth already proved! And the writer has always been taught, and all the evidence shows it to be true, that Columbus in his various voyages supposed that he was visiting Asia and the Asiatic Indies, and that in such a belief he died. It was Asia, in fact, which he had wanted to reach; and in his efforts to reach Asia he accidentally stumbled upon the trivial obstruction of the American continent. Not knowing of any other land in that quarter of the world—for his memory had grown feeble since his voyage to Iceland in 1477!—he believed he had arrived among the Indies; and the name Indians which he bestowed upon the natives is a remaining proof of the reality of such belief.

God evidently did not intend that the new continent should be made known to Europe and opened to immigration during the Dark Ages. Erikson's discovery, whatever it was—and he probably really did discover something—produced no lasting impression upon Europe or America. But when, in the course of centuries, printing had been invented, and knowledge advanced; when the spirit of inquiry, physical and psychical, was abroad; when modern liberty had been born and was growing with the years; when the Reformation was about to be accomplished—then God raised up Christopher Columbus to reveal the hidden continent, in order that religious and civil liberty might find a refuge. And to the fact that it was so we owe the existence of our Protestant republic.

"Columbus was a son of the Church." So, according to your correspondent of February 9, was Erikson. Why, then, should the Church of Rome favor the former so conspicuously at the expense of the latter, especially during the ages when Columbus was as yet unborn? Was it a prophetic knowledge on the part of the infallible vicegerent of God that the Icelanders would, "in 1550," abolish Catholicism from their island republic? Columbus certainly was no favorite with Ferdinand nor with Bishop Fonseca, who remained at the head of the Council of the Indies long after Columbus had been as dead as he is now. Did he stand higher in the graces of their holinesses the popes? Is there any one who believes that the quixotic wish and intention of Columbus to recover the Holy Sepulcher would weigh much in the estimation of the selfish ecclesiastics who filled the papal chair during the last decades of the fifteenth century? What earthly reason existed in 1493 when Columbus returned from America, to induce the Romish Church to give to Catholic Columbus the honor which it knew to belong to Catholic Erikson? We await the mass of evidence.

The writer of this letter is by no means a bigoted conservative in matters of history. He has surrendered gracefully the romantic fiction of Smith and Pocahontas. He no longer believes in the pretended discoveries of Verrazzani. And he confesses to doubts as to the strict accuracy of the story of the hatchet and its little George. But when cruel iconoclasm shall have robbed him of his belief in the Genoese navigator, he will then await in grim despair the advent of the man who shall claim—and bring up a mass of evidence to prove—that America was never discovered at all! Oh, then, and long before then, may the writer's grave have been made and forgotten, as that of Columbus has been, and he have learned the truth of the whole matter in the undiscovered world!

In all seriousness, the writer will look forward with the greatest interest to the publication of any authentic documents, procured from Rome or elsewhere, relative to the mysterious discovery, history, and disappearance of the Icelanders in Greenland, and to the interesting problem as to what Erikson and his successors really did discover and visit. But he still holds, more firmly than ever, his belief that Columbus was not indebted to the Icelanders for the great conception which resulted eventually in our being here, and which rendered it possible for us to have a celebration in honor of the Constitution, or Columbus, or Leif Erikson the viking.

G. B. B.

ACUSHNET, Mass.

GENIUS AND PRECOCITY.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW.

PERHAPS nothing will inspire the mind of a young boy as much as the contemplation of a great man. An instinct for hero-worship seems to be part of our nature. Our juvenile stories encircle the life of the man of genius with a halo of glory; he belongs to the chosen class; his is a higher kind of existence. To gain admittance into the kingdom of the Great (so the tale always reads) the essential qualities are only a more than usual amount of such modest virtues as perseverance and industry. The moral is considered quite as necessary as that every American boy should be informed that some day he may be President, on the fundamental proposition of our Declaration of Independence—that all men are born equal. Without cul-

icising the framers of that eventful document for an ignorance of scientific truths, one may frankly question whether a more false proposition has ever served useful purposes The only state of society in which such a statement is even approximately true is that of the lowest savages of which the world has record; they are all nearly equal because they are all about as low as is consistent with the conditions of bare existence. Such a society has no great men. But a civilization may not inaptly be defined as a condition of society in which the greatest differences between man and man exist

The conception of genius which Mr. Francis Galton has introduced is best fitted to clear up our notions on the subject. It will be better to begin by considering physical, not mental, height. Imagine that several thousand men, selected without any reference to their stature—say the men answering to the first half of the names in a large city directory—were one after the other to stand up against a fence and have a dot recorded opposite the top of the head of each. After the operation the fence would present a somewhat peculiar appearance. At a certain distance from the ground—probably about five feet six inches—the dots would be thickly clustered together; above and below, the clustering would quickly become sparser and sparser until only a few stray dots would be shown. This would mean that a vast majority of the men would be of nearly average height (the expression is really tautological), and that at one end we would have the giants, at the other the dwarfs—the rarities of the human race If we could in the same way give marks for intellectual ability, the heavily shaded portion of the fence would represent the vast prevalence of mediocrity, while above would be found the few eminent men, and below the idiots. The facts can be conveniently represented by a curve in which the ordinates, or distances upward from the base, measure the number of men, and the abscissæ, or distances to either side from the vertical line, the degree of divergence from mediocrity. Greatness is represented by the extreme portion of the curve at one end, idiocy by the other So closely do the various parts of the curve hang together that Mr. Joseph Jacobs feels himself justified in concluding from the comparison of the final portions of the curves representing the talent of Jews and of Englishmen that the former have four per cent more ability than the latter.

This conception of great men as a necessarily small class of men with exceptionally highly developed brains does not run counter to the current notions regarding the influences that favor the development of genius; it does so in appearance, but in reality it gives these notions a more definite form. For we must not conceive of the curve as invariable in anything but its general features. The fifth century B.C. in Greece seems to have been lived on a higher plane than even the present century in England. They had more great men, and from all accounts the people at large were better able to appreciate their greatness. This difference would appear as a greater flatness and wider lateral extent of the curve.

It was necessary to introduce this brief account of the scientific view of greatness before discussing the relation of genius and precocity, in order to make the latter question more definite, to give it a fuller meaning, and to free it of many false assumptions which are apt to crowd about it. Some years ago a few members of a prominent university, of whom the writer was one, set out upon a very elaborate problem. Their purpose was to work out the natural history of great men as a class It was a sort of comparative biography. One of the questions to be considered was the connection between genius and precocity, upon which Mr. James Sully has contributed a valuable article in the June issue of the "Nineteenth Century."

Mr. Sully confines the problem to the following seven classes of great men, and excludes men of antiquity as well as those now living: Musicians, painters, poets, novelists, scholars (including historians and critics), scientists, philosophers. Two questions are discussed: 1 Whether genius tends to be precocious 2 Whether the highest achievement comes early or late. The method is twofold: first, to instance remarkable examples of precocity; second, to obtain the proportionate number of great men who showed precocity in youth.

Before going further, the question, "What in this study is meant by greatness, what by precocity?" needs to be answered. Mr. Sully does not say on what principle he prepared his list of great men, and only names those of his list who are examples of marked precocity. In all, 287 names, rather unequally distributed amongst his seven classes, were examined. From the high character of most of the 160 names mentioned, I infer that the list was intended to include the greatest names of modern history. One condition of the fairness of such a selection is that the men be selected *before* it is known whether they were precocious or not, and that they should not be suggested on account of well-known precocity. It is, of course, impossible to judge to what extent Mr. Sully has followed or violated this rule. The question is, How rigid a selection has Mr. Sully made? I have two facts which shed light on the question: (1) The list prepared for the study of great men above mentioned was intended to contain the 300 greatest men of all times and in all spheres of activity. This is a higher degree of greatness than that required by Mr. Sully, for only 115, or two fifths, of his 287 men were able to attain it. Asking it to be remembered that individual differences of opinion are unavoidable in making such a list, I will mention a few names that represent the lower limit of eminence which it contains. They are: Bellini, Holbein, Marlowe, Shelley, Montesquieu, Emerson, Bentham, Boyle, Rumford, Rienzi, Toussaint. Names not admitted to the list are: Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Landseer, Heine, Bulwer, Pope, Addison, Froebel, Schelling. (2) I add to this list of 115 nearly all those mentioned in Mr. Sully's article, and as many more of equal eminence as were needed to form a list of 287, proportioned amongst the seven classes as Mr. Sully's are. This list may for all purposes be considered equivalent to that of Mr. Sully, and over one-half of the names on the two lists are known to be the same. I now follow Mr. Galton's method ("Hereditary Genius," p. 10), and find only 10 to 12 men (of over fifty years of age) of sufficient eminence to rank on this list now living in Great Britain. Great Britain contains about two million male adults of over fifty years of age: hence this degree of greatness is obtained by only one in about every 200,000—a degree of selection hardly realizable by the average mind. (It will aid those familiar with Mr. Galton's classification to be told that these men would rank in the upper half of his class G)

Mr. Sully understands precocity in the somewhat unusual sense of talent before twenty, especially in the direction of future greatness; *e. g.*, in a poet, an exceptional love of poetry, dreamy abstraction, etc. If a few examples of the lowest admissible degree of such precocious talent had been given, it would have added greatly to the significance of his results.

Each of the seven classes of genius can show *Wunderkinder:* Mozart playing at four and composing at five, and Mendelssohn doing the same not much later; Murillo and Tintoretto decorating the walls of their fathers' houses as small boys; Goethe composing dialogues at eight; Dickens and Scott reciting thrilling tales of their own invention to their playmates; Grotius writing Latin verses at nine and going to the university at twelve, or Macaulay writing romances at eight; Galileo inventing toy machines in early boyhood; Leibnitz and Coleridge seriously philosophizing at fifteen.

How far does such a collection of cases of extreme precocity go toward establishing a connection between genius and precocity? We have seen that, within limits, the existence of beings possessing a certain quality to an extreme degree is dependent upon the existence of a vast number of beings having that quality to a less degree. Italy has produced more artists, and also more great artists, than other countries The fact that an undue number of remarkably precocious boyhoods are found amongst great men makes it probable (unless there is some other evident explanation) that precocity is prevalent amongst them. It does not prove this, but forms good corroborative evidence, if the connection between genius and precocity is made probable in other ways.

Mr. Sully's next question is, How many great men were precocious as boys? Of 287, 231, or about four-fifths, displayed talent before the age of 20; so that those who give no sign of their great destiny in their youth are exceptional Two-fifths have produced works before 20 and more than four fifths before 30. Nearly two-fifths "gained their first considerable success" before 25, and about three-fifths before 30 "The men who disclose the germ of a great intellect in boyhood are as a rule early in production and in the attainment of an assured place among the great. At the same time there are noteworthy deviations from this rule."

Mr. Sully then compares the relative prevalence of precocity in his seven classes, by the rather poor method of taking the ratio that have shown talent before 20, produced work before 30, and produced the first great work before 40 The method is objectionable because it takes no account of *how much* earlier or later than the assigned age the quality in question appeared; because the limits 20, 30, and 40 are perfectly arbitrary; because the average age in each case would form a much better means of comparison (I return to this point below) These objections weaken but do not necessarily invalidate the conclusions. In the three lists thus formed musicians and artists always stand at the head, philosophers come last, while the positions of the poets, scholars, novelists, and scientists vary. From this order the interesting conclusion is drawn that the earliness of development follows the order of development of the intellectual faculties employed, forming the three stages of sense, imagination, and abstract thought. "At the one extreme musicians and artists represent sensuous faculty, or the least abstract mode of mental activity, while philosophers at the other extreme illustrate the highest degree of abstraction. Between these come the men of imagination, the poets and novelists."

The question whether great men have a longer or shorter period of development than ordinary individuals can only be fully answered by finding the average age at which great men do their greatest work. This, Mr. Sully justly remarks, is a more difficult and less certain inquiry; and dismisses the subject with the opinion that a prolonged development is not incompatible with an early manifestation of genius. Before presenting the results of my attempt to solve the problem, I plead guilty to having made many errors in determining what was the greatest work. I have employed the best readily accessible authorities, and ask it to be remembered that, as I doubtless assigned too early an age in some cases and too late an age in others, my mistakes to some extent correct each other.

In my list of 287 men the average of the age at the greatest work is 44.5 years; or, as Mr. Sully would express it, three-fourths of them do their greatest work before 50. In proceeding to compare the relative order of the seven classes of great men as regards the age of greatest work, three methods are open. (1) To grade them by the fraction that reach the zenith of power before 50 years. The objections to this method have already been stated. (2) To take the average age of the greatest work of each class as a basis. But the age of greatest achievement is evidently to some extent dependent on the age at death; and if the ages at death of the seven classes differ, this difference must be allowed for. Those who live a shorter life would naturally on the average have an earlier completion of their development. The ages at death differ by as much as is shown in the following list: Poets, 58 6 years; novelists, 60.4; musicians, 61 6; artists, 63 7; philosophers, 64 9; scholars, 65.3; scientists, 65 6 (average, 62 9). One could allow for these differences in the life-periods by comparing the fractions obtained by dividing the age at the greatest work by the age at death. Such a comparison would be misleading, because not the whole of one's life is spent in preparation for this greatest achievement. The race really begins after adult life is entered upon. This leads to method (3) Fixing the age which one must reach in order to climb the ladder that leads to the greatest achievement at 23, I deduct this number from the age at greatest work and also from the age at death, and then divide the former by the latter. This fraction I will call the index of zenith of power, just as a corresponding fraction for comparing the prevalence of early talents might be called the index of precocity. One correction remains to be made. It would be unfair to include in the list those who did not live long enough to allow one to regard what they did as the greatest work that lay in their powers. But how can these men be selected? My method, I think, is both fair and simple. I find the average age of greatest achievement in *each class*, and strike off the names of all those who died before reaching this age. Only 24 names are thus omitted, and the difference in the rate of development of the several classes is taken into account. Here is the order according to all three methods:

INDEX OF ZENITH OF POWER.	AGE OF GREATEST WORK.	PER CENT. DOING GREATEST WORK BEFORE 50.
Poets..... 48.8 p. ct.	Poets..... 41.2 yrs.	Poets .... (5-6) 83.0 p. ct.
Artists..... 49.5 "	Artists..... 41.8 "	Scientists. (4-5) 80.0 "
Musicians. 50.4 "	Musicians .. 43.4 "	Artists ... (7-9) 77.4 "
Scientists.. 52 8 "	Scientists ... 45 2 "	Musicians (3-4) 74.1 "
Novelists .. 53.0 "	Novelists ... 45.3 "	Novelists (29-40) 73.3 "
Philos'ph'rs 59 5 "	Philosophers 44.6 "	Scholars...(5-8) 61.8 "
Scholars... 61.3 "	Scholars.... 49.3 "	Philo'ph'rs (3-5) 60.0 "
Average, 53.9 per cent.	Average, 44.5 years.	Average, (3-4) 74.0 per ct.

We see that, perhaps somewhat accidentally, the orders in the first two lists agree, although the differences between the several classes are best brought out in the first; while Mr. Sully's method gives us a different and unreliable order. To be satisfied with a general statement, I conclude that, on the average, a great man passes a little over half of his adult life (54 per cent.) in reaching the zenith of his powers; that men of feeling (poets, artists, musicians) reach this period rather early; while men of thought, who require much experience of the world for their work, and deal in abstract ideas, reach it late. Scientists require both these faculties (as also do novelists); and this, with the prevalence of the origination of great ideas in early manhood, brings them between the other two classes.

I will consider another, and this a practical question. Knowing that four-fifths of great men were precocious as youths, what is the probability of a precocious youth becoming a great man? I am afraid that if this question were put to even so learned a body as a college class many would answer that the chances were exceedingly favorable; of course no such conclusion follows. Man is by nature a rational animal, but it takes a great deal of pains and education to make him a logical one. Let us examine what the data necessary for a solution are. We know by our definition of the term that about ten

in two million are great, and have found that eight of these were precocious. If we knew (and statistics in schools and colleges might tell us this) the ratio of precocity amongst the population at large, our problem would be solved In the absence of such knowledge, I will hazard the estimate (basing it upon my remembrance of school and college classmates, and not forgetting that they were already a select part of the population) that from one to four in every thousand youths will show decided talent before the age of twenty. Upon this supposition—which is, of course, only a personal estimate, and has no scientific value—two to eight thousand youths in every two million would be precocious; twelve of them will be great; of these twelve eight will have been selected from the precocious youths, and only four from the vast army of non-precocities. Hence the chances of a precocious youth's becoming a great man are from 8-2,000 to 8-8 000, or 1 in 250 to 1 in 1 000. This is his chance on the score of precocity alone; other circumstances, such as having a father or near relative a great man, as Mr. Galton has shown, would make it much more likely. In short, of two youths equal in every other respect (if that were possible), but one of whom was precociously talented and the other not, the former, on the above assumption, would have from 1,000 to 4 000 times as many chances of becoming a great man; which, although still a slight chance, may be a welcome conclusion to fond parents.

A WELSH CATHEDRAL.

By Frances A. Humphrey.

THE Cathedral of Llandaff, Wales, is about two miles from Cardiff, and one of the most delightful ways to reach it is to ride out on top of a 'bus. From that elevation not only is the horizon enlarged, but glimpses can be obtained of handsome private grounds from which the traveler is ordinarily excluded by the high stone walls with which the Briton so jealously guards his domestic privacy.

The 'bus leaves you at the foot of a street at the upper end of which is the Bishop's Gate, a massive structure which once constituted a part of the episcopal palace built by Urban in the twelfth century. It was battered down, tradition says, by Owen Glendower (Glendwyr) about 1402. We come upon traces of this "wild and irregular Glendower" very frequently in this part of Wales; quite as frequently as upon those of Cromwell in the neighboring county of Monmouth. Each of these illustrious personages did a good deal of battering at palace and cathedral in his day.

Hard by the Bishop's Gate is the Village Green, upon which flocks of hens may generally be seen feeding and upon one end of this Green stands an ancient village cross. The upper part of the shaft and the crosspieces are comparatively new, but the base and the ponderous stone socket are those around which markets and fairs were held in the olden time, the banns of marriage proclaimed, and marriages solemnized in the years of the Commonwealth, and the public business transacted.

From the cross a glimpse is had of the cathedral, the southwest tower of which shoots up from out a mass of foliage far below the elevation upon which the former stands.

The situation of Llandaff differs from that of most English cathedrals, which are commonly built upon a hill-top, whence they dominate the country for miles around, their great central towers serving as landmarks. But Llandaff Cathedral sits low, in a pleasant meadow by the Taff, which river gives to the village its name—the City upon the Taff. It covers the very spot where stood the hermitage of St. Dubritius, its founder, in the fifth century. Many disciples, drawn by the fame, not only of his learning, but of his holy life, flocked to him, and at last in such numbers that the hermitage was replaced by a larger building erected for their accommodation. This was the first cathedral church of Llandaff. It was small, smaller even than the present edifice, which is the least among British cathedrals in size, though not in importance, for it is claimed that here was the first Christian bishopric of Great Britain. And because this spot was not chosen at first for a cathedral, but for a hermitage, the reason for its secluded situation is apparent. Like the abbeys of the Cistercian monks, it was built far from human habitations, in a green and fertile vale.

Two ways lead from the village green down to the cathedral; one through the Lych Gate, strait and steep; the other equally steep, but winding between high stone walls overrun with ivy, to the west front. Steps lead down from the street into the inclosure; a second flight brings you to the door, which, swinging open, reveals yet a third flight before the level of the cathedral floor is reached.

A second building was erected upon this spot—superseding that of St. Dubritius—by Bishop Urban early in the twelfth century. Remains of it are to be seen in the north and south doorways, which are Norman, in the very beautiful Norman arch between the presbytery and Lady Chapel, and in broken arches in the choir. These arches are decorated with the square billet, which rarely appears in late Norman work, and the north doorway is ornamented with dog-tooth molding of the late Norman and early English periods.

As time went on, the estates of the See were sequestrated, and the church was suffered to fall into decay for lack of funds, and became a roofless ruin, like that of Tintern Abbey at the present day. Abortive attempts at restoration were made, but it was not until 1842 that the work of real restoration began, which has been successfully carried out to the satisfaction "both of the architectural critic and the educated public."

At Llandaff Cathedral, as well as at other places of interest in Wales, the visitor is permitted to wander about at his own sweet will, with no guide at his heels reiterating his parrot-learned lesson, as at Worcester Cathedral, for instance, where he is turned over to the mercies of Mr. Bumble, translated from his ancient office of parochial beadle to that of modern church guide. Should he wish to ask a question, the verger is in the chapter-house, and there is a little elderly Welsh dame who spends her days dusting her beloved cathedral, and who is up in all its history. A full-frilled cap encircles her lovely old-woman's face, and she drops her h's delightfully.

"A city, madam, if you please," she said, in prompt correction, when I spoke of the small collection of houses at Llandaff as a village. And I ask her pardon for having thus spoken of it in the former part of this paper. For, whether the territory wherein stands a cathedral hath its dozen or its thousand houses, it is called a city.

She took me down to the west end of the church, and, lifting a broad tile in its pavement, showed me a perennial spring, clear as crystal, like that proceeding out of the throne in Revelations. She called my attention to the weather-stained arches which she said no amount of scrubbing could restore to their pristine integrity, such as was theirs before the storms of a century of exposure had discolored them, and then she asked if I had seen the font.

I had; and a most charming bit of realism it is. The series of sculptures in its arches tell the story of the Deluge, and are after the manner of the thirteenth century work upon the same subject in the chapter-house of Salisbury Cathedral. Though modern, they have all the delightful simplicity of early work.

Llandaff Cathedral measures only 270 feet from east to west. But the vista is not broken by a choir screen, as is the case in large cathedrals. It has no transepts, and consists of nave, nave aisles, choir, choir aisles, and Lady Chapel. Standing at the west door, and looking down its length, the visitor sees, above the reredos and below the great Norman arch, the colored lights of the chapel. The stalls and bishop's throne are of teakwood. The carving of these is exquisite, and was done by native workmen, which fact is the cause of much local pride. And not only did my dear old Welsh dame tell me this, but another habitué—a mild-voiced man pleasantly suggestive of Trollope's Mr. Harding, but who, I learned, is not precentor, like his double, but holds a more humble office—that of bellows-blower. He it was who pointed out as worthy of special notice the medallions encircling the great Norman arch, and which he called "rosettes." This medallion molding is rare.

The reredos is of Caen stone, richly carved. Its three compartments are filled with paintings by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In the north compartment the youthful David, a fine, athletic figure, advances with sling in hand to do battle, while the Israelite troops watch the issue from behind an intrenchment. In the south he is represented as king—a man of mature years composing upon his harp a song of thanksgiving for victory. He is seated upon a peacock, emblem of royalty. In the center is a nativity. Before the infant Christ kneels a shepherd and a king. The former kisses the hand, the latter the foot, of the babe, indicating that the high shall be brought low and the low exalted.

Says Rossetti: "The following versified inscription might be written on the slab beneath the triptych as an epitome of its meaning:

> "Christ sprang from David shepherd, and even so
> From David king, being born of high and low.
>
> The shepherd lays his crook, the king his crown,
> Here at Christ's feet, and high and low bow down.
>
> And high and low Christ's self is shown here—even
> Christ the good Shepherd, Christ the King of Heaven."

The cold, neutral tint of the Caen stone makes but a poor background for these glowing pictures, and I could readily credit what the verger told me, that they showed to much finer advantage when they were exhibited in London before being brought down here.

The peacock again appears in the rich carving of the foliage above the sedilia, or seats for the clergy. With outspread tail he is here an ancient emblem of the resurrection. A companion bird is the pelican feeding her young, emblem of piety.

In the north choir aisle, within a recess in its walls, is the effigy of the founder, St. Dubritius, or Dubric—the same who, in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," weds Enid to Geraint:

> "For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,
> They twain were wedded with all ceremony."

Dubritius died at the Island of Bardsey, the home of the Holy Grail, whither he went to end his days as a hermit. His relics were moved to Llandaff by Bishop Urban in 1120, and it is chronicled that when they were placed in water to be washed it bubbled and boiled as though red-hot stones had been thrown into it.

The relics of these old saints possessed wonderful properties, if we may credit all that is told concerning them. St. Teilo succeeded Dubritius in the bishopric, and after his death three churches contended for his body. In order to settle the question of possession, they finally agreed to pray to Teilo himself for instruction. And when, after praying, they opened their eyes, lo! the accommodating saint had trebled himself, and there were three bodies, each so like the others there was really no choice, and each took one!

The features of St Dubritius, or, to speak by the rule, of his effigy—have been reduced by the action of time to a level uniformity that would seem to defy recognition; and, indeed, some doubt is felt as to whether this effigy is really his. "But *I* think it is St. Dubritius," said the Mr. Harding of Llandaff Cathedral, and to that article of his faith I yielded prompt and entire acquiescence.

The tomb of St. Teilo—Llandaff always claimed that she possessed the real body, and that the others were—illusions?—the tomb of Teilo is in a recess of the south wall of the choir. It used to be the custom for parties to a compact to meet before this tomb and swear fidelity to their bargain. It would be interesting to know how many of these so ratified compacts were kept unbroken.

Side by side upon their altar tomb in the north aisle lie the figures of a knight and lady, Sir William Matthew and Janet his wife; Sir William is in armor, and Janet wears the headdress of her time, primly framing her face, and delicately carved, showing the embroidery. Would they lie there smiling so complacently, I wonder, did they know that, not only all over their armor and fine robes, but upon their wrists and foreheads, are cut the initials of the great unknown who have from time to time visited their tomb? With but one exception, every tomb in the cathedral has been thus desecrated.

The exception is that of the late Bishop Ollivant. He lies in his white glory in the north choir. Will the day ever come when he, like his predecessors, will be uncovered to the chill and unfriendly elements, and alien hands will cut their shameless initials upon the hands clasped in prayer, or upon the face which sleeps in seemingly endless repose beneath the shelter of the cathedral he was so largely instrumental in restoring?

The verger told me that perpetual watch has to be kept lest further harm should come to these effigies, and I observed that cards were placed upon them bearing a printed request that visitors would not lay their hats and umbrellas thereupon. And as to the wax candles that stand in the choir, the verger said they had to be cleansed every week of the finger marks left by inquisitive visitors!

Three steps up and three down lead from the south aisle into the small chapter-house; and well worn steps they are, so deceptive in their apparent height that, if the visitor does not advance with caution, he will find himself entering with undignified haste. It is a cozy room, square, with a central pillar. The walls are lined with books.

"As water extinguishes fire, so does almsgiving sin," was a favorite maxim with Churchmen in that age which saw the rise of the great religious establishments of England.

It was not unusual for a robber lord, after a series of foul butcheries and plunderings, to disgorge a portion of the latter for the purpose of founding or further endowing some religious house, for which act complete absolution from the personal consequences of his sins was granted him; and, as it was an age of crime, the coffers of the Church were filled to overflowing, and its landed possessions multiplied.

A few instances of this barter between sinner and Church may be given from the history of the Cathedral of Llandaff.

Menrig, the King of Glamorgan, took a solemn oath, in the presence of the bishop and his clergy, to keep peace with Cynfendu. He afterward treacherously killed him. Guilty of perjury and murder, he was excommunicated for two years, but at the end of that time was pardoned upon condition that he yielded to the See of Llandaff four villages with all their lands.

Gwegan, having married his stepmother, received absolution by the payment of fifty-four acres.

Jestyn, another King of Glamorgan, forcibly seised "between the yew tree and the church" a maiden who had fled thither for sanctuary. But even this double

crime against maiden and church was forgiven him upon condition that he gave to the Cathedral the village of Milne forever. As to the inhabitants of these villages, they were not consulted in regard to the transfer, and doubtless it mattered little to them whether they were under feudal lord or bishop, as the tithes were equally heavy and rights equally small under either.

In 1126 the judgment of iron and that of water were instituted at Llandaff. The accused were privileged to appeal to Heaven from the injustice of their accusers by walking blindfold over red-hot iron. If they escaped unburned they were declared innocent. Or, having first been bound, they were cast into deep water, to scramble out in some miraculous way if innocent, or to drown if guilty. The judgment of iron was held at Llandaff; the trench of judicial water was within the Bishop's precincts near Cardiff Castle. Another ordeal was that of single combat, a familiar instance of which is given in "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca thus appeals to Heaven to declare her innocence of the crime of witchcraft. The duels which took place under the jurisdiction of Llandaff were fought within the walls of Cardiff Castle, near the very spot, doubtless, where I saw the peacocks peacefully basking in the sunshine upon a certain day in mid-October.

One great charm of these old buildings, the greatest perhaps to those not learned in architecture, is that of association with historical, mythical, and poetical persons and events. We cannot imagine many pilgrims making their way to the recently built cathedral in Cornwall, architecturally fine though it may be. It lacks the human interest which clings to such a building as Llandaff, the product, not of one century nor of one generation of men, but of many. Through Dubritius it is linked with the fifth century and with the chivalric age of King Arthur. Christian Audley, whose tomb is in the south aisle, was the widow of Lord John Audley, who was active in the suppression of the insurrection of Owen Glendower under Henry IV. And the very name of Henry IV. is an open sesame to a treasure-house of Shakespearean memories.

Sir David Matthew, whose tall effigy lies in the north choir aisle, was standard-bearer at Tonton in 1461, when the red rose of Lancaster paled for the time before the white rose of York.

And who would care for this sturdy, grim old northwest tower, with its airy pinnacles, were it spick-and-span new and built by a corporation? But when we learn that it was erected in 1485, by Jaspar Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, one of the children of the romantic marriage of Owen Tudor and Katherine of France, then is memory awakened and the imagination fired. And we remember that when Owen Tudor wooed the "fair Katherine," widow of the hero of Agincourt, his family were in extreme poverty. Rumor of this poverty reaching the English Court, a deputation was dispatched to the Island of Anglesey, the home of the Tudors, to inquire into its truth. The deputation, having arrived, sought and found the mother of Owen seated in a field, with her goats around her and eating a dried herring which lay on her knee. We recall the consternation of the luxurious courtiers at this unexpected sight—unexpected despite the rumors of poverty; but they *were* courtiers, and politic, and Katherine had made up her mind to wed her Welsh lover, and so they told the truth in a fable, and reported that "we found the lady seated in state in a spacious palace, and surrounded by her javelin men! She was eating her repast from a table whose value was so great that she would not take hundreds of pounds for it!" And as we contemplate the gray tower, with its great buttresses, we recall all this and much more, and remember, too, that from that marriage descended England's lion-hearted queen—Elizabeth.

The western façade of Llandaff is said to be one of the finest existing specimens of the transition period between the late Norman and early English. It is of three stories. In the lower is the great doorway with its Norman arch. The second has three lofty lancet windows, with blind arcades between. And in the third is a single lancet window flanked on either side by descending arcades. Within, the blind arcades of the second story give place to clustering pillars. The single lancet window formerly lighted the space above the ancient ceiling, which was flat. The ceilings of both nave and aisles are now arched and are of wood.

The early southwest tower was blown down in 1780, and has recently been replaced. The present one is two hundred feet high, and is built of white stone, part of it of a kind which imparts to the tower a lovely golden color. It is enriched with statues in canopied niches, with curious gargoyles and elaborate windows, and is surmounted by the gilded cock.

There is no cathedral close at Llandaff, no cloistered space. The Dean's house is upon a hill at the west, on which high ground formerly stood a campanile, or bell tower.

Like most of the ancient parish churches of England, this fine old cathedral stands among the graves of generations of the dead.

PERSONAL PURITY.

II.

By the Rev. T. T. Munger, D.D.

ANOTHER point to be carefully guarded is the character of the *reading*.

There is no way in which the mind is more thoroughly debauched than by bad literature; and there is nothing, probably, that is working larger and more disastrous results. The evil may not be so widespread as that of intemperance, and it does not involve so many innocent ones, but the injury to character that comes from vile literature is greater than that which flows from drunkenness, and it often paves the way for the drinking habit. When the mind of a young man has been defiled in this way there is no wholesomeness of nature left to resist the temptation of drink; he has already sunk to a lower depth than that of intemperance. One whose conscience does not restrain him from such reading will not hesitate to indulge in drink. One whose will has broken down in this way will have no will left to contend against an inferior temptation. The taint strikes deeper, and, unlike that of drunkenness, is ineffaceable. A young man may shake off the habit of convivial drinking and come forth pure. Change of associates and of place may help him, and when the appetite is conquered, as it may be, there is left a sound and uncorrupted nature; hurt it may be, but not beyond entire recovery. But not thus can one shake off and overcome the debasement that follows the violation of these holiest instincts of our nature, even though the violation be confined to the eye and the thoughts:

> "Where such fairies once have danced
> No grass will ever grow."

The corrupting image sets its seal upon the most plastic yet enduring part of our nature—the imagination—whence it is always ready to send up its base reflections into the thoughts. When this faculty becomes debauched in this way, the man is poisoned all the way through. Thenceforward nothing is pure; the good angel of his nature covers its face in shame and departs.

You may ask, What is meant by corrupt literature? I am so eager to have you become familiar with all true literature that I am glad to make the proper distinction. All high literature—by which I mean literature that is noble in spirit and pure in its aim—may safely be trusted even though it deals with gross vice and turns on the play of the passions. The tone, the spirit, the atmosphere, the purpose, rather than the topic of the book will determine its influence. Hence I would have you read "The Scarlet Letter," and "Othello," and "The Heart of Midlothian"—books that turn on sexual crime, but not injurious because there are no details that grossly offend modesty, while the purpose and the atmosphere are pure.

I refer to books of another sort—novels, mostly from the French, that tell everything and conceal nothing, and have no other real object than to appeal to the passions; and a still lower class that circulate secretly, from hand to hand and in the dark; books that are never seen exposed for sale, but get into circulation through covert advertisement and by the mails; books and papers that are printed in secret, and sold in secret, and read in secret—a process of secret shame and shameful secrecy from first to last—issuing from the lowest depths of vileness, and leaving vileness wherever they go; this is the literature, if such it can be called, against which I would warn you.

The injury of reading one such book or paper is beyond all estimate. It may not lead to overt sin, but it damages you; you are not henceforth a sound moral being. It is the peculiar character of such books and papers, with their pictures, that they cannot be forgotten. When once read and seen, they cling closer than the memory of a mother's prayers. It is the strange and horrible feature of this matter, in all its forms, that it intrenches itself lastingly in the memory. If you acquiesce in the scene described or in the illustrations, and brood over them, a constant debauchment is kept up; if you struggle against the haunting memory of them, there is continual harassment. The foul images steal in unawares, in hours of quiet and even of devotion, using the slightest occasion as a means of entrance, turning that which is innocent and natural into suggestions of evil. Many a man goes tormented all his days by such memories—things that he cannot forget nor drive out by any efforts of will.

For the sake of one's own comfort and peace of mind, one should avoid this evil literature. Give it a wide berth; there is enough that is good. Besides, it is playing with fire—yes, hell-fire. It is the peculiarity of the sin under discussion that all its processes are quick and powerful. The passion is well described as *raging* when once kindled. It sweeps through one like fire in a dry forest; a spark may start it, but nothing can stop it. And so it is wise to beware of the sparks, and especially of those that come under the guise of literature, and those also that, under the cover of art, address the lust of the eye. There is a subtle power in literature and art, never yet wholly explained, of reaching and influencing the inmost parts of our being both for evil and for good. Hence the imperative necessity that they should be kept pure, and, if not pure, be kept at a distance.

I must also put you on your guard in respect to your *conversation*.

Wit, by its nature, must have wide license. We say many a thing in jest that we cannot say in earnest, and a generous mind will give a broad field to this lightsome exercise of our nature. But it does not follow that wit has all license and no bounds. We can pardon much to wit, but there are some themes that witty speech and all other speech must avoid. Wit is not always innocent because it is fun; it does not follow that because it means no harm none is done. But what is the harm? you ask. A witty story is told—a little broad, indeed, but nothing bad is intended; it does not prescribe or suggest conduct; it is for laughter only—what is the harm? I would be willing to leave the answer with you if, after listening to such a story, you should go out alone and look for one thoughtful moment into the sky, and let the stars tell you what they think of the story; or if you would recall the image of some pure, glorious woman, and picture her face if she had heard it. It is a pity that we cannot get to think of ourselves as *white*, and therefore liable to be soiled. We read in the Apocalypse of linen clean and white—the righteousness of the saints. Such garments as these are easily stained, and if God put such clothing upon us, either when he made us in his own image or when he washed us in the blood of his Son, it is our business to see that it is kept white. There is an ideal of conversation that all understand, and, in their better thought, insist on. Were it known to my readers that I, who pen these words, had told or listened to such stories, or joined in such wit, they would not follow me down the page. But is there one law for me and another for them? Will that hurt or lower me which does not do the same for them? You would not suffer such words and allusions to be uttered in the presence of your sister, but is there any reason why her mind should be kept whiter than yours? If an evil jest can stain a woman's mind, it can stain a man's in the same degree; and there is no conceivable reason why wit of this sort should have more license amongst men than amongst women. It is a considerable part of the progress of human society that the standard of morality and conduct for the coarser sex is approaching that which is instinctively set for the finer sex.

The harm of such wit is that it blackens wherever it falls. There are fine and delicate things about human nature; we are created even as the saints are painted, with a glory about our heads—fine native growths and outputtings of modesty and purity and delicacy that are not a special gift or exclusive feature of either sex. Woman may have them in greater degree, and we count it her glory, but man also has them, and they are also his glory, and when it is blasted by the hot breath of evil speech the man suffers as great a loss as does the woman.

Avoid, also, so far as possible, all conversation that turns on sexual matters and relations, even though it be serious. Such conversation does not look in the right direction; "the motions of the spirit are downward." Nature gives us the right hint here, and hides from our eye the thing that is not to be seen, and screens our senses, so far as it can, from all gross processes and actions. Do not suffer yourself to be caught by the Walt Whitman fallacy that all nature and all processes of nature are sacred and may therefore be talked about. Walt Whitman is not a true poet in this respect, or he would have scanned nature more accurately. Nature is silent and shy where he is loud and bold. There is no better guide in this matter than those instinctive feelings that spring up and stay in the mind of every pure person.

If you would find this set down in the best form in which it is expressed in literature, read Milton's "Comus," one of the greatest of poems, written, indeed, in praise of female chastity, but not less true when applied to man's:

> "So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
> That when a soul is found sincerely so
> A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
> And in clear dream and solemn vision
> Tell her of things no gross ear can hear,
> Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
> Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
> And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
> Till all be made immortal; but when lust,
> By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and *foul talk*,
> But most by lewd and lavish acts of sin,
> Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
> The soul grows clotted by contagion,
> Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
> The divine propriety of her first being."

The Home.

ADVICE TO NERVOUS PIANISTS.

By Marie Merrick.

"I GAVE up music," said a young lady to us recently, "because I never *could* play for people without becoming nervous, and consequently making mistakes. I always practiced well and learned my pieces thoroughly, but it made no difference how well I knew them, the result was always the same."

This young lady's trouble seems to be a common one among amateur musicians, as complaints similar to hers are frequently heard. The accompanying assertion that the pieces were thoroughly learned, however, was a mistaken one, as experience has repeatedly taught us. Music can be learned and learned. While a person may know a piece well enough to play it quite creditably when alone, knowing it well enough to perform it in good style before an audience is quite another matter, especially if the player is not sure of comprehension and sympathy from all who may be present. Any sensitively organized pianist knows how much easier it is to play for some people than for others. Those who are in sympathy with him the player forgets in common with himself, and becomes absorbed in the music he is rendering, while he cannot help being painfully conscious of the presence of unappreciative listeners. Sympathy on the part of the audience is a powerful stimulus to the player; nay, more, it is an inspiration in itself. Some portion of one's audience, however, is very likely to lack sympathy and appreciation; therefore one's mastery of a piece, both as regards technique and expression, must be so perfect that to make a mistake under any circumstances is almost impossible. Some teachers require their pupils to practice a piece from beginning to end in the same tone and with a firm, decided touch, bringing out each note clearly, until the whole piece can be played correctly, before allowing them to pay any attention to the expression. Other teachers, on the contrary, argue that even when just beginning to learn a piece the pupil should remember the expression as well as the technique. According to our own experience the former method is far the better. While some persons might be able to cultivate technique and expression at the same time, the average piano student would find it very difficult.

Then, again, there are piano teachers who require their pupils to play *everything* without a mistake. This seems an extreme course, and one likely to destroy all expression; for if the idea that he must not make a mistake or miss a note becomes fixed in the pupil's mind, the chances are that it will take full possession at the expense of all other ideas Many people, too, through the constant fear of making a mistake, would acquire a hesitating touch, and so cause the teacher to fall of his end. The piano student who employs the method we have already commended—practicing new pieces slowly, in strict time, with firm, even touch, *attacking* each note with decision, even if the fingers do occasionally strike the wrong keys, until he feels both in his brain and in his fingers that the technical difficulties of the piece are mastered—will soon acquire the correct expression, so far as his capacity admits, and will not be easily affected by any disturbing influences when playing for an audience of any sort.

Every pianist who is liable to be frequently called upon to play for company should have a repertoire, be it ever so small, at his fingers' ends. Let him keep well practiced at least half a dozen pieces at a time. When both he and his audiences are thoroughly weary of these, or, better, before the latter are *too* weary, let others be repracticed and prepared to do duty—brought into active service, as it were. By pursuing this course the most nervous persons, as a rule, will be enabled to play with far more satisfaction to both themselves and their hearers than if they attempt pieces of which they are not perfectly sure—pieces that they may play very well if circumstances are favorable, but if otherwise very badly. They are also enabled to play at least passably well irrespective of moods Any pianist with true musical feeling is more or less under the control of certain moods, and cannot always play uniformly well. It is possible to yield so fully to these moods that at times one will play exceedingly well, at other times atrociously; but it is also possible for the man to master the mood to the extent of playing correctly and well in respect to technique, and with at least a moderate amount of expression.

Patience and perseverance are virtues too rarely found in the amateur pianist. Nine times out of ten when he thinks he has mastered a piece he is just ready to practice it with something of the appreciation and comprehension necessary to a finished rendition of it. Then those troublesome, sometimes ugly, passages to be found in every piece, how he will always allow them to be stumbling blocks, instead of manfully conquering them, as he *could* if he *would!*

Another bad habit common to amateur players, especially those who play without notes, is allowing the mind to wander while playing. We have found counting to be an excellent remedy for this. It is not at all pleasant, when playing for a roomful of people, to suddenly awake, as it were, from some day dream and not know where one is, or ought to be, playing—to be obliged to stop abruptly and take a fresh start.

We can think of no more forcible or appropriate conclusion to these remarks than a rule of our own which the average pianist would do well to adopt; namely, when a piece has been learned, learn it again, and continue this course until it *is* learned as well as ability will permit.

THE PASSING ON THE WAY.

THE train was speeding over the New Jersey flats; the one parlor car contained the usual company of passengers: the heavy millionaire, whose manner even of breathing seemed to indicate absolute control of the destinies of the present world and the world to come; the nervously energetic pair of brokers who sought to be witty and sometimes succeeded; the quiet, elegant woman, whose dainty basket of fruit, together with the worried, anxious, yet patient look, told the observer that at the end of that journey was a much-loved invalid—for the parlor car was destined for a winter resort in New Jersey; the discontented, rebellious man, every line of whose face, as well as every movement, told the journey undertaken against the will, and another picture of life came to mind—the successful business man wrapped up and absorbed in business; the wife that home, children, charities, societies, have driven into nervous invalidism, who is now alone, with an attendant, seeking to recover the health that was not prized. In her weakness and exile she has time to miss the love, the attentions, the companionship, of earlier years before the business of living had driven them apart. Now that physical weakness has compelled a cessation of the activities that drove the heart out of life, its starved cry is bringing the busy man reluctantly from the world that satisfies a nature that has clothed itself for protection in habits and manners which deny the existence of a heart except for the performance of physical functions. The constant snapping of the watch-case tells how the minutes are being counted as wasted, for every consultation with the watch is accompanied by a nervous movement that plainly says, "Nonsense!" We feel sorry for the woman who has let slip from her possession the precious jewel of wedded companionship, and, with human foresight, predict that it can never be regained.

The next day we see coming along the street in the golden sunshine our nervous fellow-traveler, with the same discontented, bored expression Walking beside him, wrapped in a long sealskin coat, and with head covered with sealskin hood, is a woman who would be pretty were it not for the drawn lines that indicate physical and mental suffering and the haunted look of the big, soft brown eyes—such a hopeless look in both faces. Oceans rolled between them, though they walked side and side. One so strong, so self-reliant, so satisfied with what life had brought. The frail barks of the other had been swamped, and now she is drifting, with heart and soul crying out after the haven from which she had drifted so thoughtlessly; she is shipwrecked, the port is crowded, and there is no demand or room for her heart's offering. The pity of it! The hopeless eyes turned beseechingly on each passer-by, and seemed to say, "Why is this?"

The days slip by. One after another our fellow-passengers pass before us. Our millionaire with his regal step, his disdain of fellow-men, his consciousness of power, becomes a tender, gentle nurse beside the wicker carriage of a tiny maiden of three years, whose angelic face looks out of its dainty hood of snowy whiteness, whose waxen hands lie on the white fur rug in pitiful helplessness, but whose trusting eyes look unutterable devotion to the face bent in agonizing love over her. What are his millions to him when they will not buy what he most desires, the health of his only child! He turns his face from the group of laborers' children, rosy and plump, who are running, shouting, and tumbling over each other on their way to the sewing-school in the house the rich man helped to build. But it is only to look with even more love into his baby's face, to give a deeper touch of tenderness to his voice as he tries to keep her attention from the group who come rushing along on the opposite side of the road, fearing that some consciousness of the difference between them and herself would come to the baby brain. Wall Street would not know you, Mr. Cæsus, but would the baby know you in Wall Street?

A walk in front of the hotel, and we recognize our young brokers, in spite of the becoming disguise of lawn-tennis suit. Two dainty maidens are their companions, and the quartette are trying to delude themselves into the belief that "it is charming playing tennis in winter." Now we know why you were so happy coming down on the train. The conditions are just right for the romantic climax to the summer's companionship, and we know the sequel when we meet you on the walk round the lake, when for you there is no heaven but the eyes into which you gaze, when the pretty blue lake, with its vista of trees, is unseen, though you walk on its borders. The pines have caught your low-toned whispers and sung them out in anthems to the man and woman who have found each other under their shadow. Is this our impatient traveler who lingers so lovingly along the woodland paths? Is this the woman with the hopeless eyes, who clings so passionately to the arm that has scarcely known but the conventional touch from those fingers for years? The divinity of love has wrought this miracle, and the woman walks the earth with a tread of vigor. The color comes and goes as in the first days when she listened to that voice, now speaking with a tone grown richer and fuller for past experience; a new world has opened to them, whose portals swing back revealing possibilities of which their youthful love never dreamed. As they meet our quartette they read their story with sympathetic eyes, but look into each other's faces, saying, "The poverty of their experience when compared with ours!" and there, close sheltered from the prying world, amid the glorious anthem of praise sung by the pines, they seal their new consecration with a kiss. When next we see them a son and daughter are their companions, whose youthful faces are carrying the reflection of the new birth that has come to the father and mother, and they draw closer to each other, knowing a new sense of companionship.

Another day we are passing a pretty cottage on the edge of the wood. On the piazza we recognized another passenger—the woman whose face told the story of a heavy heart. The basket is in her hand as she comes down the steps. At the gate she turns and looks at one of the upper windows. Resting on the pillows is the face of a young man, whose pallor is made more evident by the dark mustache that shades the upper lip. He waves his hand at her, and in half playfulness attempts the military salute, and sinks back wearily. She smiles brightly, and then looks into the face of her fellow-traveler with eyes suffused with tears, but each heart is comforted because of the unspoken sympathy.

It is Saturday morning, and train time. All is bustle and confusion at the little station. The business man is there, but no thought disturbs him except how to provide for the comfort of the little woman who protests against needing so much attention while she courts it, at last holding toward her graceful daughter her gloved hand to have a button buttoned, but the stalwart husband jealously takes it, and, after many attempts revealing his ignorance, he triumphantly succeeds and lays the little hand back with a pat, of which he hopes no one but his new-found treasure and himself is conscious. At this moment the young son is adjusting the silk handkerchief more closely about the sister's neck. She accepted with grateful smiles. With laughter and gay repartee the young brokers come in, with the two young ladies who seek to hide under gay banter the protest of their hearts against the separation from the sun and center of their lives. Parents, home, everything that hitherto has made life a joy, is a blank when weighed in the balance against the new love. The door opens hurriedly, and a young man bearing a resemblance to the face in the window of the cottage, and to the fellow-traveler whose patient face won our attention on the journey down, comes in. He rushes, unconscious of the waiting groups, to the telegraph window, and, with shaking hand, writes a message. A hush falls on the group, the flood of human sympathy is borne to him as he turns from the window, and he walks out with eyes full of tears that he does not seek to hide. The millionaire stepped aside and removed his hat as the young man passed out through the door into the sunshine. As we all came out on the platform to take our seats in the car, but one thought was in our hearts: "Thank God, he was not her only son."

A SEAT IN A BARREL.

By Paul Pastnor.

DIOGENES was wholly domiciled in a tub; why should not the wise man of modern times be content with a seat in a barrel?

Such was my reflection as I ensconced myself comfortably in a softly cushioned divan, whose framework, twenty-four hours previous, had been nothing more nor less than a very floury flour barrel. The gentle wife of my bosom had conceived the idea (or did she abstract it from one of her many excellent household journals?). I was appointed engineer of the project; the flour barrel was produced from the cellar, and the sound of saw and hammer and the swish of thread had not ceased until the finished creation stood before us in all the perfection of its actualized ideality (save the mark!—the phrase is not mine; it was suggested by the cook).

The *modus operandi* is not even now perfectly clear

in my own mind. I think we began to saw about the middle of the barrel, and sawed half way through. Then we removed the hoop from the upper half of the barrel (the half without any head !), and forcibly took away the severed staves thereof, leaving the lower half of the barrel intact. If I understand myself, we now had a semicircular section of flour barrel above and a circular section below. I know it looked like a very simple operation at the time, but, not being accustomed to mechanical processes of the sort, the details have not impressed themselves upon my memory as definitely as I wish they had. At all events, I trust the reader has in mind a tolerably exact picture of the result.

The next step was to stuff the cylindrical portion of the divan very generously with that sort of upholsterer's vermicelli known as "excelsior." The stuffing was not only packed down with all the artfulness and energy supposed to characterize feminine trunk packing, but was allowed to overflow—if I may be permitted the degenerate simile—as foam overflows a tankard of beer on a brewer's sign. The semi-cylindrical portion of the barrel was then treated in the same way, except that in this instance the excelsior had to be confined in place by pieces of small string. As the reader must perceive, we now had a divan in embryo, nicely cushioned in both seat and back. All that remained to do was to complete the upholstering by adding a cover of the brightly flowered print which my thrifty helpmate had provided. At this point of the proceedings I was, of course, honorably retired; and as I thereupon left the room, and did not see our new piece of furniture again until it was completed, I can hardly speak with understanding of those delicate and mysterious feminine touches which are to home-made furniture what the elegancies of the higher education are to a man. Suffice it to say that I should not have recognized my own handiwork thus embellished had I not been assured it was the very same. Everything about that whilom flour barrel was so idealized! The woody suggestion, the remembrance of a persistent and prosaic coating within, the aspect as of an inquisitorial chair of torture—none of these things remained. Instead, I saw inviting me literally a lap of luxury. Every line of stiffness had disappeared; the line of beauty, the flowing curve, was predominant.

I sat down in the barrel with a profound and grateful sigh. It clasped me in its padded embrace. Wherever my person touched its environment, it touched the softness of a couch.

"How do you like it?" asked the Designer, with a beaming smile.

"*Like* it, my dear!" I replied. "Have you no stronger term to supply, in the evident speechlessness of my admiration?"

Here, I am happy to say, I touched just the right chord, and was rewarded by the Designer's seating herself in the barrel with me, and sifting several shreds of excelsior down the back of my neck, in the usual feminine way.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely!"

"That comes nearer the mark," I replied. "Any other superlatives which you may have in reserve will be thankfully received."

All this transpired six months ago. Lest the admiring reader should go and do likewise, I will state that the transformed flour barrel is now up garret. Indeed, I cannot for the life of me account for its popularity at the first. Wife is very good, and thinks it was because I sawed it out. I am as firmly convinced that it was because she sewed it in. As all events, after the first two days it became intolerable to the spinal processes of both of us. It creaked most horribly. It gave one a constant sensation like that of sitting on the edge of a buggy seat between two other persons. It sagged forward. It pinned one laterally. It began to emit excelsior and flour. It played me a most contemptible trick when, in a fit of abstraction, I attempted to lean backwards against the wall in it. On the whole, it turned out to be a monumental failure. So it went up garret.

IS IT "WE MUST," OR "WE CHOOSE"?

"WELL, I say it's nice to hear a lady speak well of her servant," said the attendant, as she brushed the woman's hair, whose remark, "I like my servant very much," had called forth the attendant's remark.

This gave rise to the thought, "Is there not a great deal of unnecessary criticism, and antagonism to servants? Would they not reach higher standards of service if mistresses gave expression to higher ideals for them? Are they not largely what their mistresses train them to be?"

Talking with a much-trusted and capable servant, she revealed a world of possibilities by saying, "It makes such a difference what kind of a lady you live with when you first go out to service. The first lady I lived with was cross and stingy. I never had enough to eat while I lived with her, but I am glad I stayed with her five months, for she taught me how to work and save." At another time she said, "I wish every girl, when she learned, could live with a lady who was careful and knew how to do work herself. It would be better for the mistresses and better for the girls. You see people live so different in the old country. Girls come here and take places, and the ladies tell them to do things that the girls never heard of before. They don't know how to go to work, and the ladies aren't sure themselves. The ladies get cross and the girls discouraged, and then the girls leave. The very next place they go to everything is done differently, and a girl is all at sea again. This constant changing is hard on the mistresses, and it's hard on the girls as well. A girl now and then may be fond of going round, but they are not the kind worth having."

Is it not possible to treat a girl as if she were more than a machine? Would it not improve a girl's sense of responsibility to be thrown more and more into the responsible part of the housekeeping as she showed fitness and a desire to be more than a drudge? Another thing—is not the national sin of trying to keep up appearances largely to blame for the poor service in the majority of our American homes? We arrange our homes and live on a scale that would demand in a foreign country two servants where we keep one. There are homes where a servant's work is never finished, and the endless treadmill produces either indifference or sullenness and impudence, the entire absence of personal interest between mistress and maid making a severance of the relation rather a relief than otherwise. Perfection should not be expected. Where personal relation and attachment is evolved between mistress and maid, there is no danger of many or rapid changes in the domestic service. The advantages are found to far outweigh the disadvantages, and a combi
is formed that is a common benefit. A foreign correspondent of one of our daily papers, writing from Paris on the servant-girl question, says:

"In the first place, housekeeping with American women has become too complex. Pride has made housekeeping for them, not a thing that will contribute the most solid comfort with the least trouble, but establishments which must be pulled by innumerable wires, because neighbor So-and-so's is pulled with just as many wires. American women of wealth and even those of moderate means vie with each other in complicating housekeeping by having larger houses than they need and filling them with multitudinous objects which are made only to satisfy the eye, and engender the necessity of keeping a retinue of refractory servants to take care of them. But that would be a minor trouble if it were not complicated with many other household duties which are happily unknown in most of the countries of Europe, and which, I think, might be dispensed with in America. I allude to the washing, ironing, baking, putting up vegetables, fruit, and preserves in the house. To have all this done at home is a custom which has been handed down by maternal ancestors. In reference to the subject almost every American woman will say, 'I can't bear bread and cake that are not made in the house; baking has been done in the house for generations, and it is my duty to keep it up.' Your great-grandmother cultivated the habit for the simple reason that she would not have had any bread to eat if she had not made it; that reason no longer exists, for there are almost as many good bakeries in the cities now as bad drinking shops, and that is not a few. Thus American women have heaped the responsibilities of a large, luxurious home on their shoulders without relieving themselves of the work which their maternal ancestors were obliged to do when living in log cabins, and the consequences are that the care and responsibilities have become entirely too great. Taine, in one of his works, deplores the voluminousness of the present English newspapers, alleging them to be one of the causes of the downfall of serious literature and art, which need long cogitation and study. It takes all day to read a newspaper. So much for the men. For women he might have added that the complexity of housekeeping is fast making wrecks of them in souring their temper and disposition, in causing chronic dyspepsia and consumption, in making youth and beauty fade long before their time. The remedy is to simplify housekeeping, to bring it down to the measure of human work and human endurance. The house is made for woman, and not woman for the house."

The painful side of this question is that it is the very increase of the demands of modern life that is making nervous wrecks of the women; for to all this are added the thousand demands on a woman's energy and sympathy outside of the home. The foreign correspondent goes on to say:

"You know the proverb, 'Go to the ant,' etc. The French have often been compared to this industrious little animal, and in many regards the comparison is just. Now American women will do well to go to the French lady ant, but for the opposite reason for which the sluggard was sent there; go to her to learn moderation, calm thrift, and especially to learn the lesson of not straining their nervous endurance in trying to make two and two make five in housekeeping ostentation. The French woman does not undertake the command of more servants than she can manage, nor does she try to make two servants do the work of four; she simplifies her housekeeping to her needs, to her income, to the size of her family, so that the work may be done without precipitancy or flurry. In this regard I am speaking of the *bourgeoisie*, who have an income with which to live moderately."

Many American homes never know an atmosphere of rest or peace because of this attempt to make one servant accomplish the work of two. The social position assumed by the family makes impossible the doing of many things that our mothers did to lighten a servant's work in their day of much simpler living. Many a woman wears on her back the price of hours of ease and rest not only for herself but for her entire family. One more servant would mean a new life in the home. We make our choice of the things we desire most. If the sealskin sack is more valuable to us than the hours of rest it would purchase, we take the sack, and groan under our household burden of overworked and poorly trained servants. "One thing surprised me in England," said an observing woman; "you would find a man-servant in a home where the furniture looked as though it had never been recovered or replenished since the owners first formed a home. It did not trouble the mistress if the covering were really broken. Here the parlors have an eternally new appearance, as though the upholsterer were the one tradesmen in constant demand. I wonder if we would not be a happier people if we hired more servants, demanding better training in their several departments, and spent less in furniture and bric-à-brac"—"Or in clothes," said her listener. "Just think of the demands made on a servant who does general housework. Is there one of us who really knows as much as we demand she should know, and not only know, but do? No; the English and French women show much better judgment; they choose the better things in life, and live in closer companionship with their families, and do not wear out before fifty, as so many of us do. Look at this dress; what it cost would supply me with a seamstress for two months, while now I will not have time to look at one opening bud. Is that wisdom or folly? Certainly it is not economy."

DAMPFNÜDELN
AND OTHER WINTER DESSERTS.

By Frances Harman.

DAMPFNÜDELN is the German name for steamed dumplings, and the recipe I am about to give has been in use in my family for many years. It is a pudding which is both wholesome and delicious, and may be partaken of freely without the ill effects which too often follow the indulgence in sweets; it is therefore particularly suited to the children's table, and will, I am sure, find favor with all who try it.

On baking day take one pint of the bread dough when it is ready to go into the pans. Mix with it a lump of butter the size of an egg, half a cup of sugar, two eggs, the grated rind of a lemon, a pinch of salt, and a piece of soda about the size of a pea, dissolved in hot water. Mix thoroughly, and add sufficient flour to make it the consistency of soft rusk; one cupful may be sufficient, but it should be added carefully, as flour differs so much that it is impossible to give an exact rule in a case like this. Set in a cool (but not cold) place until about four hours before dinner, when put it where it will rise quickly. When light, flour the molding board and with the fingers take up bits of the dough and drop upon it. There will be about a dozen little dumplings, and they should be allowed to rise another hour. Prepare a pound of fine prunes by cooking them until very tender and rubbing through a colander to remove the seeds; there should be as much juice with these as when they are served as a sauce; sweeten, and add the juice of a lemon. Now take a large stone or tin dish, butter it well, put in the prunes, and take up the dumplings carefully, placing them side by side. Cover as tightly as possible, and cook one hour in a moderate oven. Serve in the dish in which they were baked, and on a cold night you will appreciate this steaming hot dessert.

My grandmother used to cook dampfnüdeln in a deep frying pan, tightly covered, on top of the stove, and this is a good way to do if the oven happens to be poor, but care must be taken not to let it get too hot at the bottom, or the dish will be ruined. Many Germans use dried apples instead of prunes, and the dough need not be made so rich if a very plain dessert is required.

This pudding is not nearly so troublesome as it sounds as the prunes may be prepared the day before, or canned plums may be used instead, if wanted in a hurry.

Another favorite German dessert is an

APPLE PUDDING.

For this take one pint of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, one egg, a generous cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and four large apples. Mix the dry ingredients well with the flour and rub through the sieve. Beat the egg and add the milk. Rub the butter into the flour and mix quickly with the milk and egg. Spread the dough about half an inch deep on a buttered baking-pan, and stick the apples (which have been pared, cored,

and cut into eighths) in rows into it. Sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake about twenty-five minutes in a quick oven, and serve with cream and sugar. Peaches may be used in the same way, and in winter, canned peaches, if not too soft, may be drained of juice and serve the purpose excellently.

FRUIT BATTER PUDDING.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of apples or peaches, measured after they are pared and quartered. Beat the eggs and add the milk. Turn part of this on the flour and beat to a smooth batter; add the remainder with the other ingredients. Sprinkle in the fruit and bake half an hour in a buttered pudding dish. Eat with cream and sugar, or any hot sauce. It should be served as soon as it comes from the oven.

APPLE INDIAN PUDDING.

One cup of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, two quarts of milk, two teaspoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of butter, and one quart of pared and quartered apples (not too sour), and a little ginger and nutmeg. Scald the milk and pour it gradually on the meal; put this in the double boiler and cook half an hour, stirring often. Butter a deep pudding dish, add molasses, butter, spices, and apples to this mixture, and bake in a slow oven three hours. If any remains, it may be eaten cold with cream or milk next day.

BLACK BREAD PUDDING.

If you have in your fruit closet any canned blackberries or huckleberries, there is no better way to use them than by making an occasional black pudding. Take stale bread, cut it in nice even slices, pare off the crust, and butter each slice. Heat the berries scalding hot, put the largest slice of bread on a platter, cover it with the hot berries, fit on this another slice of bread with berries poured over, and so on until all is used, and you have a neat mound of pudding, which is covered with berries and is so perfectly disguised that no one would ever suspect it to be a bread pudding. This may be covered and kept hot in the warming closet until serving time, when it should be sliced vertically, and be eaten with a simple hard sauce. Or it may be made early in the day, and served cold with sugar and cream. It is delicious either way, and is a great favorite with children. If the blackberries are very sweet, the addition of two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar is an improvement.

PLUM PUDDING.

This is a New England recipe, and the proportions given make a very large pudding, but it is excellent sliced and eaten cold, and will serve nicely for a luncheon dish, or even for a second day's dessert. For this are required three quarts of milk, the crumb of a small brick loaf, a scant half-pound of butter, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one quarter of a teaspoonful of clove, one half a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of molasses, six eggs, a little salt, and raisins to taste. Warm the butter slightly, and mix all the ingredients together, allowing them to stand over night. Bake six hours in a deep earthen dish (covered), and see that the oven does not get too hot during that time. To be eaten, not the first day, with any simple sauce.

CRACKER PUDDING.

Take a deep pudding dish and place in it split crackers, a layer; a little salt, nutmeg, and cinnamon, and raisins; make layers in this way until the dish is more than half full, packing it tightly, and then put a plate over it and pour on milk enough to fill the dish, almost covering the plate; then set away for several hours to soak. When ready, beat two eggs with one cup of sugar, pour off the milk not absorbed, and mix with the eggs, and add more milk if necessary. Pour this over the pudding, keeping the plate on carefully so that the layers shall not be disarranged. Bake about two hours. If right, it should retain its shape when turned out. Serve hot with sauce; but, like the preceding, this pudding is also good cold.

FRUIT DUMPLING.

One generous pint of flour; mix with it a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt. Rub into it two large tablespoonfuls of butter and add one large cupful of milk. This mixture should be quite soft; with a spoon spread it on the bottom of a round tin baking dish, and cover it with a thick layer of fruit, either tart apples sliced, or canned blackberries or peaches. Steam half an hour and eat with sugar and cream. Cream is not abundant in the city, as it is in the country, but in cold weather we manage to get a moderately rich substitute by taking three or four bottles of milk at a time, and allowing them to stand several hours, when the cream can easily be poured from the top. What remains is good enough for cooking, and even answers very well for puddings with the addition of a little butter. By using this method we make delicious ice creams at a cost far below that sold by the confectioners, and of a quality vastly superior; but of these I will tell the readers of The Christian Union at some future time.

Our Young Folks.

We shall begin a five-part serial, entitled "THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE PARK," by Alice Wellington Rollins, in the issue of March 15.

BEN TOLLEDAY'S JOKE.

By Emma W. Demerritt.

"ATTENTION, boys! I move that we have some fun! I am piping for a frolic. Can't you think of some kind of a prank?"

The speaker, a bright boy of fifteen, turned away from the window where he was standing and faced a group of boys gathered around the cheery grate fire.

"I second the motion, Ben," cried roguish Jack Dashaway. "As they say at meetings, 'All in favor of a frolic say Aye.'" Here the hearty chorus of "ayes" made the room ring. "We've had such a jolly good time this afternoon that it seems as if it would be just the thing to wind up with some sort of a joke."

It was Saturday afternoon, and Ben Tolleday, the minister's son, had been giving a tea-party to some of his schoolmates. His parents and sister were away on a visit, and just before they left Ben had begged for the privilege of having some of his friends to spend the afternoon with him. "It will be so nice," pleaded he. "For once, we boys can have the whole house to ourselves, without being afraid of disturbing father at his sermons or of making mother and sister nervous by our noisy plays."

Mr. Tolleday shook his head doubtfully, and his wife and daughter glanced apprehensively at the pretty china and knickknacks scattered about on mantel and cabinets.

But Aunt Eliza spoke for Ben. "For my part, brother, I think it will be the best time to have the company we have promised him for so long. Dinah and I will have but little to do while you are away, and we can get up a nice tea for them. And I will see that the ornaments are all put away in case they want to play any boisterous game."

The boys spent most of the afternoon in coasting down the long hill in front of the house, for the warm sun had softened the snow so that it was packed as smooth and hard as ice by the incessant sliding. When Aunt Eliza finally called them in to the early four o'clock tea, they were hungry enough to do justice to the tempting dishes with which the table was loaded. There were chocolate and great pitchers of milk, and ham and chicken sandwiches, and fried oysters, some of Dinah's choicest preserves, and numerous kinds of cake, with every known variety of icing, such as only Aunt Eliza knew how to make.

As they sat at the table they eagerly discussed the merits of the "double rippers," and criticised the points of the boys' steering, pausing now and then between the dishes to compliment Miss Eliza's dainty cooking, while Dinah, with white apron and striped turban, came and went, tray in hand, her honest black face beaming with delight at the boys' hearty praises.

After tea they went upstairs to the large sitting-room, chatting in noisy boy fashion. It was here that the idea of playing some prank first entered Ben's head.

"Well, boys!" He threw himself down beside old Towser, who was stretched out on a rug before the fire. "Now for the fun! What shall it be?"

"Take Towser here, and Jack's pug next door, and fasten them together with a cord about three feet long, and turn them loose in the street, and see them get all tangled up around a lamp-post," suggested Johnny Wells.

"No, no! that would never do," answered Will Howard, promptly. "They might trip up some one as they went along."

"All the more fun then!" thoughtlessly returned Johnny.

"It's like the fable of the boys stoning the frogs—it might be fun for one side but death for the other. Fun is all well enough until it comes to hurting any one, then I think it's a pretty mean sort of business."

"Let's dress up like an Indian and frighten Dinah," piped little Ned Moore.

Jack Dashaway laughed. "That will do for such little shavers as you, but it's rather too flat and stale for us older boys. We want something novel."

"Let's blacken our faces and take some fish horns and tin pans, and serenade Lily Dashaway or some of the other girls as soon as it gets dark."

Ben shook his head. "I don't think that would do at all. This is the main street, and there's a great deal of passing, and the houses on the hill here are so close that it would alarm the whole neighborhood. Come, boys, put on your thinking caps! Get your wits to work. Something new, and *startling*, mind!"

After a brief silence, during which the boys looked as thoughtful as if they were working out the hardest problem in algebra, Ben started to his feet, and, seizing Jack by the coat, drew him into a corner of the room, whispering all the while.

Jack fairly shouted with delight. "It's just the thing! I feel up to any sort of mischief after that glorious supper. Listen, boys! Ben has hit upon the most original thing I ever heard of. If I were in his place, I'd get out a patent on it." He pranced around the room in great glee. "It's too funny for anything." Ben hastily closed the door leading into the hall, and the boys gathered closely around him while he unfolded his plans.

He was interrupted by bursts of laughter and a few protests: "But we might get into trouble, you know." "Don't you think it's rather risky?" "I shouldn't dare to try it"—but the boys were in high spirits, and Ben's eloquence finally carried the day. "Remember!" and he shook his forefinger impressively—"there is no backing out *now!* And to show you that I'm no chick, I'll volunteer to be one of the number—it will only take two of us. The rest can stay by the window and watch the sport. Now we'll draw lots to see who is to be the other boy."

Ben cut some slips of paper and put them carefully in a book, and then, amid a breathless silence, each boy drew a slip, and the longest was found in Jack Dashaway's hand.

"I'm glad enough that it didn't fall to my lot," said Will Howard, with a sigh of relief. "It's funny enough, I'll admit—but don't you honestly think it's rather rude?"

"Oh, bother, Will—don't be a prig and spoil our fun. Nobody will mind *us!* We are only *boys*—it would be different if we were older."

Ben's eyes sparkled as he gave his orders in a loud, triumphant tone, with the air of a victorious general.

"We must wait until it grows darker—just about dusk! Jack, you are to take the *right* hand side of the street—the left belongs to me! And remember! *the very first lady we meet!* no matter who she is! And we must be quick about it, too, so as to scamper off before they get over their surprise."

The boys were too much absorbed in their plans to notice that the sitting-room door had sprung ajar, and that Dinah, who was passing through the hall, hurried upstairs with a troubled look on her kind old face.

"Oh, Missy 'Lizy!" she cried, running into Miss Tolleday's room. "What do you t'ink dose dreffal boys is up to now? I jes' oberheard 'em in de sittin' room. It would be a shame to de whole town fur de minister's son to be a-cuttin' ob sich capers!"

"What is it, Dinah?"

Dinah bent forward and whispered in Miss Tolleday's ear. "Mighty sassy, I t'ink!" said she, straightening up again. "If 'twas me, I'd give 'em a right smart box on de ear to l'arn 'em better manners."

Miss Eliza sank back in her chair. "Oh, Dinah!" she gasped, "after that nice tea, and the way we have worked to have it all pass off pleasantly, I didn't think that Ben was such a bad boy."

"Tain't exackly badness, Missy 'Lizy, it's only boys' spirits. But it's time he was broke ob playin' jokes, for he do mortify his blessed pa drefful."

"Never—never again will I do anything for him!" said Miss 'Liza, shutting her lips very tightly, "if these are all the thanks I get for my kindness."

"Now, don't you be too hard on Massa Ben! He's like all boys—*don't t'ink.* Fur my part, I don't know whar boys' t'inkers are. 'Pears like dey didn't hab any. But Massa Ben hab berry good heart. Don't you 'member how he saved his pocket money to buy you oranges when you was sick?"

Miss 'Liza softened a little. "Yes, I know, of course, that Ben has his good streaks, but this joking of his will be his ruin. He worries his sister and the other girls almost to death with his pranks and teasing. But what shall we do about this, Dinah? We must contrive somehow to put a stop to it."

"I hab an idee, Missy 'Lizy, if you t'ink best to do it." Dinah whispered again in Miss Tolleday's ear.

"How did you ever think of such a thing, Dinah? It's capital! It will make them feel foolish enough, and teach them a lesson that will last for a long while. They need a little humiliation. This will mortify them *well*. Let's go in to Mrs. Dashaway's. Lily will be glad to help us all she can."

The two women passed softly through the hall and down stairs. In a moment more they were seated in Mrs. Dashaway's room, while Lily clapped her hands and danced around in great glee as they told her what they proposed to do.

"Help you?" she repeated. "Yes, indeed! You can count on my helping you. Oh, it will be such fun! And won't the girls at school laugh when I tell them? Ben and Jack are always playing their tricks on us, and I am glad of a chance to pay them back. It will be such a capital joke!"

She ran out of the room, and returned with a pile of clothing over her arm.

"Mother, you dress Miss Eliza, and I'll attend to Dinah. She is so straight and has such a trim waist that I can make a very stylish young lady out of her."

Miss Eliza was soon attired in a neat black costume, and Lily handed her a sealskin muff. "Hold this up before you as if to keep off the wind, and it will help to hide your face."

Dinah looked very well in a pretty woolen dress and jacket trimmed with fur. Lily added a stylish lace scarf, mousquetaire gloves, and sundry other little finishing touches to her toilet, and finally placed a jaunty English turban on her woolly locks.

Dinah surveyed herself proudly in the glass. "'Pears like I look mighty nice!" she said. "I didn't know before what a difference dress makes wid people."

Lily then tied a dark veil over the face, and brought it round behind and tied it carelessly under the chin. "You see, Dinah, it will hide the feather, for the boys know my hat, and it will help to conceal your hair and your face. There, that is perfectly splendid!" she added, as Dinah by her direction "put on airs" and walked with little, mincing steps and tossed her head proudly. "What wouldn't I give if the other schoolgirls were only here to see! Now go, and good luck to both of you!"

In the meantime the boys waited impatiently in the sitting-room until it began to grow dark. Then Jack and Ben put on their hats and coats and started on their expedition, while the other boys waited by the window to see the sport.

Nor had they long to wait, for in a moment more two ladies came in sight, walking leisurely on opposite sides of the street. The one on Ben's side was plainly dressed, and evidently an elderly person. The other was apparently young and stylish.

"Now is your time, Jack!" whispered Ben, with a wry face. "I'll change with you, for I rather think you've got the best of it."

The boys started down the street at a rapid pace. Suddenly they darted up to the two ladies, and, pushing aside muff and veil, gave them a hearty kiss and started to run. But a firm hand grasped Ben's collar, and Aunt Eliza's stern tones sounded in his ear—"Ben—ja—min—Tolleday! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Pretty caper, this, for a minister's son! March—right—straight—home—quick!"

And, to Jack's disgust, he found himself confronted by Dinah's black face, while all his struggles were unable to free him from her firm embrace.

"I'se proud ob you, Massa Jack," she said, shaking with laughter; "'tisn't ebery boy as would hab de spunk to kiss an ole colored woman like me. Didn't know before how much you thought ob ole Dinah."

At that instant two windows were thrown open, and from one came a hearty burst of boyish laughter, while Lily Dashaway leaned out of the other and called out in a gay, teasing tone, "Well, young gentlemen, how do you like joking? It seems to me that the tables are turned on you at last."

By Monday the story had gone the rounds of Madame B——'s school for young ladies, and was passed from mouth to mouth by the pupils of Dr. K——'s school for boys. Ben's appearance was greeted with roars of laughter, and he was dubbed "The Affectionate Nephew," a nickname which clung to him for years afterward; while the repeated allusions to "brunettes" and "dark-complexioned ladies" nearly drove poor Jack wild with mortification.

"I tell you, Jack," said Ben, in a confidential talk with his friend soon after, "here goes! I've played my last practical joke."

"I'm with you, Ben," replied Jack, solemnly, giving Ben his hand. "We had a pretty severe lesson, but I think it has done us both good. You have no idea how I hate to face any of Madame B——'s girls. I feel just like dodging around the corner when I see one of them coming. They are too polite to *say* anything, but they *look* so mischievous. Do you suppose they'll ever forget it?"

"They'll outgrow it in time," replied Ben, wisely. "Until this happened, Jack, I never realized what a very ungenerous, one-sided affair a joke is! You see, it makes a tremendous difference whether you are the *joker* or the one who is joked."

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

By J. Macdonald Oxley.

WHAT a world of mystery lies hidden beneath the vast salty sea which covers no less than two-thirds of the entire surface of our little globe! Just to think that for every yard of visible and tangible earth there are nearly two yards upon which the eye of man has never fallen nor his foot ever trod! Clad in a cumbrous rubber suit, with a hideous copper helmet on his head and huge leaden-soled boots on his feet, a man may, it is true, creep cautiously a little way down the edge of this weird and awful region; and scientific expeditions, by dint of elaborate sounding apparatus, may grope blindly about a bit in the heart of it; but beyond this—and how very little all this is!—the bottom of the deep blue sea remains unknown and unexplored—a mystery hitherto, and perchance forever unfathomable.

And, like all mysteries, it has for us the most intense interest. The schoolboy, as in summer time he dabbles upon the sandy beach, ever asks questions of the waves rippling gently about his feet; the strong swimmer who, buoyant and brave, cleaves the sparkling brine with shining shoulders, pauses now and then to peer half timidly into the depths beneath, wondering what is in them; and when grave science has put gay pleasure aside, the student, with water-glass and diving-bell and dredge and trawl, strives earnestly to wring from the reluctant hand of Neptune the secrets he so jealously guards.

We all love the sea so dearly, whether we live within reach of its cooling breath or far away inland where we can only read about it and long for it, that it is no wonder we take this mystery a good deal to heart, and are always glad when any fresh effort is made toward its solution; just as we cannot help clapping our hands and joining in a good send-off when Greely or Schwatka leads forth a brave band of explorers determined to make one more attempt at conquering the North Pole, even though their lives be ventured on the enterprise. I am sure every boy who has seen a diver at work will agree with me that it is one of the most interesting sights possible. Covered with copper, rubber, and lead until he weighs more than two ordinary men, with two funny rubber tubes coming out of the top of his helmet, and looking altogether about as odd as a human being possibly can, down he goes into the bluish-green water, easily followed by the eye at first, but soon completely hidden in the shadowy recesses of the deep, where he remains for perhaps hours at a time working away, while up above the air-pump whirls round vigorously, sending him plenty of fresh air, and the on-lookers gaze curiously into the water, half wishing they were under it themselves.

Divers see many curious things when down below, and many startling things too. The boy who longs to be a diver would probably be quite cured of his notion by just ten minutes of what divers sometimes have to see and do. When the great steamship "Atlantic" was wrecked on the Nova Scotian coast years ago, and more than five hundred lives lost, the divers were for weeks after employed getting out the bodies of the poor people who had not had time even to leave their state-rooms before death overtook them, and many a ghastly experience fell to the lot of those who were thus engaged. Some of them had not sufficient nerve to stand it. And who could blame them? What one of us would not be made nervous by having corpses suddenly burst out upon us from cabins and berths, as, with thirty feet of water above our heads, we toiled at breaking up the shattered hulk of what had once been an "ocean greyhound"? But divers have to face even worse things than the harmless though appalling tokens of the sea's dread fury. In the northern waters the horrible octopus or devil-fish lies darkly in wait for him, ready at the first warning to encircle him with its long, clammy tentacles, whose strength almost surpasses belief; and further south the shark, with his cruel mouth agape, draws dangerously near; while in all waters fish large and small gather round him in curious, excited throngs, and ofttimes fill him with apprehension lest some of them should take a fancy to nip at the air-tubes upon which his life depends.

It was not, however, so much what by means of divers and dredges we do know about the bottom of the sea, as what we do not know, that I had in mind when I set out. The poet Gray says in his beautiful Elegy:

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

And another poet tells the sea:

> "Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
> Won from ten thousand royal argosies."

And it must be so. Ever since men began to go down to the sea in ships and to do business upon the great waters, ships have foundered or been cast away, and treasures whose sum no mathematics may compute have during all these long centuries been accumulating in Davy Jones's locker. Now and again, it is true, some adventurous spirits have fitted out expeditions and rescued a portion of this shipwrecked treasure from the sea's insatiable maw, but that portion must be infinitesimal compared with what still remains untouched. How it sets our imagination, and our cupidity, too, on fire to think of the coin, the bullion, the machinery, the weapons, the miscellaneous rich cargoes of one kind and another that for century after century have been gathering on the sea bottom! Of course much of it has been slowly buried under various natural deposits, but it is all there, none the less, and as in most parts of the still ocean depths it would take centuries to cover up a vessel by the slow deposit of animalculæ or slime, much of it cannot be buried so very deep, either. At some particular spots the accumulation must be simply enormous, and now that it seems possible to take the electric light almost anywhere, it is a wonder that in these days of brilliant enterprises some speculator has not been found daring enough to launch a scheme for the systematic exploration of the ocean bed, not on scientific but on business principles. How would this do for the name of a company having this object in view: "The Grand Electric Ocean Bed Exploration Company"? The title seems rather taking, and the purpose contemplated is surely not more quixotic than the navigation of the air, for instance, to which so much attention is now being paid.

The fact of the seekers after money having been so backward renders all the more creditable the enterprise shown by the Austrian Archæological Society in undertaking the examination of the bottom of the Gulf of Salamis, where centuries ago the myriad fleets of Persia were scattered and shattered by the invincible Greeks. I have not heard how much the Society has accomplished so far, but it certainly has an incalculably rich harvest field to glean from if it can only get well at it. Embedded in the ooze must be those splendid brazen beaks which were to crush remorselessly the puny Grecian galleys, but which somehow or other failed to do it, just as the huge, high-prowed ships of the Spanish Armada failed to crush the brisk little British brigs. And side by side with the brazen beaks there are no doubt goodly piles of armor and weapons inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones, for the Persians were more skilful in decorating their weapons than they were in using them. When we read that in a single engagement no less than two hundred vessels were lost, what may we not expect from the place where they all went down?

But these relics of human handiwork, precious as they may be, and intensely interesting as the search for them no doubt would prove, are, after all, very insignificant contents of this unknown world compared with its natural features. Will human ingenuity and daring ever succeed in making any important incursion into this domain of mystery? What do my readers think about it? Here is a field, still untouched, worthy the highest zeal and energy of another Livingstone or Stanley. Mountain ranges and valleys, plains and prairies, frightful precipices, impenetrable forests, fairy groves, and coral caves teeming with life, or horrid wastes of death and solitude, lie there ready to afford strange adventures to the human race, if ever the secret of the mermaid and naiad can be found out. The day must surely come when men will push boldly into this region of silence and darkness, and, with the aid of the electric light and photographic camera, bring back from those shadowed depths pictures which for gloom and grandeur will surpass anything that the most fantastic-brained painter ever conceived. At present we have but little idea of what might be found about the peaks and passes, the mountain slopes and plains, that lie beneath the white-capped waves, and we know absolutely nothing of those dreadful abysses into which the "Challenger's" sounding line plunged down four miles before the plummet ceased to sink. How often may these hidden depths—dark, silent, barren, and lifeless—be strangely peopled with the sheeted dead, buried in the waters! But the thought is not a pleasant one, and it is far more agreeable to picture in our minds the waving groves of seaweed towering up higher than the loftiest of our forests, the bosky hillsides and plains of myriad-colored shells, the fretted crags, and gem-bespangled halls, through which flash and glitter creatures of burnished gold and sparkling silver. And as one thinks of all these, how natural it is to be filled with keen regret that Captain Nemo's wonderful submarine ship "Nautilus" is still in large part a romancer's dream, and that no practical method has yet been discovered of voyaging for "twenty thousand leagues" along the bottom of the deep blue sea!

HOW MARGARET'S DREAM WAS REALIZED.

PART III.

By Mary Allaire.

MARGARET opened the front door, and the hush and silence of the house oppressed her. She tiptoed into the parlor, and, holding Peter close in her arms, leaned back bewildered. "What would be right for her to do now? Should she try and find the new mother?" The revolution in Margaret's life was so complete that she found herself in a new world. The strangeness, the loneliness, the indefinable dread, brought the tears into her eyes. She trembled at the rustle of a dress in the hall, and before she could wink back the tears the new mother stood in front of her, the cold, gray eyes looking at her with such an expression that they pierced Margaret's heart. She stifled back a sob, and, still holding Peter, stood up.

"Have you put your room in order?" asked the low

voice, whose tone only made the dead silence of the house more impressive.

Margaret looked into the face with a hopeless misery that would have melted a heart with the slightest inclination to tenderness. "Put her room in order!" Why, Margaret never did such a thing in her life.

"No," began Margaret, and then stopped. It seemed such a mockery to say, "No, mother," that Margaret did not finish her sentence.

"Go at once and put your room in order, and after this open the window and put the clothes on the chair in front of it before you come to breakfast. You need not go to the station with your father mornings, for it only detains him." All this in calm command that stopped the protest on Margaret's lips. "Detain her father!" The thought made the child dumb, and she turned and went silently up the stairs. The room was just as she left it. She took off the bedclothes mechanically, and laid them on a chair, and then sat down to think. Was this where she was to live? Was this a mother? The door opened, and Mrs. Stretton came into the room. "I'm sorry to see you have that bad habit of dreaming. I will expect you downstairs in ten minutes in the kitchen," and Mrs. Stretton passed out of the room.

Poor Margaret was in an agony of fear and shame. How could she tell that woman that she did not know how to make the bed? She tried to put on the sheets, and in her bewilderment concluded that they did not fit the bed. Such a poor, distracted-looking little bed as Margaret left after her!—an outward evidence of the child's condition. She hurried downstairs, and, with a feeling that she was intruding, a feeling the child never lost in that house, Margaret knocked timidly at the door that she supposed was the kitchen. A good-natured Irishwoman opened the door, and then stared in blank amazement at the shrinking figure she met there. "Shure, why did ye knock?" Margaret could not tell herself, but walked in, to encounter again the cold, gray eyes that always sent a chill to her soul.

"I thought it was time for you," said Mrs. Stretton. "Take off your cuffs, and peel these onions. Bridget is ironing."

"Shure, if I am, it's time I'll have for sich work, and not be givin' it to that mite, who looks now as if the tears would come without the help of onions," said Bridget—the only person who never feared the cutting words or the cold eyes of the woman who ruled the house with her iron will.

Bridget put the onions on a shelf in the storeroom, and winked kindly at the little girl, who trembled at this act of disobedience. She dropped into a chair at the end of the ironing table, and glanced at the clock to think of the eternity that must pass before her father's return.

"You can wash the silver now," said Mrs. Stretton, putting a pan of hot soapsuds on a table at the other end of the kitchen. Margaret gave a gasp. "Wash the silver!" She supposed of course that silver always was washed, but had never thought of the process, and did not know how to begin.

As she walked over to the table Mrs. Stretton said: "Before you begin, go up and put on a calico dress."

Margaret had resolved to win this woman's love, so, looking up brightly into her face, she said: "I'm sorry, but I have none."

"No calico dress? How absurd! You must have two at once. Put on an apron."

Margaret hurried upstairs, and put on a white apron without sleeves, such as she had always worn at school. It was one of a half-dozen that her father had ordered but a short time before, and one that Margaret admired very much. When she entered the kitchen again her face shone with pleasure, for she knew the apron was an improvement, with its dainty lace trimmings.

The scowl that met her as she looked into Mrs. Stretton's face drove the blood back to her heart.

"Why did you put that apron on?" she asked, in a stern, set voice. "Why did you not put a gingham apron on?"

"I have none," answered Margaret, in a clear, firm voice, the sense of the injustice with which she was being treated giving her courage.

"You need not do anything in the kitchen until you have clothing suited to it."

Margaret took this dismissal gladly, and hurried from the place that she never ceased to hate because of this first introduction.

Margaret went out on the front piazza, but the sun was so hot that she could not stay there. She wandered around to the side of the house, and then went slowly up the hill back of it. At the top she found a small grove of young locusts that grew about a flat rock. From the top of the hill, to the south, Margaret could see Long Island Sound stretching away for miles. To the west was a beautiful view of woods and meadows, and crowning a hill a little to the north was a fine old church whose steeple sprang heavenward, from the open bell-tower through which Margaret could see the blue sky beyond. In the sunlight its gray stones became white, and the pointed steeple, to the child, became part of the cloudland in which she lived during the long hours she passed under the locusts. Here and there through the trees Margaret caught glimpses of white houses, or curling smoke that told of other homes. Perhaps there were little girls in them; and soon she would know them, for of course she would go to school. At the thought of school Margaret became cheerful, and pleasant dreams of the future smoothed the worried, anxious look from the tiny, pallid face. She lay on her back on the moss-covered rock, gazing up through the leaves at the blue sky, in which the white clouds were sailing lazily. No thought of winter or rainy days came to the child. She planned her life unmindful of such possibilities. She would find a stone that would answer for a seat, and put it against the "mother tree," as she called the largest tree of the group. She sprang lightly to her feet, and soon became deeply interested in finding a stone of the proper size and shape. This was not easy, and when the stone was found it was still harder to get it in place. She succeeded at last, and then concluded that it would be much prettier if only covered with moss. She tramped through the fields and into a swamp where she found untold treasures of moss and bark, that were carefully deposited in the only spot that Margaret felt was home. Small stones outlined on the rock the rooms that she felt were necessary. Sticks formed the doors. Bookshelves were built with boards and stones against the fence, and Margaret built high hopes for happiness in the house under the trees. Some she realized fully. And though Margaret is a woman to-day and has a home of own, she still insists that the happiest hours she ever knew were spent under the shadow of "my locusts." She sees the locusts sometimes now from the window of the train as it sweeps by over the bridge; a great heart-hunger to sit under their shade moves Margaret. Some day she means to stop at the little station, and, going up to the house in which she spent such hours of misery, ask the privilege of climbing the hill, and lean against the "mother tree."

So intent was Margaret, so happy in her freedom, that she did not notice the spots of mud on the white apron, the wet and muddy shoes, the soiled hands; she did not know that lunch-time was passed over an hour ago. Tired and breathless, she sat on the moss-covered stone and leaned against the "mother tree," and smiled as she imagined that the tiny leaves the wind sent down from its branches were kisses. After resting a little while she decided to bring up some of her books and put them on her shelves. When she reached the house she ran to the front door, which she found locked. The shades were pulled down and the house was perfectly silent; she went to the kitchen door, opened it timidly, and found Bridget peeling the onions. Bridget smiled pleasantly, and Margaret, reassured, went up to her. "Please show me how to get upstairs. The front door is locked."

"This way." And Margaret found herself in the hall. As she reached the top of the stairs Mrs. Stretton opened her room door. A look of disgust passed over her face when she saw the muddy shoes and apron.

"Go to your room and remain till your father comes," she said, as she closed the door.

Margaret looked at the door in amazement. "What had she done?" She dare not knock and ask. While she looked, the door opened again and the command was repeated, and Mrs. Stretton stood still until it was obeyed. Margaret went into the room, stifling because the western sun poured into the windows. She sat down to think what she should do. Her first thought was to run away, but the remembrance of her father and his love put that thought to flight. She sat with clenched hand, biting her lips, and the first terrible battle with herself was fought. "Papa loves her, so I must." She became calm with this decision, changed her boots and apron, and then, opening her trunk, took out her books one by one and piled them on the bureau. She selected the "Wide, Wide World," and with grim determination sat down to read. The cathedral clock tolled off the hours and half-hours, and at last the hour when her father would come. Margaret opened her door and came downstairs; the front door stood open, and Mrs. Stretton sat rocking slowly back and forth. When Margaret came in sight, she looked at her coldly and said, "I hope you are sorry for the trouble you caused to-day. I expect you to remember meal times, and not to increase the work of the house by soiling clothes unnecessarily."

Margaret walked up, and, laying a trembling hand on the arm of the rocker, said, "I'm sorry I was careless, and will try to remember." The gate closed at this moment, and Margaret saw her father coming up the walk. With a glad cry of "Papa," she turned to run and meet him, but the measured voice said, "Remain where you are." Mrs. Stretton stepped in front of her, and met Mr. Stretton at the top of the steps. The lesson was never forgotten, and Margaret never forgot again her place was second.

Sunday Afternoon.

ART THOU A KING, THEN?[1]

By Lyman Abbott.

THE triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem is Christ's answer to Pilate's question, Art thou a king, then? albeit the answer antedated and indeed gave occasion for the question. We are accustomed to consider Christ as a Saviour; perhaps we too little think of him as a King. The older theologians were wont to divide his office into three offices—Prophet, or Teacher; Priest, or Saviour; and King, or Master. The division was natural and true. In this scene Christ appears visibly as King. It has been sometimes claimed, as by Renan, that the divine and authoritative character of Christ was invented and attributed to him by his disciples, and is the outgrowth of a gradually increasing reverence. But this incident is the culmination of many incidents demonstrating the reverse. Christ accepted kingly homage and claimed kingly authority. He came, he comes, he will come, as King. To be his disciple is not only to accept him as a Saviour, but to obey him as a Master.

I. He came as King. In his most fully reported sermon, and that one which he preached as the ordination discourse for his twelve disciples, he speaks as a Lawgiver. He presents a new code of laws; a code going deeper and requiring more than the Ten Commandments. In this sermon he does not argue, he proclaims. His authority is personal—"I say unto you." The language of the sermon is the language of authority. When it is over, the people wonder because he speaks with authority. This characterizes Christ's whole ministry. In all his teaching is the air of command. He rarely argues; he never takes counsel with others. He never appears as a pupil; never perplexed nor uncertain. He holds no council of war. He decides, goes his way, leaves others to follow or fall off as they choose. To be his disciple is also to be his follower; to learn of him is also to obey him. So closely are faith and obedience interwoven that the same Greek word is sometimes rendered "believe," sometimes "obey." There can be no faith in such a Lord unless there is obedience—absolute, unconditional, unquestioning obedience. The story of last Sunday's lesson strikingly illustrates this. Christ is not a mere teacher, commending himself to the consciences and reason of his hearers, and leaving them to accept or reject at pleasure. He is a King, commanding, and measuring men by their obedience to the laws which he discovers to them. For his teaching is kingly and his kingship is revelatory. He does not really issue new laws, but he reveals with spiritual authority the laws which God has wrought into the spiritual constitution of man. Therefore it is that to obey him is to obey God. For the words that he speaks, he speaks not of himself; they are the words of his Father's truth and his Father's will.

II. In the centuries which have passed since his resurrection, he has been coming to mankind as a Lawgiver. Christianity is a new and divine life imparted; but it is also a new, or rather a newly discovered and recognized, law imposed. The history of Christianity is the history of the growth of a new and divine life in the hearts of men, first controlling, then subduing, finally extirpating, the baser animal nature. But it is also the history of the gradual growth of new laws of life in human consciousness, and the gradual conformation of society to them. Christ says that we are not to avenge ourselves. And family feuds, personal *rencontres*, duels, assassinations, are recognized now as all belonging to a barbaric state of society. In place thereof are courts of justice, schemes of arbitration, international treaties, and amicable adjustments. Christ says that we are not to judge our fellow-men. And gradually our punitive systems are becoming reformatory systems, our jails penitentiaries. Christ says that we are to lend, not hoping to receive again. And charity is becoming organic and systematized. Christ says that he who serves best is the greatest. And we are beginning to recognize that rulers—whether kings, prime ministers, or presidents—are the servants, not the masters, of the people. We do not yet understand all of Christ's laws; nor obey all that we do understand. But the history of civilization is the history of a growth in the understanding of these laws, and in practical obedience to them.

Count Tolstoi is fundamentally and essentially right in insisting that Christ's laws are intended for the government of the individual and the organization and order of society in this life. They are principles of earthly life; and, according to Christ's teaching, obedience to these laws would bring, here and now, individual and communal welfare and happiness. Count Tolstoi may not be right in his interpretation of these principles; and he certainly is not right in supposing that Christ

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for March 11, 1888.—Matt. xxi., 1-16. Comp. Mark xi., 1-11; Luke xix., 29-44; Job xii., 12-16.

came only to inculcate these principles. But this was a part of his mission. To believe in Christ is to believe at least that he knew what he was talking about, and that the principles of life which he promulgated are safe and right principles to follow. He who thinks that Christ was a doctrinaire or a visionary, that the laws which he laid down are very pretty ideals but cannot be accepted by practical men and made the rule of daily conduct, have no business to call themselves disciples of Christ. He is King. Our business is to obey, not to question. We may question whether this or that interpretation of these principles is correct. We may perhaps set aside an interpretation because it appears to be clearly impracticable. But when we have satisfied ourselves as to what Christ meant, it is our business to obey orders, not to debate their wisdom. We have as little to do with their wisdom as a colonel in the army with the commands of his commander-in-chief. If the church would employ in obeying Christ's laws all the energies it has expended in explaining them away and inventing excuses for disobeying them, the millennium would come very fast. There is a great deal of truth in the sarcastic answer of a modern writer to the question, Is Christianity a failure? "It has never been tried," he replied.

III. Christ is to come again. In this second coming he will appear evidently and to all men as King. The scene of eighteen centuries ago will be repeated on a grander scale. His own will go forth to meet him. The children will greet him with hosannas. His work as a Saviour will be ended. His wisdom as a Prophet or Teacher will be demonstrated. But his authority as a King will not end until he has put all enemies under his feet, and is himself subject to the Father, that God may be all and in all. When he thus comes, with whom, O my soul, wilt thou be found? Among those who joyfully cry, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord? or among those that call to the mountains and the rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb?

"Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created.
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before.
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!"

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

OUR lesson to-day brings us to the first day of the last week of Christ's life on earth. Christ and his disciples were among the multitude going up to Jerusalem to keep the feast of the Passover. Many of the people with them knew of the wondrous miracles of Christ; it would not be strange if among the multitude there were many he had healed; and all these, in gratitude for the works he had done, keep close to him, and are ready, as they have been before, to proclaim him king on earth, though they do not accept him as the Messiah. He had healed the sick, given sight to the blind, had fed the hungry, and now they were ready to proclaim him king, not only for what he had done, but because they believed he would still work for them the miracles which relieved them from physical suffering and distress. The disciples, John tells us, did not understand the meaning of this entrance to Jerusalem [1] until after the Resurrection. The multitude may have remembered the prophecy of Zech ix, 9, and this may have increased their enthusiasm, and led them to give him the royal welcome. The spreading of palms, the laying of garments in the path of kingly persons to protect them from contact with the earth, was an ancient custom, kept even to the present time in the casting of flowers in the pathway of a bridal party. And who does not remember Sir Walter Raleigh's gracious act to Queen Elizabeth? The song of praise that they offered to Christ was taken from a hymn that the Jews were accustomed to sing at the feast of the Tabernacles and at the Paschal Supper. In the offerings of the multitudes there was a curious mixture of earthly and spiritual honor and adoration, that shows the confusion in their own minds as to the place Jesus should occupy. Amid the songs of salutation, and the evidence of the reverence for his person by the multitude, Jesus reaches the summit of the Mount of Olives. A man would have enjoyed the present moment of triumph and power: a Christ, seeing far into the future, breaks out into tears when he sees the royal city. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

Not one word of the desertion of those he loved best in the time of his greatest need; not one word of the insult, the mockery, the injustice, he must endure within that city before the week would close; not one word of the terrible death that he should suffer. Only the Christly pity for a city that would not accept its Lord.

The song of praise grows louder as they near the city of David, so that they in the city ask, "Who is this?" And the answer, "Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee," shows that Christ was not recognized as the coming one—the Prince of Peace. Straight to the temple of God went Jesus, to show another side of his mission—to make clean the house of prayer; to drive from it all that deprived those in it to grow into the likeness of God the Father. Here were the men who changed the money stamped with the heathen gods into the coins that would be accepted in exchange for the oil, wine, doves, lambs, sheep, to be offered in sacrifice. It was not only a defiling of the temple into a house of trade, but the dealers were dishonest; they were thieves and robbers, and Jesus drove them out.

"My house shall be called a house of prayer." What would Christ do should he enter the temples of to-day! If we go into his court with any other motive than to draw near to him, do we not desecrate it? If, while within his courts, we let our minds wander from the worship, praise, and teaching of the hour, are we not insulting the majesty of God? Drive from the temple of to-day all that keeps us from coming near—growing into the likeness of the Son of God.

The money changers and their companions are driven from the temple, and the poor, the lame, the blind, come in; come close to the divine Helper, and are healed. Are they crowded out to-day by indifference, pride, fashion, social distinction? If you think so, do your part to purify and cleanse the temple.

With hearts full of praise, the children break out into hosannas. Among them, probably, the ones on whom Jesus had laid his hand when he said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me"—they sing his triumph; the girl who heard, "I say unto thee, Arise"—her voice probably swelled the grand chorus; the child who was set in the midst and heard the wonderful words of the kingdom of heaven; the children who had watched him on the journey to Jerusalem when he healed and comforted and taught on the way.

He loved the children, and still loves them. They that seek me early shall find me. Before contact with the world, before ambition, pride, sinful pleasure, society, business, have hardened the heart and dulled the ear, learn to sing in the temple, out of a life consecrated to him, from a heart thrilled by the touch of his loving spirit, "Hosanna to the son of David!" Accept Christ as the King and Ruler of your life.

[1] John xii., 16.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

BY THE REV. F. S. ROOT D.D.[2]

"And the Lord added daily to the church such as should be saved."—Acts ii., 47.

IN following the currents of ecclesiastical history up to their fountain-head beneath the Rock on which Jesus Christ established his church—namely, the faith of Peter—two fundamental conceptions of the supreme office and privilege of the Christian Church have obtained recognition. The first of these I shall describe as the *Quarantine* theory, which may be reduced to the phrase with which Channing begins one of his most impressive discourses, "A system of exclusion and denunciation in religion." On this view the church is like a castle, surrounded by moat, drawbridge, portcullis, with a sentry-box at every point of observation, and a roll of precedents so long that not even a prophet like Ezekiel could for a second time perform the gastronomical feat of swallowing it whole, and still live! And yet the expectation is that preacher, deacons, elders, presbyters, and bishops, with the godly assemblage of the multitude and the non-elect to office generally, shall pipe to the music of the shibboleth cry which says, "The church is for those every whit sound of doctrine, and its work is to preserve, primarily, soundness of faith." This means, as a rule, what Tennyson means when he writes, "What's up is faith, what's down is heresy." And the records of ecclesiastical history are, for the most part, but the memorials of the ins and outs who have sought to pull down or prop up the work of their predecessors. The conception of church life and work of which I am now speaking severely limits the message of the preacher to the proclamation of the facts that Christ died for sinners and that they must at once repent and accept his proffered salvation—a statement of belief to which I subscribe with all my heart; but, as a statement of the height, breadth, length, and depth of the preacher's pulpit utterance, one that I reject with all my soul. This view also declares that all living, burning, vital questions of the present, affecting the morals of the community as related to problems of poverty, crime, philanthropy, trade, commerce, legislation, movements of sanitary, social, and political reform, are to be kept out of the church, and ignored by the pulpit, because, forsooth, they are not supposed to be a part of the simple gospel of salvation in Jesus Christ! Yes, and if such narrow, misguided, erring estimate of the relation of Christianity to life had prevailed, without check or hindrance, through the prolific years of our modern civilisation, so richly freighted with discoveries that heavenward lift the weary feet of humanity, then the shackles of his degradation would still cling to the weary limbs of the slave; the plague-spots of American cities would widen the circle of vice and corruption; the charities that rebuke and shame the avarice of the few would disappear from sight as suddenly as the ring of gold at the touch of the magician's wand; while the drunkard and the profligate, won by the open door and warmed and fed by the pity that spoke not of Christ until heart and voice betrayed his love, would still wear the blistering and tormenting chains of passions now dissolved in tears of penitence and prayer! This conclusion further insists that the poor and neglected may go to church if they will, and, if they don't, are incorrigible sinners; and hence little effort is made to reach the classes of whose needs, struggles, trials, deprivations, well-to-do parishes frequently know as much as they do of the inside history of the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It also argues that unless the length of a creed is so great that breadth is absolutely out of the question, some poor fellow who stutters his doctrine and makes sweet melody for the weary and heavy-laden upon the harp of his loving-kindness may creep in surreptitiously, and stand all unsuspected in the congregation of the orthodox. If he did, *some* voices might make more discordant music than his own.

My brethren, I believe that the Church of the living God is not built upon the sinking sand of an exclusive, inharmonious, unwholesome, worn-out, Gospel riddled theory of exclusiveness. There is not a verse in Scripture, not a company of disciples in the first century, not a torch of reason under a bushel or on a hill top, not a successful experiment or triumphant failure, to vindicate it. True, the work of a church must vary according to the needs of the century into which its life is projected. But the broad and generous view of church life and work, which I may call the *Humanitarian* theory, for want of a better term, covers the pressing needs of men and women in *every* century, whatever their form or character. Over against the conception stated, which limits the work and narrows the entrance to its performance, I will venture to set, like a glorious flag of rustling silk and voluminous folds proudly waving above a narrow, weather-beaten, diminutive streamer, the banner of the *new* crusade, upon which is emblazoned a cross, not merely as a symbol of theological belief, but as the symbol of a church whose doors swing open to men and women of loving, reverent faith, and whose avenues of usefulness lead in all directions whithersoever light and truth must go to raise, strengthen, comfort, heal, and bless the sons and daughters of God. Whatever a full, free, sweet, catholic interpretation of the Gospel of Christ may prompt the members of a Christian church to accomplish, through all the agencies of Christianity, literary, scientific, philanthropic, social, and moral, that thing I hold to be one of the many-sided and exhaustless appeals of a living church to a living age. Nay, more, all forms of labor which benefit humanity, and which the church *can* do, are *better* done under the seal and covenant of its high and holy authority than in any other way. Therefore, the mission of the church is as broad as human need; as lofty as the sublimest aspiration; as consecrated as the devoutest thought; as large in scope as the farthest conceivable sweep of its forces; and varied in just that degree in which it is able to give rest, hope, peace, and shelter to every tear-stained pilgrim and way-worn traveler. And it is as wrong for an assembly of divines, called by courtesy an Ecclesiastical Council, to interfere with a ministry successfully meeting the exigencies proposed, as it is cruel for a horde of inquisitive hawks to attempt to rob a carrier-pigeon of the precious message to the starving garrison, which flutters beneath the swift and tireless wing.

But, at this juncture, somebody falls back upon the text, and petulantly exclaims, "Not so fast there! The duty of the church is to save men from hell by preaching to them Christ, and the principal thing to be kept in view is the admission of such to its membership." Pardon the interruption; but allow me to suggest that several things must be considered before the church, through its ministers or lay workers, can successfully do this. Of the people habitually in attendance upon public worship there are three classes: (1) The active, useful, consistent members of the church, always ready to say, "Here, Lord, am I," when any duty is required of them. (2) The cold, indifferent, unawakened, nominal Christians, whose names are kept on the roll of the church because there is no good reason why they should

[1] Isa. lvi., 7. [2] Auburn, N. Y.

be dropped. Their whole duty seems to lie in steady attendance on Sabbath Day services; but as for knowledge of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and consciousness of growth in love of God and men—why, such emotions would surprise them as utterly as the descent of a summer shower from the blue and cloudless sky! And then (8) there is a third class of the so called unconverted—people whose ears do not tingle at the strongest preaching, because such persons are already shot-proof through long service as animated targets for pulpit fulminations, and the only hope of their conversion must be looked for in the ultimate return of that form of noble reason which prompts a man to see, in a moment of startling, soul-searching power, that disloyalty to Christ and unwillingness to confess him impair the integrity of a life. Outside these classes there are scattered individuals, unknown factors in a congregation, whose relations to the church cannot be formulated. What they will become no man can say.

Now, I submit that the increase of effectiveness on the part of the church, whose visible result is the enlargement of the people in spiritual sweetness, depth, power, and devotion, can only come in one of two ways: (1) By bringing the unchurched multitude within its portals. (2) By inciting the regular worshipers to go out into the wide world of human longing and privation to carry the helpfulness and sympathy of a living, nineteenth century Gospel. In this way—and in this way alone—will they kindle afresh the flame of devotion whose heat will thaw the icy barriers that so often divide the church from her needy children. In other words, the preacher will be able successfully to proclaim the Gospel of salvation when men and women hear it as a new and marvelous story, or hear it with quickened zeal and fervor. Therefore I say that to rescue men from the hell within their own bosom, which is a thousand times more real than a place of torment located everywhere and nowhere by theology at sixes and sevens with itself—to do this, one must avail himself of *all* resources which can be utilized through a hundred possible channels of Christian effort. Hence, the work of the church is to follow men with succor in whatever manner they can be assisted to light and truth and knowledge. Suppose I take a line and rod, with bait enough to catch a hundred trout upon a string, and throw the sinker into a pool beneath the willows, where no man ever yet suspected a fish to hide, and where none but fish able to crawl on land could possibly congregate. And there I sit in solemn state and watch a cork bobbing up and down the livelong day, and quiver all over with anticipation, while behind the bushes the farmer's boy is grinning and wondering whether I am lunatic or clergyman—or both. But a good many of our churches are throwing out their lines in places where to *catch* anything would so surprise both minister and deacons that they would tumble over each other with excitement in their haste to haul the prey, and finally lose through excessive agitation! *All* because a narrow constructionist attaches but one meaning to this word *salvation!* I don't like the expression; in fact, I am reluctant to take it upon my lips on account of its awkwardness, but the whole truth is not set forth unless it be said that, to be saved, men must be brought into a *salvable* condition. That is, they must be led up to the point where the *personal appeal* of religion will at least receive attentive hearing. You may preach, lecture, persuade, entreat, warn, threaten, until your voice is as hoarse as that of the croaking raven, but unless you touch men by an act of personal, disinterested kindness that relieves poverty, crime, bitterness, pride, wrong-doing, of some part of its sting, salvation will wait "until the stars grow cold, and the leaves of the judgment-book unfold." I have read that William Wirt, one of the most remarkable men of his day, was a confirmed drunkard for many years, and, when all other means of rescue had availed nothing, he was reclaimed by finding upon his blistered and swollen face, as he lay in a drunken stupor upon what is now one of the principal avenues in the city of Washington, a handkerchief bearing the initials of the young woman to whom he had once been engaged, but from whose affection he had separated himself by drink. In passing, she had tenderly covered the still handsome though dissipated features to hide their shame from the vulgar sight of the multitude. Multiply this act into a thousand forms of kindly beneficence, prompted by the Christly spirit, and you have made Christianity something different from the current Christianity which Channing said he hoped would *not* last forever.

If, for example, we take into account certain industrial conditions of modern life, under which so many young men and women are struggling to preserve both faith and character against innumerable temptations, we shall have a concrete illustration of the large and unrestricted view of church life and work to which your attention has been directed. Probably most of us are acquainted with the facts relating to the controversy in Mr. Moody's old church in Chicago, arising out of a sermon delivered by the present pastor, the Rev. Mr. Goss, and called forth by the following circumstances. The working-girls of Chicago published a letter, in which they described very simply and earnestly the temptations to which they are subjected, and suggested an organization for the working classes which should at once be religious and social, the prime object being to furnish them legitimate society, and so guard against the dangers which come from isolation. Mr. Goss preached a plain discourse upon this text, and proposed that a vacant lot in the rear of the church be used for the erection of a large and commodious building, so arranged that a pleasant and delightful home could thus be found by young working people of both sexes, with such safeguards established as would make it a most helpful resort. Some members of the church, including six members of the committee, objected to the discourse on the ground that none but strictly Gospel sermons should be uttered from the pulpit. By Gospel they meant salvation through Christ, with the terrors of the law appended. Well, the minister resigned, Mr. Moody came on, spoke to his congregation with common sense almost divine, appealed to the Gospel of Luke as that of the poor, said there was not a woe pronounced in the whole book, and concluded by saying, bluntly, "Don t get a harp of just one string, and harp, harp, harp, all the time on that." The result you know. The church refused to accept their minister's resignation by an enormous majority, the six members of the committee went out, *on vacation*, and all is peace.

I mention this case because it presents very sharply the contrast between the narrow and the broad conception of the mission of the Christian Church of to day. In the face of strenuous opposition in some quarters, the churches of our country are beginning to see that social, sanitary, industrial, and even political questions—in a philosophical, not a partisan, sense—must interest both pulpit and pew, or the masses will still further drift from our doors. The resistance to this movement is not always solicitude for a limited Gospel, but is sometimes encouraged by the fear that certain business and social sins will be rebuked. John Ruskin tells us that the rich refuse wisdom and salvation to the poor, and has proved the sincerity of his speech by putting his large inherited fortune to service for the benefit of the workin, men of Great Britain. And, as you know, Count Tolstoi, the Russian, has abandoned his rich and luxurious surroundings to go and live among the common people. I would be understood as saying most emphatically that such a course is *not* demanded of every man enjoying wealth. And he would superficially teach who might insist that this conception of duty binds all good men to like renunciation. Wealth, divorced from stinginess, can be used for the world's benefit without giving up the bulk of it to others, and, even though this were done, division would not remedy, but rather increase, many of the existing evils. But, fearful that certain sacrifices may be demanded of the rich, the bold and unflinching declaration of a business and social gospel is not infrequently opposed. I have been informed—I know not how correctly—that a brilliant and gifted clergyman found it advisable to surrender a metropolitan pulpit because he denounced the condition of wretched tenement-houses owned by men of wealth in his congregation. Happy deliverance!

Now, the *true* idea of the office of the Christian Church will carry the oil and wine of its comfort into every place where the light of heaven discloses the wan and sunken features of misery and pain. If God is our Father and Mother, as Theodore Parker loved to think of him and pray to him, and the church is the holy fellowship of his children, there is no valid reason under the sun why such an organization should not extend its influence and power to the remotest quarter of town and city where our fellow-creatures endure the burdens which fall upon the nether-world. Spurgeon once said, with good-natured yet cutting satire, "The trouble with ministers is that they will *personificate* the Gospel." Yet the church is doing a worse thing when it simmers the G spel down to a mild decoction of theology and pious talk, and requires all men to drink out of the same cup on penalty of going thirsty and faint. And there is no way of forcing the church to the performance of its proper duty unless men obey the injunction written on the title-page of a famous novel—"Put yourself in his place." Here comes in the application of the Golden Rule referred to in the opening of this discourse—"What we would have the church do for ourselves, that ought the church to do for others." Well, what may this be?

If I am cold and hungry, without work or shelter, and shiver beneath a ragged coat, and send my frost-bitten feet on exploring expeditions between gaping holes in well-worn shoes, I am not anxious to have the minister to hold me on the street corner while he expounds the mystery of pain, and invite me to the sanctuary next Sunday, when he very well knows that the usher will politely but firmly hustle me out as soon as I enter the door. No, I want him to encourage me to breast the storm of adversity like a man; to hope on and hope ever; and I desire, not charity from his church—God forbid!—but home and shelter there, and Christian sympathy, until I am able to get on my feet, and down misfortune in the arena of honorable warfare. And what is true of physical need is likewise true of business reverses, wasting cares, terrible temptations, forlorn environment, bitter trials, and crosses of every name and character. Where ought a man more naturally to go for strength and support than to the bosom of the church, which should be to him as a pillow of rest, sustained by the loving and kindly arms of Christian brethren? But, if the rest which follows weariness of soul be prolonged into idleness, let the same brethren, if they have not become lazy themselves, disturb the siesta by cutting out labor for the new recruit to perform. Look about, and we shall quickly learn that the church which comes nearest to this conception is doing the sturdiest work for Christ. And I would develop this view to the extent that when an honorable business man, of devout and useful life, becomes financially embarrassed through causes beyond his control, it is not only the privilege but the duty of members of the same communion, blessed with abundant means, to give him monetary aid and encouragement. A visionary proposition, you say? Very likely. But unless the church has more visions, and fewer periods of sound and dreamless slumber, her brain and heart will become sluggish, lethargic, dull. We only know phantoms as such because realities exist. Even if Swedenborg, with erratic and flighty notions, come in at the door with leisurely laymen, they will not be so likely to play the part of Rip Van Winkle in the pews.

Perhaps at this point it will be urged that the preaching and church work of fifty years ago followed out the narrower lines indicated with profit to the community and success to the organization. But whoever makes the claim overlooks the changed conditions of our modern life, which are totally at variance with those established in the days when our fathers played on the village green. Then everybody went to church, and the young men and maidens filled the long galleries on either side of the capacious meeting-house, and chanted "Mere" and "Wells" to their hearts' content, while serious and reverent thoughts possessed their minds, and the man who did not go to church was looked upon as a kind of moral leper, reserved for the wrath of God. The population of the country was largely American, and few centers of life were overcrowded; consequently there was little occasion for humanitarian or missionary endeavor; while the tide of immigration, now a mighty inrolling wave, had just begun to ripple here and there upon our shores. Business cares were lighter, wealth more evenly distributed, employment steadier, and the tenement-house problem almost an unknown factor in the task of social regeneration. The drift of things was not *away* from, but *toward*, church life; and theology had such strong grip upon the intellects of the people that the metaphysics of faith and the subtleties of Calvinistic logic had a sort of fascination for the average mind. To be sure, the children crawled under the bed in fear of the preacher's catechism, and the sound of his boot-heels on the doorway struck terror to their hearts; but nevertheless, they could rattle off on their fingers' ends enough theology to make a respectable system of divinity for the average worshiper of to-day. The Gospel revolved upon the axis of wrath, and while love hid in the background of the received faith, its glorious sunshine, as we now enjoy it, was hardly permitted to take the chill from the atmosphere of religion. Most people were comfortably, or at least decently, situated; there were fewer instances of poverty, wretchedness, deprivation, misery, than now, and the masses, as we understand the word, had no existence. The phases of social righteousness and philanthropic effort, as I have presented them in this discourse, did not appeal to the church of fifty years ago. Therefore, since everybody attended church, and theological issues were uppermost in the minds of the people, what was left for the dominie but to ring the changes on Saybrook and Westminster, to the infinite edification of his hearers? The quarantine theory ran its course serenely because there was no apparent need of any other. Now all is altered, and the reasoning of its advocates is wholly invalidated by the evolution of the stern facts of our modern civilization.

There is just now universal solicitude throughout all denominations of Christian believers because there are so few additions to the membership of the churches. But can you wonder at this, when our conception of Christian work is so narrow and inadequate, and our participation in the same so feeble and inefficient? Going to church on Sunday, hearing music as an æsthetic pleasure, preaching as an intellectual diversion, and going home to forget it all after a satisfactory dinner—some of us have been doing this, and little more, for ten years, and how in the world can you hope to gain heaven on such a record? You have not, perhaps,

made one soul happier, one heart lighter, among all the hosts of the weary and heavy-laden. It has been money, money, money, or pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, continually. You cannot save men unless you touch their hearts. You cannot lift them without lifting your own lives above the level at which they halt. You cannot inspire the multitude with respect for Christianity until they perceive that you respect it sufficiently to make sacrifices for it. Never before, in the teeming life of the centuries, did such opportunity wait on the Christian Church. Never before was there such need of her services and prayers. May she everywhere become, like a temple beautiful, lifting the polished dome of her faith and works into the ambient air of religion, constantly purified and sweetened by winds that blow from the country of the waving palms and the crystal rivers; may the church open wide her doors to the vast multitude that daily groan beneath the yoke of unrelenting poverty; may her walls resound with songs of praise from the grateful lips of men and women gathered into her fold by the loving importunity of faithful servants of the Cross; and may her cloisters be enlarged and extended in every direction so that all men needing comfort, assistance, refuge, and the inspiration of sympathy may discover unstinted welcome and hospitality within the holy precincts of her all-embracing love. And which conception, the Quarantine or the Humanitarian, in your enlightened judgment, will best promote the cause and build up the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? "And now, may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever."

SUNDAY ON THE FRONTIER.

By Belle E Smith.

WHO can tell by what strange connection of ideas there suddenly flashed across my mind, one bright Sabbath morning, a picture of church-going in the days of my childhood? Nothing, surely, in my surroundings could have suggested it. There was the spacious church, with its lofty ceiling; the well-trained choir for the rendering of sweet music; the large congregation, bearing unmistakable marks of culture and refinement; the scholarly pastor, with his carefully prepared discourse. What could by any possibility be further removed from the worship of the past on the frontier? And yet how plainly the picture formed itself before my eyes! There was the wide stretch of prairie, that great ocean of grass, dotted here and there with the islands of clearings, in the midst of which stood the settlers' log houses. Far removed from each other, each lying in quiet loneliness, the Sabbath sun shone as warmly and brightly on them, and touched their rough exteriors with lines of beauty as lovingly as he touches the fairer homes of to-day.

No bell called us to service; there was no standard time except the noon mark on the cabin floor; our church was one of the log cabin homes, a little larger than its neighbors, and as central a point as possible. Hither, at varying times, all through the long, bright Sabbath morning, came heavy farm wagons from all directions, drawn by the oxen who did nearly all the farm work. Chairs were placed in the middle of these vehicles for the women and children; perhaps a low, cushioned chair for "mother," while a board, laid across the wagon box, served as *spring* seat for "father" and the boys. Often there was a horseman or horsewoman mounted on the convenient pony, with his rough mane and tangled forelock, from under which his bright eyes peered here and there; for, as his regular occupation was to "hunt the cattle," he thought it strange to canter steadily along the road, and was given to making little detours on his own account, especially if he spied cattle feeding on the prairie. For either class of riders his equipment was likely to be the same: a blanket strapped on for a saddle, guiltless of stirrups; a bridle borrowed from some old harness, shabby and short of rein; his halter a rope knotted about his neck.

Presently the crowd loitering about the door would become aware it was time to enter. Within, the small, square stand was placed in the door between two rooms, and the best chair the house could afford was placed near it for the preacher. The congregation were seated on rough boards, resting on chairs or boxes, with here and there more comfortable seats for the aged or feeble. The men, if the day was warm, often laid aside their coats and took the cool comfort of shirt-sleeves. Their wives' worn, tired faces, pathetic in their quiet patience, looked out from deep calico sunbonnets, which some soon laid aside, having no fear of St. Paul or Dame Fashion before their eyes. The children, growing tired, would pass outdoors and in at pleasure, no one seeming to notice the little stir they made. A convenient pail of water served to remind them of frequent thirst. The babies, brown little frontiersmen, came to the service, of course. Sometimes they took quite an active part, but we were all used to it, and we all liked the babies.

The minister of those days that I recall most plainly was an old man, with bent shoulders and long white hair, but still active and vigorous, who used to come some twelve or fifteen miles across the prairie. He was one of that sturdy type of men, familiar then, who toiled in the field all the week for daily bread for his household, and on Sunday traversed the open prairie, under burning heat or freezing cold, to carry the message of his Master to the widely scattered settlers. I can see him now as he became engrossed in his subject, his voice rising to a higher and higher pitch, until, in the small, close room, the perspiration streamed down his thin cheeks, while his hands, nervously clutching the chair behind which he stood, often lifted it from the floor and shook it vigorously in the air, to add force to his periods. But if his peculiarities sometimes provoked a smile, his unflinching zeal and earnest piety won our respect and admiration. Not educated in the schools, but wise in knowledge of nature and men, many of his quaint expressions linger in my memory, though they fell on the ear of a heedless child.

The singing—what would become of our sensitive choir if they were obliged to listen to it? The minister, often asking, "Will some brother please set and carry the tune?" lined the hymn; that is, he read two lines, which were then sung; and reading and singing thus alternated through the entire hymn. The tune was carried to heights and depths untold, regardless of such trifles as time and pitch. Countless parts were sung, for each one who took part in the music was that desideratum, "an independent singer." But the Father's ear heard the inner melody through the discord, and the cry of many a humble, loyal heart found expression in those old hymns, dear alike to learned and unlearned.

Outside, the patient oxen stood quiet or lay down to rest from the labors of the week. The dogs, a motley crew, amused themselves in various ways. Often one came into the house and stretched himself on the floor to enjoy the service after his fashion. If it proved to be a quiet fashion, no one interfered with him. Others guarded the teams with which they belonged, while those of a more social nature interchanged views on various subjects. If their discussions became too animated some one went out and advised quiet, which lasted a longer or shorter time according to the disposition of the disputants.

The service finished, the audience lingered a little to exchange greetings; the men discussed the prospects for sod corn, the danger of prairie fires, the need of rain, etc; the mothers compared babies; the children, to whom Sunday brought almost the only opportunity of seeing a playmate, plied their busy tongues. Under the homespun garb and rough exterior of the young men and maidens were kidden the same hopes and fears, dreams and delusions, that stir the young heart to-day. And if the youth spent a little more time than was necessary to mount the maiden safely on her pony, and then *happened* to be riding the same way, such things have been and will be again.

Many urgent invitations to dinner were pressed on the minister, from among which he was often obliged to accept one that should speed him on his way to some other log cabin, where another assembly would gather at a later hour. Then those who had brought to the far West from their Eastern homes a sense of the sacredness of the Sabbath jogged homeward, soon hidden from view by the tall grass on which the oxen lunched as they moved leisurely along. Others meanwhile spent the afternoon in visiting. It was a delicate point to guard a child's idea of the right way to use holy time and still do justice to the undoubted piety of these products of a different civilization.

The long gone past—the wild grass, the oxen, and the log cabin, the genuine pioneer and the itinerent preacher—have passed away. But to-day our lives are richer and fuller, our Christian character rests on broader and deeper foundations, for the work of those devoted men who proclaimed up and down the trackless prairie the coming and the kingdom of the Prince of Peace; and for those early settlers as well, who, bravely putting aside regrets for the culture and refinement left behind, entered heartily into any service, however rude, so that it was rendered to the King of kings. All honor to the Christian pioneer!

To guide a soul to Christ we must first get clearly in mind that the central thing about faith is this act of trusting, taking, tying to Christ. A child in years or in mind can understand this. Let every dying sinner lay his hand in mine, as Christ's messenger to him, and say, "Lord Jesus, I trust thee, I take thee as my Saviour and Lord; I give myself wholly to thee, forever."—[Rev. Dr. Pierson.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

When capital is invested so as to be utterly unproductive, and there is no reasonable hope of recovering the principal, we say it is lost. That which avails nothing is lost. No matter how valuable in itself, how rich would be its revenues were it wisely invested, so long as it is beyond the control of the proprietor it is really lost. Look now at the condition of your soul. Its powers are of inestimable value. It was created in the image of God, with capabilities of thought and reason, of feeling and purpose, designed "to glorify God and enjoy him forever;" and this alone is its legitimate use. If you so think and feel and act as to bring no glory to Him who made you to reflect his image, then you are lost to him.—[J. T. Peck.

God's will is so high above humanity that its goodness and perfectness cannot be scanned at a glance, and would be very terrible if it were not for his manifested love, manifested in Jesus Christ. Only *that* holds our hearts together when he shatters the world. —[E. B. Browning.

It is not disgraceful to any one who is poor to confess his poverty; but the not exerting one's self to escape poverty is disgraceful.—[Pericles.

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all and nothing can be got out of it till it is broken in pieces.—[Dr. John Hall.

God raised up a Cromwell to wrest Liberty from the King's hands and set it firmly upon its feet before the nations of the earth.

"We drink, not to satisfy the palate, but for a business purpose. That being the case, we may begin with the milder beverages, just as we begin our fire with pine shavings, not only because we can light them so easily, but also because we want them to set on fire something more solid. And wine is a step-stone to brandy. Beer is a step-stone the other way. It does not lead up to brandy, but it leads down to drunk and beastly drunk."

Intemperance is the fertile source of crime. Have you done anything about it?

That gospel which sanctions ignorance and oppression for 8,000,000 of men, what fruit or flower has it to shake down for the healing of the nations? It is cursed in its roots and blasted in its own boughs.

Whether the Africans are an inferior race or not, it is evident that our destiny in some respects is bound up with them, and the study of their interests is the study of our salvation. This African race, in the Omnipotent hand, may be the instrument of our destruction, if we are to be destroyed. They may cling to our feet and entangle us in their final miseries.—[Selected.

Simeon's words were the swan-song of Judaism, but Anna's were the lark-song of Christianity. Most Christians are mere Jews, like Simeon, wishing to get to heaven as soon as they themselves are saved. But Anna caught the true spirit of Christianity, for, instead of desiring to depart, she hurried away to communicate the good news "to all them that were looking for redemption in Jerusalem"—[Rev. M. G. Pearse.

"Revivals come down from above. While many of the conditions are human, God sends the victory from his habitations above. Ask him. Beseech him. Serve him. Before him lay the sacrifice, and from him expect the consuming fire. . . . Revival sermons almost preach themselves. The chief work is personal appeal, individual pointing to Christ, man to man expostulation, and soul by soul garnering. . . . It is strange, but it is nevertheless true, that human ire, or unforgiveness, or stubbornness, can arrest God's work. Every reader knows his own heart best. Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight"

Christ left his grave clothes behind him in the sepulcher because he rose to die no more; death was to have no more dominion over him. Lazarus came out with his grave clothes on, for he was to use them again; but Christ, rising to an immortal life, came out free from those incumbrances.—[Matthew Henry.

What the world calls virtue is a name and a dream without Christ. The foundation of all human excellence must be laid deep in the blood of the Redeemer's cross, and in the power of his resurrection.—[F. W. Robinson.

Faith spans the space between the real world of sense and the more real world of hidden life; so that a man, standing on the solid ground, may close his eyes to sense, and fall at the feet of the Unseen, and worship in the felt presence of the Invisible.—[Rev. J. C. Gillam.

God overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under his laws of fate, and makes them all serviceable to his purpose.—[Antonius.

THE LYMAN BEECHER LECTURES.

THE closing lectures of the Lyman Beecher course at the Yale Divinity School, delivered by Dr. Trumbull, February 23 and 24, were upon "Preaching to Children."

Though the modern church claims that pulpit preaching is God's appointed agency for winning and training souls, it has, as a rule, practically deprived the most impressible class in the community of the chief advantage of that agency by couching the addresses of the pulpit in language which is, to the children, an unknown tongue. There is good ground for questioning the wisdom of an enforced or an habitual voluntary attendance of children upon religious services which are not designed for their comprehension or participation. It would be better, if the choice had to be made, to leave the children wholly to the influence of the Sunday school than to teach them habits of inattention to the church. But the choice need not be made. There is a better way; *i. e.*, preaching to children. The importance of such preaching pivots on the numbers and impressibility of the children, and the place assigned to them by Christ in the work of the disciples. As illustrating the responsiveness of children to preaching, the lecturer referred to the great Children's Crusade in the thirteenth century, and to the wonderful revivals among children under the preaching of Zinzendorf, Wesley, and Jonathan Edwards.

When, where, and how is such preaching to be conducted? Herein lies one of the foremost difficulties. A plan, having large prominence in England, is that of a separate service of worship and preaching for the children on the Lord's Day, either at the same hour as the general service—in which case it is conducted by an assistant minister or a skilled layman—or at a later hour. In America a plan more widely followed is the giving up of one preaching service on Sunday to the children. Dr. Tyng conducted such a service for at least twenty-five years. Another method is that of giving to the children a brief portion of the morning service every Sunday. In some churches this is given at the opening of the service, in others just before or in the midst of the sermon. The preaching of occasional sermons to children is also somewhat common, and there has grown up an extensive sermon literature of this character.

A good sermon to children must have in it a thought that is worthy of the attention of the maturest mind. When that thought has control of the preacher's mind he must go out of himself into the mind of a child in order to think the thought as a child would think it. Then he must choose language which will enable him to present his thought to the apprehension of the child-hearers. Beyond all this, he must be able to illustrate the truth clearly; to command attention to it, step by step, in the processes of its enforcing; and to make its application evident to the children's personal needs as children. To do this is no easy task, and it is probably true that one reason for the infrequency of sermons to children by preachers of exceptional power in the pulpit is their conscious inability to meet the requirements of the work, a reason coupled in many minds with the undervaluing of the importance of such preaching.

A child values a fresh, strong thought, and is quick to catch it when it is clearly presented to him. The child, too, can comprehend the profoundest truth of theology, not merely as well as, but better than, an adult of the same native qualities. Hence he who would preach to children must not think of bringing his thought down to their comprehension, but of rising to his highest plane of thinking to give them a thought that will be worthy of their thought and which will hold their interest. Few of the themes of the famous sermons of the church are beyond the comprehension of a child, provided they are expressed in words that are within the child's attainments of language. No preacher can expect to keep the attention and the regard of his child hearers by calling them his "dear little children," and assuring them that "he is very glad to see them," and that he wants them to be "good boys and good girls," and telling them pretty little stories.

When the sermon-theme is well defined in the preacher's mind, the Bible text which is chosen for its presentation to children should be one which explicitly teaches, or which fairly suggests, that theme; and one also which is in a form of words easily apprehended and easily remembered by children. The sermon ought also to have a well-defined, clearly stated, easily remembered plan, and this ought to be announced to the child as a help to his understanding and remembering the main points of the sermon. After this the preacher must choose language and illustrations and decide upon applications that will enable him to transfer his thought most effectually to the minds of his hearers. Simplicity of language is not babyishness of language. Stories of any kind should always be subordinate, and at best only incidental. To illustrate such a sermon well and to make effective applications of its truth the preacher must be a close student of children. No set of rules will suffice for a preacher to children. He must understand his hearers by a close study of their habits, language, and modes of thinking.

If the children who are to be preached to can be gathered by themselves, immediately before the preacher's eye, he has a decided advantage. But wherever they are seated, the preacher should, by well chosen questions, secure from his hearers the restatement of his text and the main points of his sermon. This will fix the truths presented and will relieve the children from the weariness of too long a strain on their attention. The singing of a hymn between parts of the sermon is another valuable means of securing such relief. While children are more likely than adults to show their inattention and lack of interest under poor preaching, they are far more likely than adults to be attentive and interested when the preaching to them is such as it should be. No audience is so receptive and so responsive when fitting truth is fittingly presented to it as an audience of children.

A unique characteristic of the Christian religion as disclosed by its divine Founder is its exaltation of childhood. And those who recognize this fact should also realize the truth that the extension, the upbuilding, and the establishing of Christ's church must, in the plan of God, be done chiefly by means of work among and with and for the children. E. S. P.

FROM INDIA.

THE following extract from a private letter written by one of the most active and useful of American missionaries gives an interesting view of the work and the field:

In short, the situation here is this: The educated classes are interested in other subjects than religion. The middle class is so absorbed in getting a living, and is so wedded to old customs, that it hardly has any idea of what the Christian message is. The lower classes are so degraded that they give little response to Christ's offer of help. Still, a few in all classes—mainly the highest and the lowest—are thinking of these things, and some of them accept the Lord. In the educated class, *i. e.*, among those speaking English, the prevalent religious tendencies are two: (1) out of pseudo patriotism and a desire to avoid all that comes from the West, some are strangely favoring a revival of pure Hinduism; (2) those who cannot act so irrationally are joining theistic reforming societies which select what seems best from all religions. The points in Christian teachings which they have heard and read about that they reject are, that the Bible is the only inspired religious book, the deity of Christ, that there is salvation through Christ alone, that those whom Christ does not save suffer endless conscious punishment. Most of the accessions to the Christian Church are from the lowest classes, for whose lives none but Christians care. The message of Christ and a friendly hand lead a good many of these into living relations with the Lord. The Christian community is growing in intelligence and Christian living and in influence. This seems to me a correct description of the situation in general.

Here is a recent incident. In a certain village there is a Christian community of about twenty persons, all of them from the lowest caste, some of them fairly intelligent, and having a living connection with God. In that village one afternoon a large company of the highest class called on me. The Brahman government schoolmaster, the village clerk, and the most intelligent traders were all present. I began to talk on "Acquaintance with God." Every one of the company said that he was *not* acquainted with God. I asked the government teachers and others to pray. They all said they did not know how to pray. Then I said, "Here are a number of your townspeople who have not had so good an education as you, who have had less religious knowledge than you, who know God and who have pleasure in prayer. They have not been accustomed to pray in public before a company like you; but I will ask one to do so." Whereupon one of our Christians rose and made a most suitable and humble prayer. I thought this would have a very good effect. Then I showed them how we can get acquainted with God, viz: (1) By reading his letter (*i. e.*, the Bible); (2) by listening to his messengers, of whom I believed myself to be one; (3) by speaking to himself face to face; (4) by a living relation with a present Christ. They all listened most intently and seemed impressed. Then they said they should like to hear some Christian songs and to hear the baby organ. When I went into the tent to ask my wife to come to play and sing, they began to make fun of the Christian who had prayed, saying, "We did not know before what a wonderful saint we have in our town," and so on. And ever since they have made similar ridicule of him when he is on the street. Still, I believe that such testimony will do good. In other ways, too, the villagers have persecuted the Christian community. But these are firm, and in a few days will be organized into a separate church.

—The City Mission Society of the New York Protestant Episcopal Church during the year ending October 18, 1887, employed nineteen missionaries; 4,679 services were held, with an attendance of 132,915; visits were made to 76,994 families and individuals, and 15,060 lodgings and 63,912 meals were furnished. A new field for work is opening to the Society in the shape of churches situated in districts of the city from which the wealthier residents have withdrawn, leaving a small remnant of the parish behind not able to maintain the church.

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Evangelistic services have been held in many places Some of the Methodist conferences have their own evangelists. In a few instances others have been employed whose piety and success have become well established. Of the former the Rev. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley are the best known. They have been made abundantly useful wherever they have gone. Their last campaign was at Ottawa, of which the most flattering accounts have been published One writer, who has long known the city, declares that it never was so moved before. The large church in which they labored was crowded every night for weeks in succession. Among others who were in almost constant attendance were Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, and several members of the Cabinet, with members of their families. Some churches report numerous accessions to their membership as the result of special efforts being put forth. On a recent Sunday evening the Rev. Manly Benson, Berkeley Street, Toronto, gave the right hand of fellowship to seventy-five persons. The church has become too small for the increasing congregation.

Great interest has lately been felt in the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The subject has been discussed at great length in Toronto Presbytery. Professor Gregg spoke for two hours against such marriages, and quoted many passages of Scripture which he contended proved the sin of such alliance. Professor Cavan spoke in favor of such marriages, and said that the consensus of Biblical and especially Testament Scriptures justified his position.

The students in the Presbyterian College at Montreal have for some years supported a native teacher at Erromanga and another at Ejate in the New Hebrides. In addition to these two they are this year to provide the means for the maintenance of a native teacher on Santo. Nine of the students at the college have the foreign field in view.

Appeals are now being made on behalf of the educational work of the Methodist Church. Of the several institutions Victoria University takes precedence; it was begun in 1836, and was then known as Upper Canada Academy. It has passed through a series of gradations, and now has faculties in Arts, Theology, Law, Medicine, and Physical Science, and an enrollment of 676 students. In 1868 the annual grant by Parliament of $8,000 was stopped and the institution thrown on voluntary support. There are also Mount Allison University, New Brunswick; the Methodist College, St. John's, Newfoundland; Theological College, Montreal; Albert College, Belleville; Stanstead College; ladies' colleges at Whitby, Hamilton, and St. Thomas; the Anglo-Japanese College and Ladies' College in Tokio, Japan; Chinese school in Victoria, British Columbia, with French and Indian schools, making a total of two universities, nine colleges, one hundred and fifty-six mission and day schools. The present application is mainly in behalf of the theological departments at Cobourg, Montreal, and Sackville, New Brunswick.

In the Ontario Legislature now in session a bill has been introduced empowering municipal councils to pass by-laws defining the hours for closing any particular class or classes of retail shops. The number of hours per week is limited at which any person under sixteen shall be compelled to work.

The Rev. Robert Aylward (Congregational), recently from England, has been inducted into the pastorate of the Congregational church, Cobourg, Ontario.

The Rev. J. B. Wilcox has resigned his pastorate of the Congregational church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and has been succeeded by the Rev. Harry Pedley, from Cobourg.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The new Presbyterian headquarters in this city were formally opened last week. They are in the building at 53 Fifth Avenue, the residence of the late James Lenox. It was bought from the Lenox estate last spring by the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions and the Board of Church Direction, for $250,000. As now arranged it contains a lecture-room, offices for the various Boards, etc., etc. Addresses were made at the dedicatory services by Dr. John Hall, the Hon. H. C. Van Vorst, and others.

—Mrs. Sarah E Brewer, a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church among the Italians in this city, died suddenly of heart disease in a drug store last Friday. Mrs. Brewer had for years been engaged in charitable work of the highest class, and had done much to improve the condition of the poor classes of Italians here.

—Mayor Hewitt has written a letter to the officers of the Charity Organization Society of this city, in view of recent strictures upon its work, saying that from his experience as Mayor he was satisfied that the Society was doing not only a good but an indispensable work—as indispensable to the charities as the Clearing-House is to the banks. At the annual meeting of the Society last week Bishop Potter said that he wanted to express his unqualified confidence in the wisdom of its work, and the wisdom of the way in which that work is done. It prevented Americans from exercising unrestrainedly their disposition to throw their money out of the window in indiscriminate and harmful almsgiving. Secretary Charles D. Kellogg reported that the Society treated 3,758 new cases in 1887, made 550 persons self supporting, secured work for 585, and exposed or suppressed 397 frauds.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby as pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church of this city occurs on Wednesday of next week. In length of service in one church Dr. Crosby is now the senior Presbyterian pastor in the city. Appropriate services will be held in the church in the evening.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia has received gifts to the value of about $85,000 from Mr. John Wanamaker.

—Dr. Meredith's Tuesday evening Bible Class in Brooklyn is attended by at least 1,500 persons.

—A new Congregational church was dedicated at Rockaway Beach, L. I., on Wednesday of last week. The site was a present from Mrs. Fanny R. Holland. Dr. Behrends, Dr. Ingersoll, and others made addresses.

—A branch of the Brooklyn Evangelical Alliance was formed in the district comprising the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Wards at a meeting in the Stuyvesant Avenue Congregational Church last week.

—In referring a correspondent who wished to obtain a copy of the recent report of the New York Committee on Capital Punishment to the chairman, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, we gave the address of Mr. Gerry incorrectly. It is at 261 Broadway.

—At the annual meeting of the Riverside Rest Association of this city, which was held at the residence of Mr. Henry Villard on Thursday night, addresses were made by the Hon. Carl Schurz, the Rev. Wendell Prime, D.D., President of the Society, and others. The object of the Association is to provide a homelike temporary shelter for women discharged from the workhouse and penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, from Bellevue and the charity hospitals. Mr. Schurz said:

"This Association excels in one point. It seeks to do its work in a practical manner. It does not try to do too much. The members do not belong to that class which has extravagant ideas of the class of people it has to do with. They take the fallen women for what they are, and try to stop them from falling back into the old ruts. 'They believe in the innate goodness of woman, and try to bring it to the surface, and if possible keep it there. They show the poor unfortunates the charm of good existence, put their minds at work, and, limiting their stay in the Home, teach them that they cannot always depend upon charity. Much has been accomplished in the six months of the existence of the Home, and many wretched beings have been changed into happy ones. More means are needed, and society must furnish them. Society is responsible for so much crime as it is able to prevent and does not."

NEW ENGLAND.

—To the great satisfaction of his people, the Rev. Dr. George Leon Walker, of Hartford, Conn., has consented to withdraw his resignation as pastor of the Center Church. He is to have an assistant in the pastorate. The "Springfield Republican" well says: "That was the sensible thing to do, retaining a man whose qualities and services are of the first order, and giving him relief when the burden of his pastorate pressed unduly. It would be difficult to replace so wise and catholic a leader."

—The Rev. Edward A. Lawrence will begin a course of ten lectures on topics connected with missionary work at the Andover Theological Seminary on March 29. We intend to give our readers a report of these lectures.

—The Dwight Place Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn. (J. E. Twitchell, pastor), has collected the sum of $8,000 to be used in needed improvements and in enlargement.

—The sixth annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New England Colleges, including also Princeton and the New York City College Union, assembled in Boston last Saturday night as the guests of the Boston Intercollegiate Association. Among the students who are present and who will take part in the exercises are several noted for their prominence in athletic as well as in religious college circles.

—The Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., has decided to obtain the services of an associate pastor for the Rev. Graham Taylor, who has just been elected to a professorship in the Theological Seminary. Resolutions were adopted expressing the church's appreciation of Dr. Taylor's devotion to the interests of the church and the cause of religion in Hartford.

—Some peculiar provisions and distinctive features exist in the recently organized Eastern Avenue Church of Springfield, Mass. The church begins with a membership of sixty-eight. The Rev. E H. Byington was installed as pastor on Wednesday of last week. The members of the church are not required to subscribe to the church creed, but the pastor and the eight members of the standing committee, four of whom are deacons, must give their assent to the creed, the covenant being deemed sufficient for the other members of the church. Provisions are made for the release of members who feel that they have entered the church under a mistake, and that they are not really Christians, and also for the withdrawal of watch and care from absent members who make no report or explanation to the church of their absence or delinquency.

—A dispatch to the New York "Tribune" (for the accuracy of which we cannot vouch) says: "Statistics have been prepared relative to the church-going population of Maine which excite considerable interest in religious circles. The many sparsely settled districts in the State and the comparative poverty of portions has made it largely a missionary field. The State has church facilities for about 350,000 persons—one-half of the population. The average church attendance, however, is only about 135,000, with an aggregate occasional attendance considerably larger. There are 1,362 pastorates in the State, of which 417 are vacant and others with a bare existence. The figures gathered show that in about half the "union" churches in the State no services are held; that a little over one-quarter of the Congregational pulpits are empty; a little less than half the Baptist pulpits are without pastors; about one-third of the Free Baptist pulpits also vacant; one-ninth of the Methodist pulpits are without pastors; a little over half the Universalist churches are without pastors; one-third of the Quaker churches are closed; one-quarter of the Christian churches are in the same condition; also that one-quarter of the Episcopal, one-seventh of the Catholic, one-half of the Advent, and one-sixth of the Unitarian churches are pastorless."

THE WEST AND SOUTH.

—The Minneapolis "Tribune" says of the Plymouth Church of that city that it now has "a membership exceeded by only one church in Boston, one in New York, by two in Brooklyn, and by one in Chicago. According to the latest official statistics, it ranks the sixth church in size of all Congregational churches. Its percentage of gain the last year has been more than that of any other church of the order."

—A meeting of seceding delegates from the South Carolina Episcopal Diocesan Convention was held in Charleston last week. At the last Convention Bishop Howe ruled that clerical delegates were entitled to seats without examination into their credentials. This ruling admitted the colored rector of St. Mark's Church, a congregation composed of the *élite* colored people of the city. Thereupon between thirty and forty delegates and several clergymen seceded from the Convention. The Convention meets again in May, and the conference was to agree upon a plan to be pursued. The proceedings were secret, but it is said that the seceders will stand firm. They represent a large majority of the lay delegates to the Convention. The conference appointed a committee to confer with the clergymen.

—The New South Congregational Church, Chicago, was dedicated on Sunday of last week. The exterior of the church, which is of stone, is strikingly original in architecture. The cost of the church is over $8,000, the greater part of which has been paid. The Rev. E F. Williams, the pastor, preached a sermon suited for the occasion. On the same day was dedicated the building of the North Congregational Church at Fifty-ninth and La Salle Streets. The Rev. Dr. Arthur Little delivered the dedicatory address.

—The Chicago Congregational Club at its meeting last week discussed the question of National Aid to Education in the South. The Rev. J. E. Roy, D D, argued in favor of the Blair bill. He was followed by Mr. Edwin B. Smith on the other side. General Armstrong was present, and among other things said: "The evidence is not wanting that the mere prospect of National aid has retarded development. A number of letters and authoritative statements attest this. But there is a greater objection—its effect on the negro himself. The man is not his best friend, however excellent his intentions, who seeks to have the negro treated as the special ward of the Nation. The bill is simply, in another form, 'forty acres and a mule,' which has caused more briers and sassafras bushes to grow in Southern fields than all else. The further advance of the negro lies along the line of self-help, stimulated by the encouragement of his neighbor. Enfranchisement has made his present possible and has filled his future with hope. If he is to escape the fate of the Indian, he must beware of the embrace of a paternal government."

—The Rev. Frederick A. Noble, D.D., has resigned the presidency of the New West Education Commission, the headquarters of which are at Chicago.

—The Liberian mission has been tendered to the Rev. J. O. Price, President of Livingston College, Salisbury, N. C. Mr. Price is one of the most cultured colored men in the United States. He has not yet accepted the appointment.

—A conference of the Congregational churches of Maryland, Virginia, and District of Columbia was held Tuesday, February 21, with the First Congregational Church of Baltimore, the Rev. W. F. Slocum, pastor. Papers were read by the Rev. S. M. Newman, D.D., on "Best Methods of Church Organization;" the Rev. Charles H. Small on "Sunday-School Methods." The question of "Free Seatings in Churches" was presented by Professor Richard T. Ely, followed by Mr. Henry Stockbridge, the Rev. W. C. Scofield, Professor Chickering, and Dr. J. K. Mason.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—James Alexander accepts a call to Tewksbury, Mass.

—S. B. Cooper accepts a call to Jefferson, Ohio.

—Joseph Anderson, D.D., of Waterbury, Conn., has greatly improved in health, and expects to resume his duties in the First Church this spring.

—A. S. Diven has received a call to Plantsville, Conn.

—C. B. Sumner, of the Pilgrim Church, Pomona, Cal., has resigned.

—G. W. Lawrence was installed as pastor of the church at Tiverton, R. I., on February 14.

—C. S. Beardslee, acting pastor of the First Church in West Springfield, Mass., has been asked to occupy temporarily the chair of Systematic Theology in the Hartford Seminary.

—H A. Ottman declines a call from Middlebury, Conn.

—C. H. Cook has accepted a call from Auburn, Cal.

—R. R. Davies accepts a call to Owosso, Mich.

—J. E. Edmunds, of Jefferson, Ohio, has received a call to the church at Grand Haven, Mich.

—S A. Barrett has been installed as pastor of the church at Castleton, Vt.

—R. H. McGown, of Mount Vernon, N. H., has resigned.

—C. A. Dersbey has been installed as pastor of the Williston Church, Portland, Me.

—A. J. Sullivan, of the Greenville Church, Norwich, Conn. (not of Greenville, as we incorrectly stated last week), has resigned.

—H. B. Hudson, of the Lewis Avenue Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—Alexander Waddell was installed as pastor of the church at Conshohocken, Pa.

—Charles Wood, of the City Park Chapel of Brooklyn, has resigned. He has been in the ministry for nearly fifty years.

—T. V. Zollars, of the First Church of Springfield, Ill., has accepted the presidency of Hiram College, Hiram, O.

—J. N. Freeman, D.D, of Milwaukee, Wis., has received a call from the First Church of Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.

—J. H. Thomas, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., has accepted a call from Marion.

—A. Paull has accepted the call to the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Bloomfield, N. J.

BAPTIST.

—S. W. Stevens, of Fargo, Dak., has been installed as pastor of the Second Church at Newport, R. I.

—C. E. Maxfield accepts a call to the church at Bergen Point, N. J.

—Philip Berry, of Davisville, Pa., has resigned to accept a call from Danville.

—G. W. Kinney, of the First Church of Sanbornton, N, H., has resigned.

—W. P. Elston, of Englewood, Ill, accepts a call to Waterbury, Conn.

EPISCOPAL.

—Charles C. Adams, D.D, rector of St. Mary's Church, Manhattan, N. Y., died on February 24.

—J. P. Simpson has become rector of Grace Church, Elizabeth, N. J.

—W. C. Clapp has become an assistant at Mount Calvary Church, Baltimore, Md.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. C. Kimball, of the Church of the Unity, Hartford, Conn., has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate.

—John DeWitt, D.D., has been secured as temporary supply for the pulpit of the Collegiate Dutch Church of this city, made vacant by Dr. Ormiston's resignation.

—J. D Haeger has resigned the pastorate of the German Lutheran Church at Pittsfield, Mass.

EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

THE New York Local Committee on Harvard Examinations for Women desires to raise a scholarship of $6,000, the interest of which shall be applied toward defraying the college expenses of whatever candidate the authorities at Harvard College shall find to have passed the best examination among the women who presented themselves in that year in New York.

These examinations for women are identical with the Harvard entrance examinations for men, are held in New York at the same time with the latter, and both are presided over by the same Professor from Harvard. To the private schools of New York they are of great value as forming a standard by which the quality of the teaching may be tested; for, even when candidates fail, the failure gives them and their instructors a clearer idea of the meaning of *accurate* work, and already more than one school has acknowledged its indebtedness to them as having been the means of improving the character of the school. This renders the examinations of especial interest to the people of New York, and very valuable to the parents whose daughters are educated in the private schools; for, in order that candidates may be successfully prepared, the principals of the schools are compelled to employ capable teachers, and thus the examinations benefit not only the candidates themselves, but also all the pupils attending the schools in which these candidates are prepared. They test the character of the school, and are a guarantee to the public of the quality of the instruction which the school provides. Although a large number of schools profess themselves ready to prepare candidates for these examinations, practically very few are in a condition to do so, and in many cases the principal, aware of the school's deficiencies, discourages preparation for them. Thus the New York private school girl in too many instances passes her school years in acquiring an ill-regulated and superficial mass of knowledge, instead of in being trained to those habits of thoroughness which are so necessary to women when called upon to take part in the practical affairs of life, whether as managers of households or as earners of bread.

Therefore the Committee begs that all who are interested in the education of girls will contribute toward the desired scholarship, as a practical encouragement of the examinations.

Such a scholarship would also be of great service to young women of small means who are desiring to enter college. A candidate who will complete her examination in the coming June, and whose average for the first half of her examination, passed in June last, was over seventy per cent, having fitted herself while teaching for support in a country district school, is now making every effort to obtain sufficient means to enable her to spend some time in collegiate study, in order that she may increase her value as a teacher. Such candidates should be encouraged, and the Committee thinks that the best form of encouragement is a scholarship which may be legitimately earned in a competitive examination.

Small sums of five or ten dollars as well as large sums will be gladly received. Please send your contribution to the Treasurer, at 41 West Eleventh Street, or to any member of the Committee.

MRS MERRITT TRIMBLE, Chairman.
MRS. GEORGE F. CANFIELD, Secretary.
MISS ELLEN COLLINS, Treasurer.

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Books and Authors.

ENGLAND AND THE WEST INDIES.[1]

"Ulysses's bow is unstrung!" exclaims and reiterates Mr. Froude. England is ruled no longer, he mourns, by men of action, but by orators. He rails at this age of government by speech-making, and longs for a second Warren Hastings to make of the English colonies in the West Indies a second East India. In his inmost heart he would rejoice to see—were it possible—Ireland a Crown province with "a man of action" for Governor. In fact, wherever Mr. Froude may go in the beautiful western seas, his heart is at home, intent on the great English problem of the day. One is almost tempted to suggest as a sub-title for the book "The Irish Question as Illustrated by the West Indies." He cannot reflect on the evil condition of Hayti without bitter railing at Mr. Gladstone; he cannot even start on his voyage without page after page of lamentation at the degeneracy of English statesmanship, and the tyranny of the Liberals. Here is a specimen, which is also an excellent specimen of Mr. Froude's style:

"Institutions are the slow growth of centuries. The orator cuts them down in a day. The tree falls, and the hand that wields the ax is admired and applauded. The speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero pass into literature, and are studied as models of language. But Demosthenes and Cicero did not understand the facts of their time; their language might be beautiful, and their sentiments noble, but with their fine words and sentiments they only misled their countrymen. The periods where the orator is supreme are marked always by confusion and disintegration. Goethe could say of Luther that he had thrown back for centuries the spiritual cultivation of mankind, by calling the passions of the multitude to judge of matters which should have been left to the thinkers. We ourselves are just now in one of those uneasy periods, and we have decided that orators are the fittest people to rule over us. The constituencies choose their members according to the fluency of their tongues. Can he make a speech? is the one test of competency for a legislator, and the most persuasive of the whole we make prime minister. We admire the man for his gifts, and we accept what he says for the manner in which it is uttered. He may contradict to-day what he asserted yesterday. No matter. He can persuade others wherever he is persuaded himself. And such is the nature of him that he can convince himself of anything which it is his interest to believe.

"These are the persons who are now regarded as our wisest. It was not always so. It is not so now with nations who are in a sound state of health. The Americans, when they choose a President or a Secretary of State, or any functionary from whom they require wise action, do not select these famous speech-makers. Such periods do not last, for the condition which they bring about becomes always intolerable. I do not believe in the degeneracy of our race. I believe the present generation of Englishmen to be capable of all that their fathers were, possibly of more; but we are just now in a molting state, and are sick while the process is going on."

Applying this lament to the English West Indies, Mr. Froude clamors for a strong government. Everywhere he finds British influence declining and British interests disregarded. He does not say much of the comparative prosperity of Domingo under its self-government, but again and again he points with horror to the backsliding of Hayti as an example of the evils of independence. Thus he says:

"Hayti has for nearly a century been a black independent State. The negro race have had it to themselves, and have not been interfered with. They were equipped when they started on their career of freedom with the Catholic religion, a civilized language, European laws and manners, and a knowledge of various arts and occupations which they had learned while they were slaves. They speak French still; they are nominally Catholics still; and the tags and rags of the gold lace of French civilization continue to cling about their institutions. But in the heart of them has revived the old idolatry of the Gold Coast, and in the villages of the interior, where they are out of sight, and can follow their own instincts, they sacrifice children in the serpent's honor after the manner of their forefathers. Perhaps nothing better could be expected from a liberty which was inaugurated by assassination and plunder."

And these sacrificed children and cannibal practices, accepted, we must say, on very slender evidence, are held up as a solemn warning until the patient reader wearies of them. Mr. Froude may be right in his belief that the blacks are at present incapable of intelligent and successful self-government, but their growth should be toward it, not away from it. We join heartily in his declaration that England owes a duty to these colonies, that its conduct should not be governed solely by considerations of profit; but the duty is that of a guide and leader, not of a despotic master. The subject of the political relations between blacks and whites undoubtedly presents many difficulties:

"Why, it may be asked, should not Trinidad govern itself as well as Tasmania or New Zealand? Why not Jamaica, why not all the West Indian Islands? I will answer by another question. Do you wish these islands to remain as part of the British Empire? Are they of any use to us, or have we responsibilities connected with them of which we are not entitled to divest ourselves? A government elected by the majority of the people (and no one would think of setting up constitutions on any other basis) reflects from the nature of things the character of the electors. All these islands tend to become partitions into black peasant proprietaries. In Granada the process is almost complete. In Trinidad it is rapidly advancing. No one can stop it. No one ought to wish to stop it. But the ownership of freeholds is one thing, and political power is another. The blacks depend for the progress they may be capable of making on the presence of a white community among them; and although it is undesirable or impossible for the blacks to be ruled by the minority of the white residents, it is equally undesirable and equally impossible that the whites should be ruled by them."

Therefore, says Mr. Froude, as we are obliged to keep these islands, as no one will take them off our hands, we are bound to so govern them that our name shall be respected and our sovereignty shall not be a mockery. And the way to do it, he thinks, is to send out a Rajah Brooke, or a Mr. Smith of Scilly, or a Sancho Panza! One would have more patience with this conclusion if its inventor did not insist upon applying it to all English possessions. By some legerdemain of logic he insists that because the blacks of Hayti are, it is claimed, relapsing into barbarism, *therefore* the people of Ireland are unfit for Home Rule! As to the possibility of a successful confederation of the islands, the author dismisses the idea with slight consideration, once more turning for an illustration to Ireland. "The Anglo-Irish Protestants will leave Ireland if there is an Irish Catholic Parliament in College Green; the whites, for the same reason, will leave the West Indies; and in one and the other the connection with the British Empire will disappear along with them." He very truly adds that the United States do not want the islands, and quotes an American official as saying: "As satellites, sir, as much as you please; but as part of the primary—no, sir. So it seems that there is nothing for it but the Rajah Brooke or the Sancho Panza, the "strong man" or the clown. Let us hope that Mr. Froude's pessimism in English politics has something darkened his forecast of the future of the West Indian Isles.

Turning from politics to description, we may praise without stint. In his "Oceana" the author showed the reading world that he was a keen observer and a word-painter of genius. In this volume there are charming bits of description of natural scenery, some figure-drawing of excellent quality, and occasionally a bit of dry humor. A few instances of inaccuracy of statement have been pointed out by reviewers—such as his impression that St. Domingo was the first island discovered by Columbus, his extraordinary statement that Spanish sugar enters this country free of duty, and his constant assumption that the United States was anxious to conclude a reciprocity treaty with the British colonies. The last two are serious errors, for they really vitiate a great part of Mr. Froude's argument. In general he speaks very kindly and with genuine respect for the United States and our relations to the problem he is discussing—a concession for which, coming from a Tory like Mr. Froude, we should be suitably grateful.

A word about the style of the book. It is almost startling in its brilliance—crisp, nervous, energetic. What the author has to say, right or wrong, is said with a vigor and power of fascination unexcelled by any living English writer. As an example of his skill in bringing a scene graphically before his reader, take this bit of description of the scene of the Panama Canal work:

"If half the reports which reached me are correct, in all the world there is not perhaps now congregated in any single spot so much swindling and villainy, so much foul disease, such a hideous dung-heap of moral and physical abomination, as in the scene of this far-famed undertaking of nineteenth century engineering. . . . The human vultures have gathered to the spoil. Speculators, adventurers, card sharpers, hell keepers, and doubtful ladies have carried their charms to this delightful market. The scene of operation is a damp, tropical jungle, intensely hot, swarming with mosquitoes, snakes, alligators, scorpions, and centipedes; the home, even as nature made it, of yellow fever, typhus, and dysentery, and now made immeasurably more deadly by the multitudes of people who crowd thither. Half buried in mud lie about the wrecks of costly machinery, consuming by rust, sent out under lavish orders, and found unfit for the work for which they were intended. Unburied altogether lie also skeletons of the human machines which have broken down there, picked clean by the vultures. Everything which imagination can conceive that is ghastly and loathsome seems to be here gathered."

[1] *The English in the West Indies; or, the Bow of Ulysses.* By James Anthony Froude. (New York: Harper & Bros.)

The Mystery of God. A Consideration of some Intellectual Hindrances to Faith. By T. Vincent Tymms. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. $2 50.) Few books which deal with the great problems of life and destiny, as related to the moral government of God, are so eminently satisfactory as the work from the pen of this (to us) new writer. The author is a man of wide reading, candid spirit, incisive intellect, and he grapples with the questions discussed, not as a theologian, but as an observant and thoughtful student of human life as affected by the divine indwelling. Next to the "Theistic Argument" by the late Professor Diman, of Brown University, this volume is the fairest and least embittered reply to the scientific materialism of the day with which we are acquainted. On every page there is evidence of scrupulous desire to do full and ample justice to the arguments of honest thinkers which are urged, not only against theism, but against Christianity as well. In his introduction Mr. Tymms mentions a hint whispered by a distinguished Queen's Counsel, who said: "I win my cases by admissions." Surely no one could complain that in this book all is not yielded to scientific skepticism which justly belongs, by right of proof, to that school. And yet, so much more effective is the rejoinder. Over and above the candid concessions there are facts and affirmations which expose the untenableness of the agnostic positions. Two chapters are of special value—that upon the "Straits of Theism without Revelation," and the following chapter on "The Mystery of Evil." Other topics relating to the Bible, Christ, Materialism, and forms of unbelief growing out of it, are discussed with skill and learning. Everywhere the distinctively metaphysical is subordinated to the literary method of treatment, and still without diminution in vigor of thought. Hence many will follow the course of this impressive argument without weariness, and with ever increasing admiration of the writer's easy and forceful style. We commend the production most heartily because we believe that it is not only an aid to faith, but also the creation of a catholic mind, well fitted to debate without acrimony and to reason without abuse.

The People's Bible. By Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. VII. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.) This volume carries the work of Dr. Parker through the thirteenth chapter of first Kings. There is less of brilliant writing in the comments upon these chapters than in any of the volumes previously published. But there is no lack of interest or of power. The thought is appropriate to the text. The narrative is historic, and the lessons are calmly and forcibly taught. The chapter on "Tried Weapons" is worthy of special attention. Dr. Parker well illustrates his own declaration of "the comprehensiveness of the Bible, with its universality of adaptation to all the circumstances and necessities of human life." He laments that "a good many young people and others are going elsewhere for defense, instead of going into the sanctuary of the Lord, where the weapons of heaven are provided in rich and exquisite profusion"—and he calls all back to "the old armor set in order by the hand of the Living One himself." His analysis of Saul, Jonathan, David, Absalom, and Solomon is very keen, and the disclosure of similar motives in human life to-day makes the book more than a mere exegetical commentary. These historical reflections are of great value for family reading. Parents who find it difficult to instruct their children may well thank Dr. Parker as they read aloud to them these wise and helpful directions away from the paths of sin into the life of noble and generous manhood. Students of character will enjoy the accuracy with which the author has dissected those whom the narrative has brought within his reach.

The Original Mr. Jacobs. (New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.) The anonymous author of this book has done a cowardly and disreputable thing—cowardly because his slanders are sent forth without signature behind them, disreputable because without evidence he slanders individuals as well as a race. The phrase "A Startling Exposé," used as sub-title to the book, sufficiently indicates its object—to attract attention in a sensational way. The book is in great part a translation of Edward Drumont's *La France Juive*, in which the American author has inserted from page to page abuse of the Hebrew race in general, and of certain New York capitalists, some Hebrews and some not, in particular. It is, of course, possible, by selecting evil deeds done by individuals of any race, and ignoring all good acts and traits, to draw a frightful picture of the enormities of that race. But it is hardly conceivable that any readers can be found who cannot see through such a shallow fallacy. The Hebrews of our day have, like other races, their faults, but they are, taken all in all, a law-abiding, quiet, self-respecting, and generous people. There is certainly nothing in this book to prove the contrary. It is, in short, a foolish as well as a wicked work. The author in his last words threatens another volume specially on "The American Jew," whose misdeeds he proposes to tell "in a fearless way." May we remind him that the first step toward "fearlessness" would be to print his accusations under his own name?

Mrs. Penicott's Lodger, and Other Stories. By Lady Sophia Palmer. (New York: Macmillan & Co.) Simplicity in fiction is consummate art. In these little stories there is no sensationalism, no straining after epigram in phrase or effect in plot. They are "the short and simple annals of the poor," told in simple and straightforward way, all the more pure in their sympathy and touching in their pathos. "Mrs. Penicott's Lodger" is a story suggested by the late Dante Rossetti's great picture, "Found," which he left unfinished at his death. "Beppa" is a tale of Italian life. "A Christmas Story" is a realistic picture of modern life in Palestine. "Miss Martha Caryl" is a most pathetic tale of a woman's devotion and self-sacrifice. What man is so dull that he has not learned that self-sacrifice is the very life of women! The truth, delicacy, and sweet purity of these stories make a ray of heaven's clear light among the fervid, passionate, and cynical fiction that is so largely in vogue.

Christ or Ecclesiastes? Sermons Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. By the Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A., Canon and

Precentor of St. Paul's. (London: Rivingtons.) Canon Scott-Holland is a preacher of considerable repute in England, and in this country also is widely known by two volumes of sermons, one entitled "Logic and Life," the other "Creed and Character." This small volume contains five discourses which contrast the pessimism of Ecclesiastes, so curiously consonant with the spirit of our own days, with the jubilant optimism of the words of Jesus Christ. Though the author's mental habitudes are not those we have been perhaps fortunate enough to adopt, yet we experience not only interest but edification in reading these sermons; they admirably amalgamate Christianity and culture, and bravely voice the stronger spirit of the age. In all things they are hopeful and uplifting, even in face of the full knowledge of all disintegrating forces of these our degenerate days.

An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By the Rev. Benjamin B. Warfield, D D, Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) This little primer is a brief treatise devoted to the elucidation of the theological science named, and is intended to make the student acquainted with a method which may be serviceable in the study of larger works. The following subjects are considered in their order: 1. The matter of criticism. 2. The method of criticism. 3 The praxis of criticism. 4. The history of criticism. Special students will find more satisfaction in the volume than busy pastors, and, if even they master its contents, closest application will be necessary, so thoroughly is the work done. The book is handsomely bound and attractively printed, with such variations of text as are calculated to express nice shades of meaning. In our judgment the chapter on the history of criticism should cover more ground.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" possessed a charming quality of idealism which immediately won the hearts of a large number of readers. The purity, sweetness, and charm of the little hero of that story were irresistible, and it has doubtless been read by quite as many older as younger readers. Mrs. Burnett must have felt some natural hesitation about venturing a second time into a field in which she had won a success so unique. She is one, however, of the fortunate few who are able to follow one charming piece of work with another equally charming. Her new story, *Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's*, does not afford so many opportunities as the earlier story. It is a picture painted on a smaller canvas, but painted by the same sympathetic hand and with the same insight into childhood. In her way Sara is quite as idyllic as the little lord in the earlier story, and the things that happened to her are quite as romantic as those that happened to that charming hero. Such glimpses of child-life, although we recognize them as glimpses of unusual types of character, are wonderfully refreshing, and touch the heart by that appeal to sympathy and to latent idealism which is never resisted when sincerely made. "Sara Crewe" will join company with "Lord Fauntleroy," and the two together will take their place among the classic children of literature. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Section 558; *or, The Fatal Letter.* (New York: Cassell & Co.) This is the latest of a series of detective stories in which have been combined the experience of Inspector Byrnes, of the New York Police, and the literary skill of Julian Hawthorne. The latter has clearly made no attempt at delicacy of literary art, finding a direct and matter-of-fact style best suited to the subject. We believe the tales have met with great popular favor. We cannot say that we consider this one good as a detective story when compared with the work of Gaboriau, Poe, or others. It is, like its predecessors, part fact and part romance. An attempt to extort money from Jay Gould—thinly disguised here as Mr. Golding—by threats on his life, gives the detectives an opportunity to display their ingenuity. There are various false clues, and the reader is kept in suspense to the end. But it is odd that all parties seem to ignore the possibility of the threatened letters having been written by an ordinary blackmailer who had no personal hatred for the millionaire, as indeed was, we believe, the fact in the actual occurrence which gives rise to the story. Another fault in the plot is the introduction of the villain, Fowler Morgan, for no reason whatever except to mislead the reader. Still a third is the fact that the actual perpetrator of the crime in the book has no traits of character which would lead her to commit such an act.

A Hebrew Grammar. By the Rev. W. H. Lowe, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge. (New York: Thomas Whittaker. 75 cents.) We have before us merely a sketch of Hebrew grammar; but the author alleges that it contains enough to enable the student to read the Hebrew Scriptures with the aid of it and of a dictionary. We are inclined to doubt the statement unless one is especially clever in the acquisition of languages. There are forms in plenty, but the explanations thereof are rather meager. The arrangement is in the form of tables, with text to correspond. Definitions of terms are very brief, necessarily so in a measure, and perhaps all essential principles are included. Certainly a Hebrew grammar written on the assumption that a man cannot live forever to learn it is a move in the right direction.

The Tailor-Made Girl. By Philip H. Welch. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) The shrewdness of Mr. Welch's social satire is keen, and his wit sparkles; these papers, in which the fashionable New York girl is brought before us in her affectations, insincerities, and follies, are decidedly clever and striking. They originally appeared in one of the comic weekly papers, where they have furnished one of the most attractive features of the year. The drawings which accompany the papers are by Mr. C. J. Taylor, and are admirably in sympathy with Mr. Welch's spirit. They appear, however, to less advantage in the book form than as originally printed.

The Dusantes. By Frank R. Stockton. (New York: The Century Company.) We have spoken more than once of Mr. Stockton's ludicrous and ingenious sequel to "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," as it ran its magazine course. It is now printed in handsome book shape, and will doubtless still further extend its author's popularity. Mr. Stockton's skill in discovering impossible and delightful situations, and extricating his characters from the remarkable difficulties into which they fall, has not failed him here. Yet we imagine most readers will agree that there is nothing so deliciously humorous in this sequel as in the relation of the first adventures of the estimable ladies whose names figure in the title.

The Nun's Curse. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) The title of this story smacks of the "penny dreadful," but it is in point of fact by no means a sensational or lurid tale. The superstition on which the tale rests might very well exist among the Irish peasantry, by whom it is supposed to be held. The chief value of the tale is in the pictures it gives of the relation of landlord and tenant, and in some quite clever sketches of Irish character in many ranks of life. This story is carelessly put together, and gives the impression of having been in parts hastily written.

Slips of Tongue and Pen. By J. H. Long. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) This little volume presents in concise and clear shape a long list of grammatical errors, objectionable words and phrases, and inelegancies in composition. It gives much good advice on points of punctuation, choice of phrases, and accuracy of expression. It is well arranged, carefully indexed, and cannot fail to be a convenient handbook for the desk or library table.

THE MAGAZINES.

In point of illustration in this issue of *Harper's Magazine* the splendidly pictorial articles on "Modern Spanish Art," by Mr. E. B. Prescott, and on "Canadian Voyageurs on the Saguenay," by Mr. E. H Farnham, have not been surpassed by anything in the recent record of the periodical. This March number is also notable for several short papers of more than ordinary interest; foremost among these is Mr. Howells's second installment of his charming series of illustrated papers on Swiss travel, with drawings by Mr. Reinhart. A little character sketch from history by Mr. T. W. Higginson, called "A New England Vagabond," is also most agreeable reading. A series of studies of the great West by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner suitably follows the recent excellent studies of the South. Mr F. Anstey, the well-known novelist, contributes an extremely amusing account of a fair in an English country town, illustrated with great spirit and humor by Mr. Barnard. Miss Anna L. Dawes (daughter of Senator Dawes) has a carefully written article on the advance of civilization so far attained in the Indian Territory—a subject of the greatest possible present importance and value. We have mentioned only a part of the attractive features of this number, which in variety and entertaining qualities is one of the best of recent months.

The thousands of readers who years ago looked monthly for the installment of Dr. Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" will rejoice to be again invited to meet their old friend in pleasant chat, this time across the tea-table. The first of the new series of papers appears in the March *Atlantic*, and has all the old time originality and spice. Several other features unite to make the issue a particularly agreeable one, while papers of solid value are not wanting. Mr. Henry James begins a short serial story; Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has a finely drawn sketch of New England; the serials by Miss Murfree and Mr. E H House both reach the climax of interest; a poem by T. W. Higginson is well worth reading; the Indian question is discussed by Mr. J. B. Thayer; Mr. John Fiske continues his valuable studies on our early history; the "Law of Fashion," by Professor N. S. Shaler, and "The Marriage Celebration in the Colonies," by Mr. F. G. Cook, are curious social studies.

Max O'Rell, who is now in this country, in this month's *Lippincott's* favors the reading public with some amusing extracts from the anonymous critical letters he has received from all sorts of people, and which, he tells us, he is wont to use as wholesome physic, "occasionally taking a dose of flattery or abuse according as my state of depression or self-complacency may seem to require." A curious chapter of political history is told in Mr. F. G. Carpenter's "Talk with a President's Son." In it General John Tyler tells how President Tyler was forced into the appointment of Calhoun as Secretary of State by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who, without consultation with the President, wrote to Calhoun offering him the portfolio. Surely a President of greater strength of purpose would have refused to have been thus dragooned into action against his will. The novelette for the month is by Julia Magruder.——In *Macmillan's Magazine* a story by Henry James is this month begun. The articles dealing with Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" and "The Life of Darwin" are literary articles worthy of careful reading.—— Mr. Andrew Carnegie contributes a hopeful article on "The President's Puzzle—the Surplus" to the *North American Review*. Another interesting feature of the number is a "symposium" on "Permanent Republican Clubs."

LITERARY NOTES.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse intends, it is said, to write a Life of Congreve.

—It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that T. B. Aldrich and H. M. Alden, editors respectively of the "Atlantic" and "Harper's," were both born November 11, 1836.

—Announcement is made by T. Y. Crowell & Co. of a new work by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins. It is entitled "Taxation in American Cities and States," and will appear early next month.

—Mr. Spurgeon has written a letter to his American publishers, Robert Carter & Brothers, denying a published statement that he had complained that he received nothing for the sale in this country of his sermons, and thanking the firm for their liberal conduct toward him.

—Miss Beatrice Potter, who is to edit Herbert Spencer's biography after his death, is constantly receiving his instructions on the subject—a cheerful occupation for Miss Potter. Mr. Spencer occasionally writes some autobiographical fragments—setting forth things he is rather particular about.—[Exchange.

—Mr. Thomas Whittaker has in preparation a series to be known as the "Contemporary Pulpit Library," at one dollar per volume, being a series of sermons by the greatest preachers of our times. The first volume will contain fifteen sermons by Canon Liddon. This will be followed by volumes from Canon Farrar and Bishop Magee, of Peterborough.

—A class will be formed in this city for the study of Volapük, meeting at Packard's Business College, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 P.M. Fee, $5 for the first course of twelve lessons. Preliminary meeting of the class, Friday, February 24. First lesson, 28th. Number of class limited. Apply to Charles E. Sprague, Union Dime Savings Institution.

—Part IV. of the English Philological Society's Dictionary is in proof as far as the word "Carbon." Last year over 100,000 slips were sent in to Dr. Murray by readers, and 40,000 came from one person alone—Mr. N. Douglas. Complaint is made that the promised readers in the United States of America, of authors like Hawthorne and Lowell, have failed.

—Miss Blanche Willis Howard writes from Stuttgart, says the "Tribune," that she is writing a novel, keeping house, educating a family of nieces and nephews, nursing several cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever, supervising the translation of one of her books into German, Italian, and French, improving her memory according to a system, and learning to use a type-writer.

—The appearance of bits of original verse by Walt Whitman in the Personal Intelligence column of the "Herald," which has been puzzling people of late, is said to be the result of an arrangement made by Mr. Bennett during his last visit to America, for the purpose of relieving the Camden veteran's poverty. The verses are reported to be paid for at figures liberal even for Mr. Bennett.

—Mary Howitt died a Catholic, although she was buried beside her husband in the English Protestant Cemetery at Rome. She had gone to Rome in order to be present at the Papal Jubilee ceremonies. She was received by the Pope as the first of the English deputation, and after her death the Pope remembered her in his mass. She did not become a Catholic until after the death of her husband, and in thus doing followed the example of her daughter.

—The forthcoming Riverside edition of the poetical works of Mr. Whittier will be issued in style uniform with the Riverside Longfellow. Mr. Whittier has carefully revised the text, and has added notes concerning the circumstances in which many of the poems were written. Portraits will be given showing the poet at different periods of his career. In the last volume will be printed an index and a table of first lines. The edition will comprise four volumes. A large-paper edition, limited to 500 copies, is also announced.

—The D. Lothrop Company announce the preparation and speedy publication of a series of graphic historical narrations by popular authors telling the story of the States of the American Union from their earliest beginnings to the present day. The design of this series is to detach the records of the several States from the domain of prosaic historical detail, and to infuse into the narrative life and vigor. Mr. E S. Brooks is to edit the series, and among the other writers will be: E. E. Hale, Noah Brooks, Marion Harland, Mrs. Jessie Fremont, Maurice Thompson, and "Sidney Luska."

—Professor Ruskin has presented to the London Natural History Museum his large diamond and crystal of ruby, both remarkable for their excellence as mineral specimens, on condition that the following characteristic inscriptions shall always appear on the labels descriptive of the specimens: "The Colenso Diamond. Presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honor of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine first Bishop of Natal." "The Edwardes Ruby. Presented in 1887 by John Ruskin in honor of the invincible soldiership and loving equity of Sir Herbert Edwardes's rule by the shores of Indus."

—Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in preparation a series of recollections entitled "At Home and in War," by Colonel Alexander V. Verestchagin, brother of the celebrated Russian war painter. The first part consists of reminiscences of the author's life in his native village, previous to the emancipation of the serfs, and his experiences in St. Petersburg and the Military Academy. Part Second includes recollections of the Turkish campaign of 1878. Part Third covers the Turkoman expedition and the capture of Geok-tepe. The author was General Skobelef's adjutant, and is an intimate friend of many of the leading military men of Russia.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MORE REFORM NEEDED.

I see by reading The Christian Union, for which I am a subscriber, that you uphold President Cleveland's administration chiefly for its fidelity to Civil Service Reform. Especially do you think this deserves commendation because of the opposition to it in his own party. I cannot see how you have been able to ignore all the proofs that this support has not been sincere, and that as many changes, if not more, have been taking place as when Civil Service was openly derided. Of course, as a close observer of current events, you have read Senator Hale's speech in Congress on this subject. The facts there presented can hardly be discredited, as they are taken from a Democratic paper. But Senator Hale only mentions those who are not residents and employees in this city. It is of these and their grievances and suffering I would speak, intelligently, I think, as almost thirteen years' residence here and great interest in the subject have informed me on it. Dismissed without cause, generally without a day's notice, not allowed the extra salary for a month formerly given, most of them without provision for even a month in advance, owing to small salaries and cost of living, their condition is pitiable indeed. They find themselves penniless in a city where comparatively little is done outside of Government work, and that little more than taken up by those discharged previously. I venture to say, with the exception of those who are retained by Democratic influence, not one clerk feels safe from dismissal from day to day. No reason whatever is given when dismissed, and there is no relief obtained from the Commissioners, who have declared a chief can dismiss any employee, simply saying he does not wish for his services any longer. Many walk the streets day after day seeking in vain for even the humblest employment, and some I have known who, after months of such anxiety, have died from that sickness of the heart and collapse of all the faculties brought on by despair. You may say these things happen in every city. Yes, and all faithful Christians are striving to find a remedy for the evil. There the remedy can easily be found and employed. The influence of your paper is great; here is a way in which it can be used. I do not ask that any consideration should be shown to unworthy clerks, but for the others *justice*.

M. P. Rhodes.

[There are two methods of securing Civil Service Reform: one to limit the power of removal, the other to regulate the power of appointment. The latter is the method adopted, after much discussion and consideration, in this country. On some accounts we should prefer the other method, but we do not think it worth while to agitate the question, which has already been practically decided. We give this letter publication without knowing anything of the facts stated in it from personal knowledge or other sources. In our judgment, no faithful employee should ever be discharged either by the Government or by an individual employer except on reasonable notice. If the departments at Washington have violated this rule in dismissing employees who have not been derelict in duty, without giving them reasonable notice, they have, in our judgment, violated the law of Christian ethics applicable to all business.—Eds. C. U.]

"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

Dear Christian Union:

Your answer to an "inquiring friend" in The Christian Union of January 26 in regard to "Christian Science" I should hardly think would be satisfying, if the desire of that friend is to know of the philosophy of "Christian Science," and not merely its value as a curative of bodily ills.

Of what avail are plasters on a "non-existent nonentity" or a mere "projection of the mind"? There is no such thing as circulation of the blood, no such thing as flesh and bones, consequently no such thing as illness; all is a delusion of "mortal mind"!

To this philosophy, or religion, this "Christian Science" (falsely so called), I hold three, to me, insuperable objections.

1. It is unreasonable. Consistency in its followers would dispense with fuel, food, and clothing; they should take literally no thought for the morrow; and yet, although I know many of them well, I see them quite as anxious for money, quite as particular as to food and clothing, and quite as sensitive to cold and heat as the greatest unbeliever of us all. When reproached with this, and asked why they still suffer more or less of human ills, they plead that the habit of delusion is still upon them; that it takes time to cure the mind of misconceptions so strongly fixed, and, as the more devoted ones expect never to die, they hope still to prove to the world their faith by their works.

2. It is immoral in its tendency. I do not assert that its followers lead immoral lives (although I am recently informed that some of the more advanced devotees have declared against marriage as a bond), but I cannot see that there is anything in its philosophy which would make binding the physical purity of its followers.

3. It is unscriptural. I am aware of the claim that it is the *only* Scriptural religion; that it holds the key to the Bible, and unlocks all that has before been hidden in its pages; but when I find that it does away with a personal God—asserting that he is only the great fountain of good, the perfect sphere by which we are all bounded—when I find that there is for the world no personal Saviour, no personal responsibility, although sin is the cause of all these delusions about the body, I feel that I am justified in calling "Christian Science" unscriptural. You may prove any issue by a few selected proof-texts from the Bible.

Many dear children of God, misled by its specious name, have taken up with this new religion, which is really an old one, being but a mingling of Buddhism and Pantheism, with a change of some features to suit it to the modern Occidental mind. With many, I am aware, it is a mere "fad," or craze, like unto "blue glass," mesmerism, etc.

When my "Christian Science" friends ask me why I do not try its doctors for illness in my family, I answer, "Because, although I trust God for restoration, I believe he intends me to use means and leave the results to him; otherwise I should provide no food or other necessaries for my family, since Christ has said, 'All these things shall be added unto you.' Besides," I add, "I much prefer to think my body sick than to think it of my mind."

S. D. M.

THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMNS.

I cannot help feeling that the second letter recently published on "The Moody and Sankey Hymnology" was not fair in its criticism. It seems to me that any fair criticism of the Gospel Hymns must take into account their origin, purpose, and history or practical working.

To judge them from a purely technical point of view—whether poetic or musical—is to do them an injustice. Especially will this be true when the criticism is made by one who lives and works in a different atmosphere, and who is himself a writer of a very different class of music. Such a person must be out of sympathy with the Gospel Hymns.

These hymns are often criticised in the same spirit in which all revival work is condemned. How shall we regard certain evangelists who, though judicious, earnest Christian workers, are not great thinkers, have not a very large grasp of truth, preach some poor theology, are too emotional, use questionable methods and too much "commonplace language," etc.?

Is not this the standpoint: Do they adapt the Gospel message to the time and place, with the earnest, prayerful object of saving men? Should not the Gospel Hymns be judged in the same way? It must be admitted that these hymns—words and music—have preached and are preaching the Gospel effectively. And not only this, but they do assist in the development of the Christian life after it has been entered upon. They possess the glow, individuality, and action necessary to reach and convict the "commonplace" hearer of the message. That is what is wanted—not poetry, not theology, not philosophy in any strict sense. They also bring encouragement, teaching, and stimulus enough to foster and develop a healthy Christian life. What their future may be I know not, but I will place it alongside of the future of nearly all the Sunday-school and church hymnology.

Only the best of each, of course, will survive, and there is about as much in one as the other. I have recently examined, with the aid of an excellent musician, nearly all of the Sunday-school song-books which have appeared within the last five years, and also many of the church hymnals; and, whatever may be said as to the poetry and theology selected, the music at least, both in its adaptation to the words and also to the supposed object in view, is inferior, and much of it far below, that of the Gospel Hymns. The two main faults are lack of harmony and lack of adaptability. Included in these are inflexibility, want of appeal to the memory and feeling. Music certainly is a divine medium of communication. It does not require a technical musical education; it has its power over a dumb animal. Only about one-fifth of all the new music is *usable* in the fullest sense.

I see nothing yet to take the place of Gospel Hymns for their work, though undoubtedly there must be a new supply soon. Let us hope it will be better, and on a higher musical plane; lacking some poor features. But let us not judge them hastily and unfairly, or throw them aside until their mission in God's hands is complete.

They are dear to very many who have been led by them to the Saviour. Their message has in some cases been more effectual than many sermons. They will not all perish; they have done and will do a noble work.

George R. Dickinson.

FACT AND RUMOR.

It is estimated that to collect one pound of honey from clover, 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of their nectar, and 3,750,000 visits from bees would be necessitated.

An American clergyman observes that there are three parties in his congregation—a mission party, an anti-mission party, and an o-mission party.—[Richmond Central Presbyterian.

If Shakespeare had only known about the Baconian cipher when he wrote his plays, there can be no doubt but that he could have made them fit a great deal better than they do.—[Lowell Citizen.

A writer in the Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette" tells of a Minnesota clergyman who was announced to preach a few Sundays ago on "The Influence of Man's Ideas of God on their Liver."

"Here is a genuine one for 'Pleasantries,'" writes a minister "One of my Sunday-school scholars, when asked to repeat the Golden Text of the lesson, said, 'It is *awful* to do good on the Sabbath day.'"—[Christian Register.

A singular wedding present was made the other day by the Bishop of Exeter, England. He attended the wedding of Dr. Wilkinson, Vicar of Plymouth, and after the ceremony he presented the bridegroom with the Archdeaconry of Totness.

The appearance of the only fat villain in fiction, Count Fosco, is explained by Mr. Wilkie Collins. He says that "he made him fat because a lady once made the remark at a dinner party that no novelist could make a really lifelike fat villain."

The language most spoken on the globe, for the last thousand years at least, is Chinese, which is talked by over 400,000,000 of the human race. The next language most in use, but at a very great distance behind Chinese, is Hindustani, spoken by over 100,000,000. Then follows English, spoken by about 100,000,000; Russian, over 70,000,000; German, over 57,000,000, and Spanish, over 47,000,000.—[Exchange.

The latest London novelty is the utilization of the drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the purposes of insurance. A company has been organized, to be known as the Automatic Accident Insurance Box Company, and its object is stated to be "to provide the public with a ready means of obtaining an insurance for twenty-four hours against death arising from accidents of every description by simply placing a penny in the slot of a box."

Some one has been at the trouble to estimate the weight of the diamonds which have been excavated from the African diamond fields in the last few years to the estimated value of $300,000,000, and have made it out to be six and a half tons. Diamond cutting, until lately, was done almost exclusively in Amsterdam, but recently the English cutters have beaten the Dutch, in some notable prize instances. It is said that here in the United States cut diamonds are taken up at the yearly rate of $15,000,000.

An Ohio clergyman who has been visiting here asked a lady who makes a point of keeping abreast of the times something in regard to her religious belief, and was shocked at the unsatisfactory answers he received. "But," he said at length, "how can you be happy without faith? Doesn't your womanly nature demand a belief in something?" "Oh, as to that," she replied, "I give absolute belief to each Boston craze as long as it lasts, and that not only satisfies the demand of my womanly nature for faith, but also for variety."—[Book Buyer.

Give books, says a wise contemporary, but do not lend. To lend a book is to bid it farewell forever. It is the law and the prophets. It is not in the least that the borrower does not intend to return it. He does intend to. There is not an act or thought of his life which is not entirely honorable, and he would never dream of defrauding or annoying any one. But there is a special fate that prevails over the borrowed book. It is under a spell. It is no more amenable to ordinary human laws. The moment it is lent it is enchanted, and forever it must so remain.

Logic is Logic.—The cows of a Georgia farmer got into the pea-field of his neighbor and destroyed about ten bushels of peas. Thereupon the latter farmer presented an account claiming $6 for ten bushels of peas, at sixty cents per bushel. The owner of the cows examined the account and then said: "Look here, my cows ate up ten bushels of your peas, but you know the rule in gathering peas is to give one-half for the gathering. So you see my cows were entitled to five bushels of those peas for picking them. Therefore, I only owe you for five bushels at sixty cents, and that makes $3. Here's your money." And at $3 they settled.

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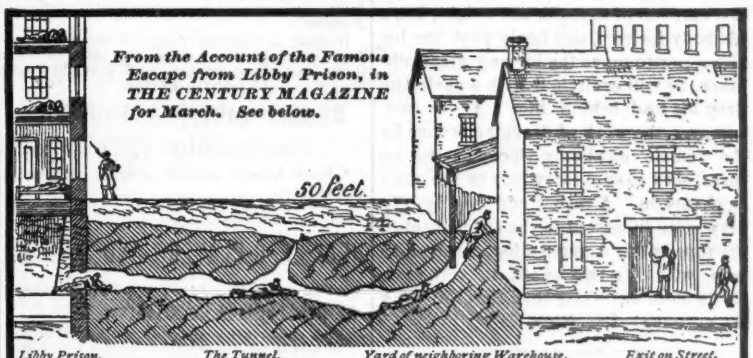

From the Account of the Famous Escape from Libby Prison, in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for March. See below.

Libby Prison. *The Tunnel.* *Yard of neighboring Warehouse.* *Exit on Street.*

OF THRILLING INTEREST in the March CENTURY is Captain Moran's narrative of the construction of the tunnel by which 109 Union officers, including himself, escaped from Libby Prison by night. The paper, which is illustrated, is as interesting as a story. Another article in the same magazine is George Kennan's "Russian State Prisoners," detailing among other incidents the touching story of the celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July (1876) by political prisoners at St. Petersburg. From rags which they saved for weeks they made up United States flags to hang from their windows, and bits of candle illuminated the gloomy prison court-yard at night.

The March CENTURY contains also "The Home Ranch," by Theodore Roosevelt, a richly illustrated paper on cowboy life. Other illustrated articles are "Salisbury Cathedral," "Some Pupils of Liszt," a brief estimate of Bismarck's peculiar influence, etc., with other timely features and interesting stories. The Lincoln History deals with the siege of Sumter, and describes Mr. Lincoln's part in the events which led to it and in the call to arms.

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ELEPHANTS IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS.

Lazy and clumsy-looking as the elephant appears in our menageries, where it is merely an object of curiosity, in Asia it is as useful an animal as the horse, and is, indeed, employed in a greater variety of ways. There are few, if any, tasks which a horse can be trusted to perform without careful and constant guidance; whereas the elephant is frequently given as much independence of action as a man would have for the same work. This is notably the case in the lumber yards of Rangoon and Maulmein, where the entire operation of moving and piling the heavy timber is performed by male elephants without any special supervision by the keepers. The logs to be moved are teak-wood, which is very heavy. They are cut into lengths of twenty feet, with a diameter or perhaps a square of about a foot. An elephant will go to a log, kneel down, thrust his tusks under the middle of it, curl his trunk over it, test it to see that it is evenly balanced, and then rise with it and easily carry it to the pile that is being made. Placing the log carefully on the pile in its proper place, the sagacious animal will step back a few paces and measure with his eye to determine whether or not the log needs pushing one way or another. It will then make any necessary alteration of position. In this way, without any word of command from its mahout, or driver, it will go on with its work. To do any special task it must, of course, be directed by the mahout; but it is marvelous to see how readily this great creature comprehends its instructions, and how ingeniously it makes use of its strength. If a log too heavy to be carried is to be moved a short distance, the elephant will bend low, place his great head against the end of the log, and then, with a sudden exertion of strength and weight, throw his body forward and fairly push the log along; or to move the log any great distance, he will encircle it with a chain and drag his load behind him. As a rule, however, the work of dragging is done by the female elephants, since, having no tusks, they cannot carry logs as the male elephants do. A man could hardly display more judgment in the adjustment of the rope or chain round a log, nor could a man with his two hands tie and untie knots more skillfully than they do with their trunks.—[St. Nicholas.

A MINISTER'S TACT.—A female member came to the manse with a long and bitter complaint against another member of the same sex. She was under strong excitement, and was bent upon using her rights to bring discipline to bear upon the offending member. Mr. Murker perceived at once that it was only a woman's quarrel. With a little legitimate guile he succeeded in bringing her to a more calm and sober frame of mind, and evaded the necessity of officially dealing with the case without giving offense to the complainant. As she went on with great volubility and force, he quietly took the notes. She came back a second time to renew the attack. A third time did she appear with more material for the big conflagration she was determined to make. At last, when she was done, he applied a mental douche that was effectual in cooling her nerves and bringing her to her senses. He said: "You will observe that I was writing while you were speaking. Now listen to me while I read what has fallen from your lips."

She was taken aback, and as he went on reading what she had uttered in her haste she was ashamed, her better nature came to the front, and the finishing touch was given when he handed her the pen that she might subscribe her name to what was on the paper. "I think," she gasped out, "it will be better to—drop the matter."—[From "John Murker of Banff."

The Boston "Advertiser" denies, with authority, the rumor that Joachim has been stricken with paralysis. A letter lately received from him states that he has only suffered from an affection of the nerve of the little finger of his left hand—an affection not unknown to violinists—and even this was not severe enough to cause him to cease his violin-playing. The welcome news is also added that he hopes yet to visit America, although when and how cannot at present be determined.

Gaul's cantata, "Joan of Arc," is in the hands of the Choral Society at Rutland Vt., and will probably be brought out at the next festival held by the association. It was first sung at the late festival in Birmingham, England.

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Stainer's Dictionary (o Cyclopædia), Profusely illustrated.	4.00

First-Class and Very Successful Collections of Piano Music are:

Classical Pianist. 42 FINE PIECES,	1.00
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Any Book Mailed for Retail Price.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway, New York.

The Best Chair in the wide, wide World.

AN ELEGANT PRESENT.

Look at this picture of solid comfort and then send to 930 BROADWAY (bet. 21st and 22d Streets), New York, and buy a

MARKS ADJUSTABLE RECLINING CHAIR.

Think of it! A Parlor, Library, Reclining or Invalid Chair, Lounge, Full-length Bed, and Child's Crib combined, and adjustable to any position requisite for comfort or convenience.

MARKS CHAIR CO., 930 Broadway, N. Y.

EASTER CARDS BY MAIL.

EASTER SUNDAY comes on the *first day* of April. Easter card packets for 1888 **now ready,** and are unusually fine. **Order at once.**

We will send a complete set of the first six packages for **$3.50,** and of the complete **9 sets for $5.00,** and 50 cents for postage and registering, or any one ordering $5.00 worth of the above packets at one time, a $1.00 packet will be sent free.

No. 1.—For 50 cents and 4 cents for postage, 17 Prang & Co.'s and other fine Easter Cards, together with a DOUBLE FRINGED CARD AND A HANDSOME BIRTHDAY CARD.

No. 2.—For 50 cents and 4 cents for postage, 10 large and finer Cards from the above publishers, with a FOLDING CARD, also a CARD OPENING IN FORM OF A GREEK CROSS, by L. Prang & Co.

No. 3—For $1.00 and 6 cents for postage, a choice selection of 25 BEAUTIFUL CARDS OF PRANG'S and HILDESHEIMER'S including a SOUVENIR BOOKLET (retail price, 35 cents) and a PANSY FOLDING CALENDAR, by L. Prang & Co.

No. 4.—For $1.00 and 8 cents for postage, a selection of 9 OF OUR LARGEST AND FINEST CARDS, together with an EASTER BOOKLET and an EASTER CHERUB CARD CUT OUT IN FORM OF AN ANGEL'S HEAD WITH WINGS.

No. 5—For $1.00 and 10 cents for postage, 10 double fringed cards (not folded), each in a separate envelope, together with a book mark mounted on silk ribbon, by L. Prang.

No. 6.—For 25 cents and 2 cents for postage, 10 Prang's, Tuck's, Ward's, and other beautiful cards.

No. 7.—For $1.00 and 8 cents for postage, 4 beautiful Folding Cards and 4 Souvenir Books, with appropriate selections from best authors (retail price, 25 and 50 cents each).

No. 8.—BIRTHDAY PACKET. For 50 cents, 17 Fine Cards of Prang's or Tuck's.

No. 9.—SUNDAY-SCHOOL PACKET. For 50 cents, 20 Cards of Marcus Ward's, Prang's Cards, assorted.

STAMPS OR POSTAL NOTES RECEIVED.

Pearl Cards and other Novelties, at **15, 25, 50, 75 cents,** and **$1.00** each for Birthday or Anniversary, which will be selected with care for different tastes and ages as specified.

TO TEACHERS ONLY.

50 Marcus Ward's, Prang's, and other beautiful cards no two alike, for **$1.00 and 8 cents** for postage. Better assortment, **$2.00 and 10 cents** for postage. A very choice selection, no two alike, **$3.00 and 30 cents** for postage and registering.

PAPER. To introduce more extensively our already famous brands of fine note papers, **Beacon Hill Linen** (finest paper made); **Carter's Standard** (variety of latest tints); **Treasury Bond** (toughest paper made) we offer the following desirable boxes:

For 35 cents and 5 cents postage, 1 box containing **24 Sheets and 24 Envelopes,** of either grade of the above qualities desired.

For $1.00 and 20 cents postage, 1 box containing **24 Sheets Beacon Hill Linen** (part smooth and part Irish linen finish); **24 Sheets Carter's Standard,** 2 tints, with envelopes to match; **24 Sheets Treasury Bond** commercial note, with envelopes to match all.

For $2.00 and 40 cents postage, 1 box containing **48 Sheets Beacon Hill Linen,** smooth and antique, new wallet size; **48 Sheets Carter's Standard,** 4 latest tints, and envelopes to match; **48 Sheets Treasury Bond,** two sizes, and envelopes. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes, with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of 15 cents, and special prices to those taking orders for these papers with our card packets. These papers are the correct sizes and finish for fashionable correspondence.

H. H. CARTER & KARRICK, No. 3 Beacon St., BOSTON.

ENTIRELY NEW EDITION
—OF—
CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.
A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

On March 1st, 1888, will be published Volume 1.

To be completed in Ten Volumes. Issued at Intervals.

PRICE PER VOL: CLOTH, $3.00. CLOTH, UNCUT, $3.00. SHEEP, $4.00. HALF LEATHER, $4.50.

Edited and Published under the Auspices of

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CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA is convenient in size, moderate in price, and so arranged that every subject in the field of human knowledge can be referred to without difficulty. This new edition, in preparing which the editorial staff has had the assistance of eminent Specialists in all departments, has been rewritten, and is printed from new clear type, with fresh illustrations and maps.

The work may be ordered from any Bookseller, and Prospectus with Specimen Page may be had on application.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers,
715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

"THE STRONGEST."

Mr. D. L. MOODY is using our latest issue GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 5 WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS, at Louisville with great satisfaction. He says, "NO. 5 IS BY ALL ODDS THE STRONGEST SINGLE VOLUME WE HAVE ISSUED."

MUSIC EDITION, Boards, sent postpaid on receipt of 35 cents.
WORDS ONLY, " " 6 cents.

May be ordered through any Bookseller or Music Dealer, or from the Publishers direct.

Mr. Moody uses the GOSPEL HYMNS, published by the undersigned, in his meetings, and NO OTHERS. The attempt to associate his name in the use of any other Song Book is misleading, and is not authorized by him.

BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth Street, New York.
81 Randolph St., Chicago.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.,
74 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati.
19 East 16th Street, New York.

FUNNIEST BOOK YET! Nearly 75,000 SOLD! NEW Edition ONLY $1.75.

Sells Like Fun!

"SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA"

AGENTS WANTED! BIG TERMS!

"Sez he, Them dumb fools believe in supernatural things. Why can't they believe sunthin' sensible." —J. ALLEN. *Critics say of it:* "Delicious humor."—*Will Carleton.* "Full of genuine wit."—*O. H. Tiffany.* "Keenest sarcasm"—*Observer.* "Exceedingly amusing."—*Rose E. Cleveland.* "Excruciatingly funny."—*Weekly Witness.* "Bitterest satire coated with exhilarating fun."—*Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D.* **Agents Coining Money.** One book **AS OUTFIT** by mail **$1.25.** Apply to **HUBBARD BROS.,** Publishers, Phila., Boston & Chicago

FOR EASTER.

DAY OF JOY. A grand Gospel Service; strong and sterling music interwoven with appropriate Scripture; new Songs for the Congregation and Anthems for the Choir; devotional and joyful; a Service which any Pastor might be glad to have in the Church or the Sunday school. Prepared by the Rev. ROBERT LOWRY. **Price, $4 per 100; 5 cents each by Mail.**

EASTER ANNUAL NO. 12. Issued this season. New music by popular composers, and original Songs by favorite authors. **Price, $4 per 100; 5 cents each by Mail.**

A fine assortment of Easter Anthems from 5 cents to 35 cents each.
A complete Catalogue sent on request.

BIGLOW & MAIN, 76 E. Ninth St., New York.
Chicago House, 81 Randolph Street.

BEST STITCH

Send for samples of Test Stitching, showing relative strength of the shuttle or lock-stitch seam, compared with seam made by the W. & G. Automatic. The only genuine "Automatic" Sewing Machine. Physicians endorse it:—"No Risk to Health."

Willcox & Gibbs S.M. Co., 658 Broadway, N.Y.

"HOME EXERCISER" *or Brain Workers and Sedentary People*, Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 8th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Down. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any thing that I liked half as well."

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.
(Reclining.)

A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. The **LARGEST FACTORY and BEST CHAIRS** in the world. Send for Circular to

Mention this paper. **Howard Invalid Chair Co., 260 Hayen St.**

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

OUR ADVERTISERS WHOM WE RECOMMEND TO THE PATRONAGE OF OUR READERS

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Good advertising is nothing but telling the facts in the plainest way.—J. E. Powers, Advertising Expert.

RAG-GATHERERS.—There are in Paris over 80,000 people who make their living out of rag-gathering and burrowing in the ash bins of the city, and many more who are dependent directly on the rag industry. Unlike their professional brethren in London, they have not taken to rag-gathering as a necessity when everything else had failed. They are organized and knit together like any co-operative or industrial society, and are divided into two great classes of workers—diurnal and nocturnal. The nocturnal breed begin to ply their work about 11 o'clock. They may be seen going from street to street carrying a huge basket on their back and with a lantern in one hand and an iron hook called a crotchet in the other. They walk smartly along the gutter, looking keenly about their feet, and now and then pick up something with the crotchet and pitch it into the *hotte* or basket. They stop at every dust-box, and, after ransacking it to their heart's content, proceed on to the next. The weaker and younger members of the fraternity work at home. The rag-gatherers have regular beats on the streets. When a chiffonier wishes to retire, he sells the good-will of his business to his successor before he gives up his medal. Every master chiffonier has a certain number of pickers attached to him. He pays them by piece-work. The daily earnings of the craft vary from 1s. to 1s. 6d.—[Paris Letter.

NEW MODEL

HALL TYPEWRITER.

Price $40.

Light, Durable, Complete.

82 Characters, Upper and Lower Case, Figures, &c.

Will do anything done by other Writers, and excel them all in beauty of work and wearing qualities.

Send for full description to the

HALL TYPEWRITER CO.,

SALEM, MASS.

THE NEW BOOK OF GOSPEL HYMNS.

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

Edited by D. B. TOWNER.

Containing in addition to those hymns sung by Mr. Towner in Gospel Meetings, Conventions, etc., CONDUCTED BY MR. D. L. MOODY AND OTHERS, a few of the older favorites gathered from all sources, together with a large number of new compositions, all gems; many of them already *pronounced favorites*. The book is enriched by contributions from **McGranahan, Stebbins, Root, Palmer, Phillips, Sherwin, Bilhorn, Kirkpatrick, Doane, Stockton, Sweney, Knapp, Lorenz, Converse, Ogden, Excell, Fisher, O'Kane, Hasty, Burke, Hudson, Baltzell, Perkins, Hoffman, Fillmore**, and others.

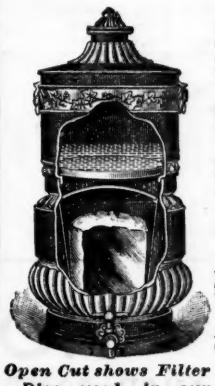
Hymns New and Old is not a hasty compilation, but carefully selected hymns of power and usefulness, having been proved such by the test of their moving power in large gatherings. The large range of authors guarantees the most complete variety. Every phase of Christian experience and work is covered. Just the book for Special Gospel Meetings, Prayer Meetings and the Sunday School.

223 Hymns, board, **$30 per 100** copies. Sample copy to any address for 30 cents. **Word Edition**, paper, **$5 per 100**; board, **$10 per 100.**

Fleming H. Revell, Publisher,

CHICAGO: 148-150 Madison St. NEW YORK: 148-150 Nassau St.

GATE CITY STONE FILTER CO.



46 Murray St., New York. Fine China and Gray Stone-ware Jars to hold the Water.

A NATURAL STONE for a Filtering Medium.

Fitted with separate Patent Ice Chambers to cool the water.

As easily cleaned as a Water Pitcher.

All water is filled with impurities during the rainy season.

This Filter will ABSOLUTELY CLEAN IT.

Open Cut shows Filter Disc used in our Filters and Separate Patent Ice Chamber

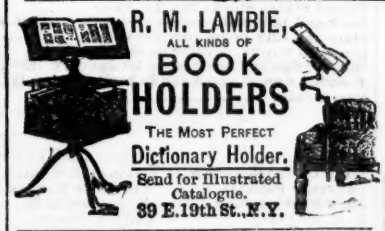
Address as above for Descriptive Price List.

Mention The Christian Union.

For 1888 is better than ever, and should be in the hands of every person contemplating buying PLANTS or BULBS. It contains 3 Colored plates, thousands of Illustrations, and nearly 150 pages, telling what to buy, and where to get it, and naming lowest prices for honest goods. Price of GUIDE only 10 cents, including a Certificate good for 10 cents worth of Seeds.

SEEDS,

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.



R. M. LAMBIE,

ALL KINDS OF

BOOK HOLDERS

THE MOST PERFECT

Dictionary Holder.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

39 E. 19th St., N.Y.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

SEEDS AND PLANTS

New Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fruits,—Rare Tropical Fruits.

GRAND PALMS FROM SEED.

FILIFERA PALM.

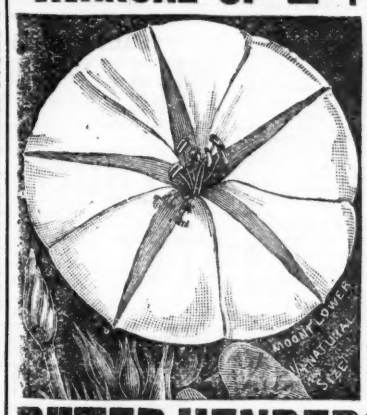
WE are now able to offer for the first time, both seed and plants of that King of Ornamental plants, the new **FILIFERA PALM.** Stately and beautiful beyond description, it is the finest addition that can be made to any collection of plants, and can be grown in any window or garden as easy as a geranium. It is of a compact growth with elegant large leaves, from which hang long thread-like filiments, giving the plant a most odd and beautiful appearance. In fact there is nothing like it in cultivation and good specimens sell for enormous prices. Plants are easily raised as the seed are large, germinate quick and grow rapidly. Per packet **25cts. 5 for $1.00.** Year old plants 40 cts. each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00 by mail postpaid. Will also mail **3 Storm King Fuchsias** for **50cts., 12 Excelsior Pearl Tuberoses** for **85cts., 12 Choice Mixed Gladiolus** for **30cts.** Our **Giant Excelsior Pansies**, best in the world, **20cts.** per packet. New **Primrose Verbena**, yellow, a sterling novelty, **25cts.** per packet. True **Pygmae Aster, 50cts.** per packet.

Our Seed Catalogue for 1888

Is the most elegant ever issued. Illustrated with 10 colored plates, stipple-litho. covers and hundreds of fine engravings. In it is offered a great variety of **Flower** and **Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs** and **Plants** of all sorts, **New Fruits** and **Rare Tropical Fruits** suitable for pot culture, such as dwarf Oranges, Pine Apples, Bananas, Figs, Guavas, Sugar Apple, &c. **This elegant and Expensive Catalogue will be sent for only 10cts.**, which is only a part of its cost to us. Or if you order a packet of Palm seed or anything here offered and ask for Catalogue, it will be sent **free. Special Offer.** For 50 cts. we will send Palm, Pansy, and Primrose Verbena Seed and Catalogue. Write at once as this offer may not appear again. **To every order we will add an elegant Seed or Bulb novelty free.** Address,

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, Queens Co., N. Y.

OUR MANUAL OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN



is this season the grandest ever issued, containing **three colored plates** and superb illustrations of everything that is new, useful and rare in **Seeds** and **Plants**, with plain directions of "How to grow them," by PETER HENDERSON. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps.) To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual we will, at the same time, send **free by mail**, in addition, their choice of any one of the following novelties, the price of either of which is 25 cents:—One packet of the new **Green and Gold Watermelon**, or one packet of new **Succession Cabbage**, or one packet of new **Zebra Zinnia**, or one packet of **Butterfly Pansy**, or one packet of new **Mammoth Verbena**, or one plant of the beautiful **Moonflower**, (see illustration), *on the distinct understanding*, however, that those ordering will state in what paper they saw this advertisement.

PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

Do you or your young folks want to know how to raise flowers? Do you wish to know how to make your garden help pay the rent? Full instructions by mail. Diploma on graduation. Class of 1890 now filling up. Terms nominal. Circulars free.

CHARLES BARNARD,

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

SEEDS.

My Annual Priced Catalogue is now ready, and will be mailed free to all applicants. It contains all the leading and most popular sorts of

Vegetables, Farm and Flower Seeds,

Besides all the desirable novelties of last season, and nearly everything else in my line of business.

ALFRED BRIDGEMAN,

37 EAST 19TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY! A pkg. Mixed Flower seeds (500 kinds) with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE all for 2 stamps. Every flower-lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa. Be prompt. This offer appears but once more

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S LEADING SPECIALTIES.

ROSES

ALL VARIETIES, SIZES AND PRICES

FINE EVER-BLOOMING PERPETUAL, CLIMBING AND MOSS ROSES.

NEW AND RARE FLOWER SEEDS

HARDY PLANTS, New Moon Flower, Clematis, Spring Bulbs, JAPAN LILIES, New Chrysanthemums, & our WONDERFUL ORNAMENTAL VEGETABLES. *Everything sent* safely by mail or express *to all points.* We offer Choice NEW THINGS and STERLING NOVELTIES in all departments. Our NEW GUIDE, 100 pp., elegantly illustrated, describes over 1500 NEWEST and CHOICEST Varieties of ROSES, SEEDS, PLANTS and BULBS, and tells how to grow them Free. If you wish to plant anything, send for it. 20 Years Established. *Over 60 Large Greenhouses.* THE DINGEE & CONARD CO. ROSE GROWERS, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the Largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & CO'S Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL For 1888 will be mailed FREE TO ALL applicants, and to last season's customers without ordering it. *Invaluable to all.* Every person using Garden, Field or Flower SEEDS should send for it. Address D. M. FERRY & CO. Detroit, Mich.

READER If you love RARE FLOWERS, *choicest only*, address E. LIS BROS. Keene, N. H. It will astonish and please. FREE.

DRESS REFORM

ALPHA JERSEY FITTING UNDERGARMENTS

Vest and Drawers Separate or in One. MADE TO ORDER.

READY MADE UNION UNDERGARMENTS

Jersey fitting material, *Stockinet and Jaeger Wool.* Samples sent on application. LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S WAISTS a Specialty. Equipoise, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Waists. Corded Waists, Shoulder Brace and Corset Combined, Obstetric Bandages, Shoulder Stocking Supporters, Sanitary Napkins, etc.

MRS. A. FLETCHER, No. 6 East 16th Street, NEW YORK.

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: Nos. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1888.

Amount of Net Assets, January 1, 1887 ..... $71,819,623 48

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums	$19,328,519.87	
Less deferred premiums, January 1, 1887	1,041,666 15	$18,286,853.72
Interest and rents etc	4,252 430 50	
Less Interest accrued January 1, 1887	486,497.10	3,765,933 40 — $22,052,787.12
		$93,872,410.60

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, and Endowments matured and discounted (including reversionary additions to same)		$4,861,866.83
Dividends (including mortuary dividends), annuities, and purchased insurances		5,176,843.96
Total Paid Policy-holders	$9,535,210.79	
Taxes and re-insurances		264,495.60
Commissions (including advanced and commuted commissions), brokerages, agency expenses, physicians' fees, etc.		3 531,026.06
Office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc		629,360.98 — $13 969,093 43
		$79.912,317.17

ASSETS

Cash on deposit, on hand, and in transit		$3,038,499.60
United States Bonds and other bonds and stocks (market value, $51,235,814.82)		49,088 286 14
Real estate		6,887,092.59
Bond and Mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for $14,000,00 and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security)		15,969,372 78
Temporary Loans (market value of securities held as collateral, $2,404,853)		1,967,500.00
*Loans on existing policies (the Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, amounts to over $2,100 000		333,799.44
*Quarterly and semi annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1 1888		1,174,340 36
*Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection. (The Reserve on these policies, included in Liabilities, is estimated at $1,300,000,)		839,156 08
Agents' balances		170,792 59
Accrued Interest on Investments, January 1, 1888		488,477 59 — $79,912,317.17
Market value of securities over cost value on Company's books		3,167,528.68

*A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

TOTAL ASSETS, January 1, 1888 - - - - - $83,079,845 85

Appropriated as follows:

Approved losses in course of payment		$327,078.33
Reported losses awaiting proof &c		292,214 54
Matured endowments, due and unpaid (claims not presented)		27 592 30
Annuities due and unpaid (claims not presented)		13,042.96
Reserved for re insurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent. Carlisle net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent Carlisle net premium	$68,807,642.00	
Additional amount of Reserve (transferred from surplus account) required on account of new State Standard of valuation (Actuaries' 4 per cent), taking effect December 31, 1887	1 592 098 00	70,399,740.00
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, January 1, 1887, ve and above a 4 per cent. Reserve on existing policies of that class	4 176 425 25	
Addition to the Fund during 1887	1,748 602 54	
	$5,962 027.79	
DEDUCT— Returned to Tontine policy-holders during the year on matured Tontines	646,306 96	
Balance of Tontine Fund January 1, 1888		5,315,720.83
Reserved for premiums paid in advance		2,886 73
		$76,428,265 74
Divisable Surplus (Company's New Standard)		$6,651,580.11
		$83,079,845 85

Surplus by the present New York State Standard, i. e., 4 per cent. Actuaries' (including the Tontine Fund) $11 846,793 06

From the undivided surplus, as above the Board of Trustees has declared a Reversionary dividend to participating policies in proportion to their contribution to surplus, available on settlement of next annual premium.

Number of policies issued during the year, 28,522. Risks assumed, $105,749,295. Total number of policies in force December 31, 1887, 113,323. Amount at risk, $348,935,436.

TRUSTEES.

WM. H. APPLETON,	HENRY BOWERS,	ELIAS S. HIGGINS,	GEORGE H. POTTS,
WILLIAM H. BEERS,	JOHN CLAFLIN,	WALTER H. LEWIS,	C. C. BALDWIN,
WILLIAM A. BOOTH,	ROBERT P. COLLINS,	EDWARD MARTIN,	JOHN N. STEARNS,
HON. BENJ. H. BRISTOW,	ALEX. STUDWELL,	RICHARD MUSER,	WM. L. STRONG,
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THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

A. HUNTINGTON, M.D., Medical Director.

WILLIAM M. BEERS, President.
HENRY TUCK Vice-President.
ARCHIBALD H. WELSH, 2d Vice-Pres't.
RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.

THE 28th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES,

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1887.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1st, 1887 ..... $70,196,260.30

Income.

Premiums	$19,115,775.47	
Interest, Rents, etc.	4,125,073.82	23,240,849.29
		$93,437,109.59

Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$5,748,845.60	
Dividends, Surrender Values, Annuities and Discounted Endowments	4,313,664.21	
Total Paid Policy-holders	$10,062,509.81	
Dividend on Capital	7,000.00	
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	2,321,647.21	
General Expenses, State, County and City Taxes	1,747,997.11	14,139,154.13
Net Ledger Assets, December 31, 1887		$79,297,955.46

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages	$23,548,376.48	
Real Estate, including the Equitable Buildings and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	14,355,771.87	
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other Investments	26,516,182.38	
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, $627,362)	507,000.00	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	6,590,151.74	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest; and in transit (since received and invested)	7,657,967.50	
Due from Agents on account of Premiums	122,505.49	$79,297,955.46
Market value of Stocks and Bonds over book value		2,398,921.78
Interest and Rents due and accrued		812,361.61
Premiums, deferred and in transit		1,869,666.00
Total Assets, December 31, 1887		$84,378,904.85

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in this statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, Comptroller.

Total Liabilities, including legal reserve on all existing Policies (4 per cent. Standard) $66,274,650.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4% Reserve 18,104,254.85

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is $5,917,336.85
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is 12,186,918.00

New Assurance written in 1887 ..... $138,023,105

Total Outstanding Assurance 483,029,562

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEO. W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, } *Actuaries.*

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JAMES W. ALEXANDER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

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CORNELIUS N. BLISS,	ROBERT BLISS,	GEO. DEF. L. DAY,	HENRY R. WOLCOTT,
ALANSON TRASK,	JOHN J. McCOOK,	J. F. DE NAVARRO,	A. VAN BERGEN,
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HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

Office, 119 BROADWAY.

SIXTY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,

JANUARY, 1888.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3 000 000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	3,274 761 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses, Claims and Taxes,	400 118 80
Reserve for Sinking Fund,	10 612 06
Net Surplus,	1 375 690 75
CASH ASSETS,	$8,061,182 61

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$189,913 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	621,300 00
United States Stocks (market value)	2 151 900 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	2,036 867 50
State and City Bonds (market value)	225,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	605,750 00
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1888	38 251 87
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	34 .532 89
Real Estate	1 369, 67 59
Total,	$8,061,182 61

DIRECTORS:

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BENJAMIN PERKINS,	ALFRED S. BARNES,	JOHN R. FORD,	D. A. HEALD.
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		J. HARSEN RHOADES.	

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PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

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FINANCIAL.

The steadiness of foreign exchange is probably due to the dullness of the stock market and the consequent inactivity of foreign investment orders, and to the fact that exports of merchandise, while larger since February 1 than they were in the corresponding period of 1887, are yet rather light, and to the additional fact that imports are quite heavy. The January exports were small, due to various causes, and it is not, therefore, strange that sterling exchange remains steady; but for the fact that money on call in the London market is not over one and a half to one and three quarters per cent., which makes that market very unprofitable for the use of funds, we might at this time actually be called upon for specie from the European markets. Yet there is a continuous demand for investments in our security markets from European capitalists, which will probably prevent any gold movement away from our shores.

The plan of the Mobile & Ohio Railway Company, to which we have referred in these columns before, has finally been adopted and ratified by the debenture bond holders, and by the Board of Directors of the Company. The plan provides for the issue of a second mortgage four per cent. bond which shall be used to take up the four classes of debenture bonds as follows:

The first debenture shall receive one hundred and ten per cent. of the new bond; the second debenture shall receive one hundred per cent., after paying fifteen per cent. cash assessment; the third debenture receives the same on payment of twenty per cent. assessment; and the fourth debenture the same on payment of twenty two and a half per cent. cash. There is, however, an alternative provision in the plan which provides for the exchange of the various debentures without any cash payments by the holders, which is as follows:

The second debenture may exchange his bond for sixty-five per cent. of the new four per cent. second mortgage bond, the third for sixty per cent., and the fourth for fifty-five per cent. The scheme is drawn with all the liberality possible, and will doubtless meet with the approval of the most, if not all, of the debenture holders. There is a further provision for an assessment on the stock of five per cent., for which the present stockholder gets thirty per cent. additional new stock and five per cent. in the new four per cent. second mortgage bond. The money raised will furnish ample provision for placing the road in first-class physical condition, and the natural growth of Southern railway traffic insures the interest on the new bonds beyond a reasonable doubt.

Railway returns for the second week in February on seventy-six roads show in the aggregate over five per cent. increase over the same week a year ago, although they have experienced exceptionally severe weather, and in addition have suffered heavy losses from rate cutting which is the result of the general Western rate war among the trunk roads west of Chicago and east of the Missouri River. The latest returns for the third week received from thirteen roads make a showing of fifteen and a half per cent. gain over the third week of February, 1887. The stock market shows a hardening tendency, though at the very close of the week there was a slight reaction because of the adverse bank statement below, and rumors of a general strike among the Brotherhood of Engineers. This rumor, however, is contradicted, and is probably without foundation.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$4,471,200
Specie, decrease	2,832,300
Legal tenders, decrease	515,100
Deposits, decrease	2,441,800
Reserve, decrease	2,736,950

Money is two to two and a half per cent., averaging two and a quarter per cent. It remains a drug, and even with the Treasury accumulations there is not sufficient demand, and probably will not be for some time, to employ the surplus funds of the banks and trust companies.

WALL STREET.

Apropos of the recent death of David Whitmer, the last of the "three original witnesses" to the truth of the Book of Mormon, the "Christian Advocate," under the heading "A Mere Vision Proves Nothing," says: "We know of a Baptist deacon who solemnly declared that under the influence of a spiritual medium a table, having upon it a kerosene lamp, chased him up a flight of stairs, and that the lamp did not fall off. On subsequently measuring the table, it was found that the stairs were three feet and six inches wide, and the table five feet. The pious deacon looked at it, and, with the utmost simplicity, said, 'I thought it did.'"

INSURANCE STATEMENTS.

The forty-third annual report of the New York Life Insurance Company, which is printed in another column, is a favorable exhibit. The company received from premiums in the last year over eighteen million dollars and gained over eight millions in net assets. Its total income was over twenty-two millions, and it paid to policy-holders $4,361 367 in death claims and endowments, and $5,173 844 in dividends, annuities, and purchased insurances—a total of $9,535,211. Compared with the preceding year, the business shows an increase of over twenty-one and a half million dollars in insurance written and of over fifty-four and a half millions in insurance in force. The cash assets on January, amounted to $83,079,846.

From the twenty-eighth annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society it appears that the amount of the new insurance written in 1887 was $138,023 105, about twenty-seven millions in excess of the new business transacted in 1886. It is more than was ever before transacted by any life insurance company in the world. The Equitable policies become indisputable when three years in force, and all claims under them are paid immediately upon receipt of proofs of death.

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INVESTMENTS.
First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent. Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for Form, Circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.
W. B. CLARK & CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Equitable
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CAPITAL PAID IN (CASH) - 1,000,000
6 PER CENT. DEBENTURES and GUARANTEED FARM MORTGAGES. Interest payable semi annually at any of our offices. Our mortgages are upon improved FARMS ONLY. We loan no money on the unduly stimulated property of the towns and cities. Also
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WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE
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7 Per Cent. Guaranteed Mortgages
6 Per Cent. Gold Debentures.
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L. H. PERKINS, Secretary, Lawrence, Kansas.

SAFE INVESTMENTS
Capital, $750,000
Surplus, $388,016
In our Savings Department, in sums of
$5 to $200, paying
4 38/100 % annual interest, Savings Certificates are exchangeable for Securities mentioned below, and are also payable in cash on demand. In the MORTGAGE DEPARTMENT in amounts of $300 and upwards, at 5% interest, payable half yearly. In the 16 years and 10 months we have been in business we have loaned $11,156,430, and $6,794,690 of interest and principal was returned promptly to investors. Principal and interest fully guaranteed by Capital and surplus of $1,105,016. In other departments, up to 10% is assured. More than a Million Dollars have thus been invested, returns on which average largely in excess of Ten per cent.
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LOAN & TRUST CO.,
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Send for pamphlet.
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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

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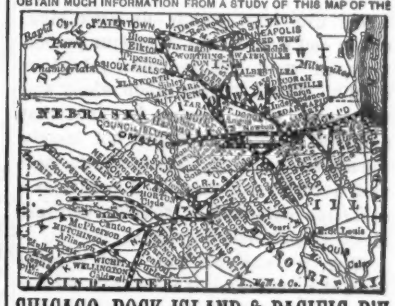

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THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1888

Opinions expressed in this department are our own.

DOWN WITH THE FENCES.

Please make up your mind how you will vote on the question of *No Fences*, and then read our comments in next week's paper.

UNDERWEAR.

To purchase underwear wisely and economically, regard must be paid to other qualities than the mere tasteful appearance of the goods. By far the larger number of children are poorly clothed in cotton underwear because mothers neither appreciate the value of wool nor understand the qualities of the average merinos. In fact, since underwear renders service as protection and not as adornment to the body, it is positively necessary for the shopper to obtain some idea of the purpose of wearing clothes before she will be able to value the various sorts found in the market.

We can buy cotton underclothing, cotton and wool mixed in various proportions, all wool, silk and wool mixed, or all silk. If we desire to shop wisely and well—and what woman has not that ambition?—we must know not merely the market value of these goods in their various forms as articles of domestic and of foreign manufacture, but also their real merits as materials for clothes.

Why, for example, pay a high price for a silk undervest that is shot with a thin coating of silk thread on the outer surface, if silk is a less useful material than wool? Or, if one desire the silk, why not demand that it should be placed on the inner surface of the garment, where it will protect the skin from the irritating effects of the woolen fibers?

The advice of the patient German experimenter is needed in considering even so simple a matter as the purchase of underclothing, since so many people are anxious to press their notions upon us and do only cloud the subject with mere words and assertions.

Not merely the art of making clothes, but what may be called the science of clothing, the comprehension of the services performed by clothing, has made considerable progress in the last five years. It began with a brief popular lecture by the eminent sanitarian, Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, which led to several long and careful investigations by other scientific Germans. A course of lectures by these patient workers would be highly instructive. If the crowd of shoppers to be found on Broadway or on the avenues could be induced to attend, they would learn many important things; but they would still need another course upon the art of shopping.

Clothes are worn to furnish the body, or, to speak more strictly, the skin, with a proper atmosphere. "We live in our dress like an unclothed savage in a paradisian country, where the air is constantly calm and the temperature seventy-five to ninety-seven degrees."

At least in moderate temperatures, the body does not necessarily lose more heat because it is unclothed. When the clothing is removed from the arm, its temperature falls, but soon rises again. When the arm is clothed, the temperature rises, but only to fall again. It is the condition of the skin that is changed; it is rendered bloodless and inactive by exposure; but full of blood and activity by clothing it. The skin is very active in producing moisture, and produces more moisture when it is properly clothed. In fact, a large part of the value of wool, as a material for clothes, is due to its peculiar relations to the moisture thrown off by the skin.

This function of the skin is necessary for its health, as it furnishes a reservoir for the blood, which, when expelled from the skin, overcharges the blood-vessels of the liver, the bowels, and the lungs.

A child may show no symptoms of cold and yet be inadequately clothed, or he may take cold because of such a quantity of clothing as shall overheat the skin and render the clothes damp with moisture. We usually take cold from the evaporation of moisture from the clothes or by the passage of a draught of air through them.

Compare some of these dry facts with every-day experience. How pleasant, after an all-day exposure to the cold air, to sit close to the fire and heat the skin into a glow that would be uncomfortable at another season! Who has not read of the heat in an Eskimo's hut?

The inactivity of the skin caused by cold, even in a well-clothed surface of the body, is thus, at the close of the day, offset by an excessive heating. But good underclothes render such extremes unnecessary except during the coldest weather. This is their permanent and constant effect—to keep the skin active by bathing it with an atmosphere of mild air.

But undergarments render an equally important service in protecting the surface of the body from draughts, and from sudden cooling through the chilling effects of evaporating moisture.

A wise woman, free from the tyranny of fashion, when she lays aside her sealskin jacket and puts on her spring suit, adds a buckskin (perforated) vest to her woolen underwear. The buckskin is only one-half as permeable to draughts as the woolen of the vest, but the latter is a safer garment as regards the retention and evaporation of moisture. Thus our fashionable women practice by very necessity what science would advise. But this can be said of but a few, even of the wealthy class. The great majority of women are wise neither for themselves nor for their children.

Wool is the best of all materials for undergarments, because it forms a porous cloth full of air-spaces for that atmosphere that we must carry about with us in our clothing to protect the skin from that colder atmosphere that covers the surface of the globe.

But it is even more valuable as a material for rapidly taking the moisture exhaled by the skin, and retaining it.[1]

Cotton goods and garments have only one half the capacity for imbibing water possessed by wool, and they give up this water very rapidly, one-quarter of it evaporating, under favorable conditions, during the first ten minutes of drying, while a woolen garment loses in the first ten minutes of drying less than ten per cent. of its moisture.

As it is this first ten minutes of exposure to cold, drying air that is peculiarly dangerous to our bodies, the great advantage of wool as a protection against the rapid evaporation of the moisture on the skin and in the garments becomes apparent, and renders unnecessary any speculations about other and mysterious effects. For wool is far superior to every other material as regards this most important quality.

Silk can take but three-quarters of the amount of moisture imbibed by a woolen garment, and gives to drying air, in the first ten minutes of drying, a larger portion of it than does even linen. Measured by their real values, silk undergarments are much inferior to woolen.

Silk, linen, and cotton underwear may lose in the first hour of exposure to drying air nearly all the moisture which has accumulated in them, while a woolen garment under like conditions will have lost but one-half its moisture, and therefore affords twice the protection against the chill of evaporating moisture rendered by any other clothing material.

Our bodies need this protecting influence of woolen goods in the summer as well as in the winter, but two peculiarities of wool have limited greatly its use for underwear. Wool shrinks, and continues shrinking with every wetting; and its rather harsh fibers irritate the sensitive nerves of the skin. This last peculiarity is specially true of the coarse and loosely woven, and therefore warmest, underwear.

But the tendency to shrink is very much greater in the white woolen underwear than in wool of natural color, and is least in wools that have been properly dyed. It is neither economical nor safe to buy merino undergarments of any lower than the best grade of "regular made" goods, because they usually contain but a small portion of wool, and, if all wool, they have a greater tendency to shrink than the cheaper garments. One must pay about $5 per suit for the better grade of merino white goods. Some persons cannot wear the cheaper, coarser, but excellent and trustworthy all-wool American goods, the vests selling at seventy-five cents to $1 for children's sizes, and from $1 to $2 for misses' and ladies' wear. These goods are superior in quality, durability, and in comfort to the Scotch woolens. They are of coarser wool, and the fiber is harder than the best imported merinos and fine woolen underwear, but are much cheaper and in every way superior to merinos of equal price.

We specially recommend red flannel drawers for ladies' wear. Ladies have a prejudice against colored undervests because of the danger of the sleeves becoming exposed, but this liability could be overcome in several ways. Colored underwear, be it understood, is much more trustworthy than white merinos, since the very presence of the dye indicates that at least a large portion of the threads are covered with wool, if not woolen.

But it is doubtful if the most expert buyer can estimate correctly the amount of wool in a mixed wool and cotton fabric. Many merinos contain five or ten per cent. of wool thrown upon the surface to deceive the customer. A merino containing forty per cent. of wool is considered in the trade a very fair article, but the more honest buyers will admit they cannot make any accurate estimate of the quantity of wool even in an article of that grade, not to speak of lower grades.

We shall refer to the proper methods of washing woolen goods at another time. It is here necessary to show how woolen and other underwear should be worn. For warmth the loosely woven goods are superior to those having a harder and closer texture, as the former contain a greater amount of room for that atmosphere needed by the body as a protection to the skin. But as the durability of the latter variety is greater, it is more economical and in many ways safer to wear several vests of various weights, one over the other. This method will secure the needed warmth in the coldest weather, and allow of the easiest adaptation of the clothing to the necessities of the wearer. A long ride on a cold day may be easily rendered safe by an additional garment. The warm spring days may be allowed, after some persuasion, to induce the removal of one layer of underclothing, which, however, must be kept in readiness for immediate use, or perhaps a thinner garment substituted for it.

March and May are two of the most dangerous months of the year. The death rate in March is higher than in any other month of the year, although for some acute lung diseases it reaches in this city a high figure in May. Those who would be wise should protect themselves and their children against the deadly winds and rapid changes of early spring. As a protection against wind, the buckskin undervest over one of wool is to be specially commended. But woolen drawers and stockings are also needed specially by girls and women. The temperature of the atmosphere above the knee under the dress, which will be about eighty five degrees when the wearer leaves the house, may be reduced thirty degrees within a few moments when the dress is exposed to the March breezes. When the limbs become chilled the blood is driven to the blood vessels of the vital organs and all the conditions prepared for acute disorders so prevalent in March.

In the cold and the damp and the hot months of the year we need the protection of woolen underclothing, but at no period so much as during the changeable and boisterous weather of early spring.

[1] Those who reside in cities having brick sidewalks have an excellent opportunity of observing the effects of evaporating moisture. The bricks will often be covered with a layer of ice (formed by the cold produced by the drying of moisture from the bricks) when there is not the least ice on the stone pavements.

SIFTINGS FROM THE MAIL.

A SUGGESTED MOTTO.

The Christian Union:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.—A. LINCOLN."

Fraternally suggested. Yours, W. F. K.

STEPHENS CITY, Frederick County, Va., February 15, 1888

NO PAYMENT NECESSARY.

Publisher Christian Union:

DEAR SIR,—Through mischance in your office, or during transmission of mails—I cannot locate—The Christian Union, No. 3, for January 19, failed to reach me. Some might consider this a small matter, and a matter of the past at that, and not worth recurring to; but I do not quite so regard it, as I have kept file of the paper for several years—ever since I began taking—and wish it to be complete, as I intend to have bound, and should much regret that a number be lacking. I don't know what your rule is in such case, where paper is not received, but though I think I might prefer as fair a claim to a free copy as though I had already received and used one for kindling, yet as I am not sure that you are to blame for my loss, and I much wish the copy, that my intended volume may be perfect, I inclose subscription price for, and request that you please send No. 3, issue for January 19, 1888. If you have not new, a second-hand copy preferable to none.

Truly your friend, T. W. C.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., February 10, 1888.

READ IN THE OLD HOME.

Christian Union Company:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 31 inst. stating that through the kindness of a friend of missionaries your paper would be sent me for one year, is received, and I can only return my warmest thanks. For many years in my father's house The Christian Union was a welcomed visitor, and I read it with much profit long before I gave my heart to Christ. And now on the frontier it will be more than welcome. I shall draw from it both inspiration and courage, for in manliness, breadth of thought, and true Christian charity I place the Union in the very van of religious journalism, and eight years of newspaper experience has given me a right to judge. Please express to your Massachusetts friend my pleasure at his noble gift.

Yours very truly, G. R. P.

LEIGH, Neb., February 6, 1888.

THE MAN WHO DISTURBS THE MEETING.

He does not mean to. But he has a bad cough, and can't help it. Says the cough is the best he has, bad as it is. Throat irritated. Bronchial tubes inflamed. Lungs in danger. "Perfected Oxygen" will remove the whole difficulty. Pleasantly. Delightfully. Radically. Free and full information by mail. Write to Walter C. Browning, M.D., 1,235 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. DALE'S REPLY TO MR. SPURGEON.[1]

Now, I think that Mr. Spurgeon should be met frankly: and with regard to the first, the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of Holy Scripture, in my judgment, the whole conception of Holy Scripture has been gradually modified during the last thirty or forty years. Many who hold fast to the central truths of the evangelical creed decline to speak either of the verbal or the plenary inspiration of the books of the Old and New Testament. They prefer to say that these books contain the record of a revelation which God has made to man, the story of a history in which God has revealed himself to the human race, the record of the faith of men in successive ages to whom God had manifested himself—a record given in the form of the age and the race to which the men belonged. They hesitate to attribute to every part of Holy Scripture the description that was given to every part of it by our fathers—the Word of God. For example, they say that in the 51st Psalm you have David's confession of his sin, the expression of the anguish of heart with which he was filled when he discovered how grievously he had offended against God—David's passionate outcry to God for pardon. It is David's words to God, not God's words to David, which are found in the 51st Psalm. But, then, when we go behind David's words and David's experience, we discover that the word of God had come to him, revealing to him his guilt, and revealing to him God's infinite mercy. David's confession, David's prayer, were the answer that David gave to the Word that God had spoken to him. In the 103d Psalm you have the thankfulness of the Psalmist for all the goodness and loving-kindness with which God had surrounded him all the days of his life. In that Psalm you have not God speaking through the Psalmist; you have the Psalmist speaking to God, his heart and mind having been illuminated by the Spirit of God to discover God's great and infinite goodness to him. Coming down to the apostolic epistles, it is very clear that the particular form in which Paul conceived of Christian truth was determined largely by Paul's personal history and by his personal temperament. That form differed from the form in which John and in which Peter conceived of the same truth; and in Paul's epistles the revelation of the thought of God that had come to him is given to us, not merely in express doctrinal statements — which might, perhaps, be regarded as dictated to him by the Spirit of God, though that theory of inspiration is hopelessly, as it seems to me, untenable—but appears in the passionate affection that he had for the Lord Jesus Christ, in his profound trust in God as revealed in Christ, in the eagerness and earnestness with which he desires that those who had received the Christian Gospel should know more of Christ. When we go behind all these emotional elements that appear in Paul's epistles, we discover what Christ must have been to him—the glory that had been revealed to him by the Spirit of God as dwelling in Christ. I think, too, it must be admitted that there is much freer criticism in our own days than there was thirty or forty years ago on the authorship and the date of the separate books of Holy Scripture. In fact, we have come to think of Holy Scripture, not as a single book, but as a library and each book is criticised by itself, its authorship and its date separately discussed. If, therefore, Mr. Spurgeon attaches supreme importance to what is known as the doctrine of plenary inspiration, I am bound to say that I think there are large numbers of men, pastors of Congregational churches, who have given up that doctrine. But they still find God in the Old Testament and the New, and the revelation of which the Old Testament and the New are the record is still the inspiration of their life, the spring of their joy, and the rule of their conduct.

Another doctrine to which Mr. Spurgeon refers is the doctrine of everlasting suffering. Here again, I think it unquestionable that very large numbers of Congregational ministers have ceased to preach, and many of them have ceased to believe in, the doctrine of everlasting suffering. Some openly declare their faith in the doctrine of universalism and a belief that the chaff is not to be "burnt up with unquenchable fire," but, by some mysterious and mighty operation of God's power, is to be changed into wheat, and to be gathered into the garner of God. Others believe, as I have believed and taught for many years, in the second death of all that are not in Christ. Others again, believe that all those who have had no fair opportunity or receiving the Christian Gospel in this world will have a second probation after death, and that that second probation will be final. Still others are perplexed by the awful words they find in the New Testament concerning the destiny of the impenitent and the unbelieving, and cannot surrender themselves to the faith of their fathers concerning the everlasting suffering of those who miss eternal life, and yet are dissatisfied with any more recent interpretations of the teaching of the New Testament. So far, therefore, as that article of Mr. Spurgeon's charge is concerned—the surrender of the doctrine of everlasting suffering—I believe that there are a very large number of Congregational ministers—how many Baptist ministers there may be I cannot tell—who never preach the doctrine, and many who have ceased to believe it.—[From the Nonconformist and Independent.

[1] See editorial comment in Outlook.—EDS. C. U.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

A Milwaukee lady who had long been a sufferer from lung troubles and nervous prostration writes thus:

"Husband thinks I am as good an advertisement as you could wish for; he says that I preach Compound Oxygen all the time, and in my improved personal appearance its virtues are very fully tested. It certainly is doing more for me than I could expect, and more than you promised in my case."

There is a large force of ladies who are thus setting forth the merits of Compound Oxygen. Renewed lungs, strengthened nerves, restful nights, restored digestion, and other corresponding blessings cannot be kept from the knowledge of those who see invalids restored. Everybody ought to know about this best of remedies for chronic sufferers. A note to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1,529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will bring you free an important and readable little "treatise" about it.

LACTATED FOOD

For Young Infants a perfect substitute for mother's milk, often saving life; for the Invalid, or Dyspeptic, it is of great value. Thousands who have used it say it is the

FINEST BABY FOOD,
BEST INVALID FOOD,
MOST PALATABLE FOOD,
MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD,
MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD.

A valuable pamphlet on the Care of Infants and Invalids sent on application.

Sold by Druggists. 25c., 50c., $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. BURLINGTON, VT.

(33 Colors.) DIAMOND DYES

are the Purest, Cheapest, Strongest, and most Durable Dyes ever made. One 10c. package will color 1 to 4 pounds of Dress Goods, Garments, Yarns, Rags, etc. Unequalled for *Feathers, Ribbons,* and all *Fancy Dyeing.* Also Diamond Paints, for Gilding, Bronzing, etc. Any color Dye or Paint, with full instructions and sample card mailed for 10 cents. At all Druggists

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

A Bolted Door

May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup. The best protection against these unwelcome intruders is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. With a bottle of this far-famed preparation at hand, Throat and Lung Troubles may be checked and serious Disease averted.

Thomas G. Edwards, M. D., Blanco, Texas, certifies: "Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there are none, within the range of my experience and observation, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

John Meyer, Florence, W. Va., says: "I have used all your medicines, and keep them constantly in my house. I think Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life some years ago."

D. M. Bryant, M. D., Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has proved remarkably good in croup, ordinary colds, and whooping cough, and is invaluable as a family medicine."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Sinene COLLAR AND CUFFS

Reversible Rubens, Angelo, Raphael, Murillo

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

These goods are perfect fitting and unexcelled for beauty of finish and elegance of style.

Unrivaled for cheapness, as the reversible principle makes one collar equal to two.

Both standing and turn-down collars in all desirable sizes and styles.

Sample collar and pair of cuffs sent on receipt of six cents. (Name size.) Illustrated catalogue free.

Ten Collars, or five pairs of Cuffs, sold at stores for 25 cents.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,

27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

FARMVILLE LITHIA WATER.

SPRINGS, FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

NATURAL, PURE, WITHOUT TASTE OR ODOR. Will cure Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Incipient Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, all diseases of Uric Acid Diathesis. All Druggists. Send for pamphlet, 293 Broadway.

ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

Liebig

TRADE MARK

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it. N. B—Genuine only with fac simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 50c. at Druggists.

FLORESTON COLOGNE.

Most Fragrant and Lasting of Perfumes. 25c. Druggists.

Madam Porter's

COUGH BALSAM

PLEASANT,
RELIABLE,
EFFECTUAL

Successfully used for more than fifty years.

TRY IT.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, whether the deafness is caused by colds, fevers or injuries to the natural drums. Invisible, comfortable, always in position. Music, conversation, whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York, for illustrated book of proofs, FREE.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the Potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
Wasting in Children.
Scrofulous Affections.
Anæmia and Debility.
Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Cashmere Bouquet Perfume

THE RICHEST. MOST LASTING AND REFINED OF ALL HANDKERCHIEF PERFUMES.

COLGATE & CO.

TOILET SOAPS & PERFUMERY.

CHURCH EQUIPMENT.

No. 1 Suit.
Terry, $62.
Plush, $68.

S. C. SMALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE VERY BEST Church Light.
OIL GAS or ELECTRIC.
Over one hundred styles Wheeler Reflectors and Reflector Chandeliers for every conceivable use. Catalogues free. Please state wants.
WHEELER REFLECTOR CO.
20 Washington St, Boston, Mass. | 83 E. Lake St, Chicago, Ill.

Established 1857.

The GREAT CHURCH LIGHT

FRINK'S Patent Reflectors for Gas or Oil, give the most powerful, softest cheapest & Best light known for Churches, Stores, Show Windows, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A Liberal discount to churches and the trade. *Don't be deceived by cheap imitations.*
I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., N. Y.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.

VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL COMPANY

Troy, N. Y.,

Manufacture the finest grade of CHURCH CHIMES AND PEAL BELLS.

McShane Bell Foundry

Finest Grade of Bells.

CHIMES AND PEALS for CHURCHES, etc. Send for Price and Catalogue. Address H. McSHANE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Mention this paper.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 Wall St., N. Y.

R. H. MACY & CO.

14th ST., SIXTH AVE., and 13th ST., NEW YORK.

GRAND CENTRAL FANCY AND DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT.

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

ALL OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR GENTLEMEN'S

Unlaundried Shirt, at 74c.,

HAS NO EQUAL. MADE IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS, BOSOMS OF CAREFULLY SELECTED LINEN, AND BUTTONHOLES HAND-MADE.

LAUNDRIED, 86c.

LINEN GOODS

OF ALL KINDS,

Blankets, Flannels, Lace Curtains, Etc.

BLACK AND COLORED

Silks, Satins, Plushes,

AND

Dress Goods,

AT PRICES BELOW ALL COMPETITION.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

R. H. MACY & CO.

AN ARMY OF bright women are now using JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE, the BEST washing compound ever made.

Better than soap—better results—saves the rubbing and wear—economical.

Be bright yourself, and try this modern way of washing and cleaning.

Every grocer has PEARLINE. Avoid dangerous imitations.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

L. C. HOPKINS, President; JNO. J. DONALDSON, Vice-President and Treasurer.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Co.,

827 & 829 Broadway, New York.

AUTUMN, WINTER AND SPRING—ALL PURE WOOLEN GOODS,

Comprising Every Article of Clothing for the Complete Outfit of Men, Women, and Children.

There is no intelligent dissent from the doctrine that animal fiber, unmixed with cotton, linen or any vegetable product, in a word, "all wool," is the the "normal" clothing for the human body.

The full development and practical application of this truth, by DR. JAEGER, is his complete "System of Sanatory Woolen Clothing and Bedding."

The **Underwear** is of the first consequence, being next to that all-important, health-regulating organ, the **human skin**, upon which it exerts a constantly beneficial influence, and through it promotes the healthful action of all the vital functions.

This **Underwear** consists of Shirts, Drawers, Night-shirts, and Combination Suits, in natural gray and white—**all free from dyes**. They are manufactured of pure wool, of the finest quality; are very soft, smooth, and elastic; fitting closely, without pressure or annoying folds; and upon almost every one, exert a soothing influence, and induce a positive sense of comfort and pleasure by their contact with the body. The combination of the dark (so-called black) and white wools produces the beautiful gray mixture of which these "natural-color" goods are manufactured.

The re-enforcement over the chest and abdomen, is an especially valuable feature of all these garments, greatly lessening the liability to pneumonia, bronchitis, laryngitis, and other affections of the throat and lungs.

Every article of clothing necessary for men, women, and children, all constructed on sanitary principles, is furnished under the JAEGER System.

All these materials are **free from noxious dyes**, and especially designed with reference to grace, comfort, beauty, and convenience, in all which respects the guaranteed JAEGER garments are pronounced, by the highest medical authorities, to be greatly superior to those made of any other fabrics.

BRANCH HOUSES { 199 BROADWAY (Western Union Building), NEW YORK; No. 366 FULTON STREET, · · · · BROOKLYN.

OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,642,969 09
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887	1,417,600 13
Total Marine Premiums	$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887	$3,672,351 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,599,468 95
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,362,926 07
Cash in Bank	218,192 40
Amount	$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

J. D. JONES,	CHARLES P. BURDETT
W. H. H. MOORE,	HENRY E. HAWLEY,
A. A. RAVEN,	CHARLES H. MARSHALL,
JAMES LOW,	JAMES G. DE FOREST,
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A. A. RAVEN, *2d Vice-President.*

A GRAND GIFT To introduce our wonderful Self-operating Washing Machine we will GIVE ONE to an agent in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR TERMS to the National Co., 23 Dey St., N. Y.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in The Christian Union.

SILK DEPARTMENT

James McCreery & Co

are exhibiting their Spring Importations of Rich Novelties in Taffeta, Peau de Soie, and Moire Francaise Glacee, Double Chaine Faconnee, Ombres, Quadrilles, and other exclusive styles.

They also place on sale 1,000 pieces of Rich Printed Fabrics in a great variety of designs, to which they respectfully invite attention.

ORDERS BY MAIL are carefully and promptly filled.

BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.,

New York.

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.

23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,

JANUARY 1st, 1888

(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36
Surplus to Policy-Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard,	$420,240 87

Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.

T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.

F. V. HUDSON, Sec'y.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

SPRING NOVELTIES.

DRESS FABRICS.

Plaid and Striped Suitings,

PARIS PRINTED LAINES,

Plain and Printed Cachmeres,

Serges, Bedford Cords, and Camel's Hair.

"ANDERSON'S ZEPHYRS,"

Spring Checks, Stripes, and Plaids.

PLAIN COLORS

Unexcelled for durability, wear, colorings, and designs.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

EDUCATIONAL.

SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY, Oldest and best known in U. S. Established, 1855. 7 EAST 14TH STREET, N. Y.

BARDEEN'S SCHOOL BULLETIN Agency, Syracuse, N. Y., may be depended on to furnish suitable teachers, and to inform no others.

WANTS.

[*Cards of not more than one-half inch will be inserted in this column, for subscribers only, for fifty cents.*]

Wanted—To hire, on or before May 1, a cottage of about six rooms, with good-size lot on high ground, within a few miles of New York. Address, with full particulars, *especially terms*, which must be *moderate*, P. O. Box 596, New Haven, Conn.

Any Person wishing to spend a few weeks in Paris can obtain the address of a French lady, highly recommended, who offers a comfortable home at reasonable prices, by addressing the Publisher of The Christian Union.

Wanted—An intelligent person who can act as companion for an invalid. Address M. W. D., Christian Union Office, at once.

An Educated Lady desires to travel with an elderly or invalid lady during the months of July and August. Address M. E. B., Box 90 Station W., Brooklyn.

To Let at Great Barrington, Berkshire County, Mass.—Large house, completely furnished, has every city convenience, extensive grounds, large stable (box stalls), ice-house filled. Not far from station. Address "C.," P. O. Box 54, Great Barrington, Mass.

An English Preacher (Congregationalist), with considerable adaptation to young people, who is spending a few months in this country, is at liberty to supply pulpits or to lecture on "India." John Stuart, Stapleton Post Office, New York.